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POETS

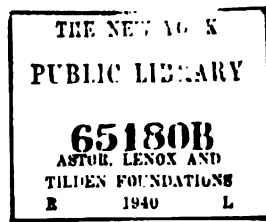








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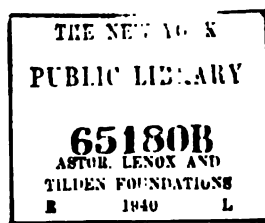












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## PREFACE.

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A writer in the North American Review, some sixty years ago, marvelled that a State so rich in beautiful and sublime scenery as New Hampshire had given no considerable indication of poetic talent. That the muses have dwelt among our mountains, lakes and rivers, and that our State literature is by no means meagre in poetry, a reference to the following pages will afford convincing proof.

The task of collecting specimen poems and preparing biographical notices of the New Hampshire poets was undertaken in the autumn of 1881, and the result is here laid before the public. The design was not altogether unprecedented, as various collections of poetry, the productions of poets of other States, have already appeared. Such books have generally been compiled without chronological order and also without biographical notes.

This volume includes with native poets those who have made their permanent home in this State. There are, however, exceptions to the rule in the case of two or three who have for quite a number of years during the summer and autumn seasons resided among our rocky hills and quiet retreats, and who, while here, devoted much of their time to literary work.

It has been no easy thing to determine who, upon the score of merit, were entitled to a representation. Their names are not a few concerning which there could be no question. In making selections the object has been to present some of the best poems of each poet, although in many instances their poems may be well known to the reader. The biographical notes are necessarily brief and serve but to give statistics of the writers and to introduce them to the reader. It is believed that no poet has

been admitted to the pages of this volume who has not a good claim to be there. It is not pretended that all the verse is of the first order, but most of it is of real excellence and of general interest.

While the names of many of the poets will be recognized by the reader as familiar acquaintances, there are others with whom the public has but a slight acquaintance; and many of the poems here given have never before appeared in print, and several of merit have been written expressly for this volume.

To the poets who have so kindly furnished their elegant volumes, or have placed at his disposal their manuscripts and copies of poems cut from magazines and newspapers, the compiler is under great obligations. May their favors be doubly repaid, and may they in return become more widely known and appreciated.

To his many friends to whom the compiler is indebted for necessary information he desires to tender his sincere and grateful thanks. Especially is he indebted to men who are or have been, most of them, connected with the newspaper press; among whom may be mentioned, WILLIAM H. HACKETT, LEWIS W. BREWSTER and ALBERT LAIGHTON, Esqs., of Portsmouth; the venerable GEORGE WADLEIGH, Esq., of Dover; EDWARD D. BOYLSTON, Esq., of Amherst, who lent a helping hand in many ways; JOSIAH M. FLETCHER, Esq., of Nashua; HENRY W. HERRICK, Esq., of Manchester; HON. HENRY P. ROLFE, JAMES O. ADAMS and JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, Esqs., of Concord; H. L. INMAN, Esq., of Keene; JOSEPH W. PARMELEE, Esq., of Newport; BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER, Esq., of Chelsea, Mass., REV. SILVANUS HAYWARD, of Globe Village, Mass., and FREDERIC A. MOORE, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

The work is now done, and, despite the labor and care it has caused the compiler, he leaves it with a sentiment of regret. It has been a labor of love and pleasantness throughout, and he leaves it like one who goes from the place where loved companions surround the festive board, where cheering converse has long delighted and enlivened. Thus fondly lingering he bids adieu to THE POETS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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## POETS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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### Samuel Haven.

Samuel Haven, D. D., was born in 1727. He was ordained minister of the South Church in Portsmouth, May 6, 1752. He died March 8, 1806.

---

#### THE PRAISE OF ANGELS.

Let cherub and let cherubim  
Clap their blest wings in praise of Him ;  
And all their powers in rapture raise,  
While their great object is his praise.

He formed their nature like his own,  
And placed their ranks around his throne ;  
But conscious distance veiled their face :  
They bowed, adoring wondrous grace.

Ye first-born sons of early day,  
Sing to his praise, his will obey ;  
And while you fly from pole to pole,  
And other systems round you roll,

You'll aid his praise, till all at last,  
When ages yet unborn are passed,  
Centre in one,—in one great throng,  
In perfect unison their song.

Angels and men their voice shall raise  
In sweetest concert to his praise :  
The great Messiah then shall shine,  
Arrayed in glories all divine,—  
The head of angels and of men,  
Uniting all to God again.



---

ON RESIGNATION AND HOPE IN GOD UNDER  
TROUBLES.

Be still my heart, be mute my tongue ;  
Thou ne'er, as yet, hast suffered wrong :  
A Father's love inflicts the rod,  
To bring thee nearer to thy God.

Do thunders roar and billows roll ?  
Do tempests beat upon thy soul ?  
They are directed by his hand,  
To drive thee to the promised land.

Great Lord of all ! thy will is just :  
We rest secure ; we firmly trust,  
That what thy will approves as good  
Results alike from all of God.

Thy wisdom, power, and grace combine  
To prove the whole an act divine :  
E'en justice here unites with grace,  
And shines with lustre in thy face.

Shall mortals then contend on earth ?  
Shall they forget their humble birth,  
And quarrel with the Power above,  
Or dare dispute that God is love.

Hush, murmuring thoughts ! my tongue be still,  
My heart resign to Heaven's high will ;  
Trust all to him,—he can't deceive :  
The humble soul shall surely live.

---

**Jeremy Belknap.**

Jeremy Belknap was born in Boston, Mass., June 4, 1744. He graduated at Harvard College in 1762. In 1767 he was ordained as a preacher and became pastor of a church in Dover, where he remained twenty years. In 1787 he removed to Boston and became pastor of the Federal Street Church. He died suddenly, of paralysis, June 20, 1798. His *History of New Hampshire*, in three volumes, was published in 1792. He published several works, among which was a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Several of the hymns were written by himself, but published without his name. Those here given are believed to be of his authorship.

---

PRUDENCE.

O 'tis a lovely sight to see  
A man of prudent heart !  
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree  
To act a useful part.



When envy, strife and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.  
Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor does their anger rise ;  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.  
Their lives are prudence mixed with love ;  
Good works employ their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.  
Such was the Saviour of mankind ;  
Such pleasures he pursued ;  
His manners gentle and refined,  
His soul divinely good.

#### REANIMATION.

From thee, great Lord of life and death,  
Do we receive our vital breath ;  
And at thy sov'reign call, resign  
That vital breath, that gift divine.  
Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?  
Wilt thou revive the lifeless head ?  
And, from the silence of the grave,  
Wilt thou the wretched victim save ?  
Such wonders, formerly unknown,  
Thy providence to us hath shown ;  
To feeble man thou dost impart  
The plastic, life-redeeming art.  
We bless thee for the skill and power,  
From death's appearance to restore  
This nice machine of curious frame,  
And light again the vital flame.  
May every life by thee restored  
Be consecrated to the Lord ;  
May pious love inspire each breast,  
Which has thy saving hand confessed.  
Again they must resign their breath,  
And sink beneath the stroke of death ;  
When from that death they shall revive,  
May each with thee in glory live.

---

CHRIST'S COMMISSION TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

Thus spake the Saviour, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word ;  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the gospel of the Lord.

“Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
The gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.

“The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

“Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
That you're commissioned from above.

“Freely from me ye have received,  
Freely, in love, to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,  
And, by your labors, sinners live.

“All power is trusted in my hands,  
I will protect you and defend ;  
Whilst thus you follow my commands,  
I'm with you till the world shall end.”

Happy those servants of the Lord,  
Who thus their Master's will obey !  
How rich, how full is their reward,  
Reserved until the final day !

---

THE GOD OF NATURE.

Hail, King supreme ! all wise and good !  
To thee our thoughts we raise ;  
Whilst nature's lovely charms, displayed,  
Inspire our souls with praise.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,  
Thy works engage our view ;  
And as we gaze, our hearts exult  
With transports ever new.

Thy glory beams in every star  
Which gilds the gloom of night ;  
And decks the rising face of morn  
With rays of cheering light.

Th' aspiring hill, the verdant lawn,  
With thousand beauties shine ;  
The vocal grove and cooling shade  
Proclaim thy power divine.

From tree to tree, a constant hymn  
Employs the feathered throng ;  
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,  
And chant their grateful song.

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage ;  
Still may our wondering eyes pursue  
Thy work's instructive page.

---

#### OBEDIENCE TO GOD OUR FATHER.

O God, my Father, I adore  
That all-commanding name ;  
It will my soul to life restore,  
And kindle all my flame.

Entire I bow at thy commands,  
My filial homage pay ;  
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,  
I'll cheerfully obey.

I'll wilfully no more transgress,  
As I too oft have done ;  
But every sinful thought suppress,  
Each sinful action shun.

Each day live I'll seek with care  
My Father well to please ;  
And in this course will persevere,  
By thine assisting grace.

Thus will I my relation claim,  
And call myself thy son ;  
And, whilst I bear the glorious name,  
My Father's rights will own.

I will ; but thou must strength impart,  
This promise to fulfil ;  
Lord, write thy law upon my heart,  
That I may do thy will.

---

#### MARRIAGE.

Mysterious rite ! by Heaven ordained  
This sacred truth to prove,  
The bliss which mortals here enjoy,  
Must flow from virtuous love.

Though made by God's almighty hand,  
And in his image formed ;  
Yet Adam knew no happiness,  
Till love his bosom warmed.

Eden, with all its beauteous groves,  
And fruits of richest taste,  
To one for social bliss designed  
Was but a lonely waste.

But when his lovely bride appeared,  
In native graces drest,  
The latent spark burst into flame,  
And love inspired his breast.

What wise provision hast thou made,  
Great Parent of mankind,  
That all thine offspring may enjoy  
The bliss for them designed !

Then will we join our hearts and hands  
In bonds of virtuous love ;  
And whilst we live in peace below,  
Prepare for bliss above.

---

#### LINES

*Found among the author's papers after his death.*

When faith and patience, hope and love,  
Have made us meet for heaven above,  
How blest the privilege to rise  
Snatched in a moment to the skies !  
Unconscious to resign our breath,  
Nor taste the bitterness of death.

Such be my lot, Lord, if thou please,  
 To die in silence and at ease.  
 When thou dost know that I'm prepared,  
 O seize me quick to my reward.  
 But if thy wisdom sees it best  
 To turn thine ear from this request—  
 If sickness be the appointed way,  
 To waste this frame of human clay ;  
 If, worn with grief and racked with pain,  
 This earth must turn to earth again ;  
 Then let thine angels round me stand—  
 Support me by thy powerful hand ;  
 Let not my faith or patience move,  
 Nor aught abate my hope or love ;  
 But brighter may thy graces shine,  
 Till they're absorbed in light divine.

### Jonathan Mitchel Sewall.

J. M. Sewall was born in Salem, Mass., in 1748. He graduated at Harvard College, and in 1774 was Register of Probate for Grafton County. He afterwards went to Portsmouth, where he remained until his death in 1808. He published a small volume in 1801, entitled "Miscellaneous Poems, with several specimens from the author's version of the Poems of Ossian." His lyrics warmed the patriotism and cheered the hearts of the soldiers of the Revolution in the perils of the battle and the privations of the camp.

#### THE SEASONS.

##### SPRING.

Soft gales to Winter's chilling blasts succeed ;  
 Perfumed with odors, blooms the enamelled mead ;  
 Re-echoing music fills the vocal grove,  
 Inspiring every sense with joy and love ;  
 Nature to its great Author homage pays,  
 Glowing with rapture, gratitude, and praise.

##### SUMMER.

See, glowing ether sheds one boundless blaze !  
 Unclouded Phœbus darts intense his rays :  
 Mercy ! not one kind breeze ? Ye clouds, arise ;  
 Melt in soft showers, and mitigate the skies.  
 Enough, I hear the distant thunder's voice :  
 Rejoice ! it pours amain ; ye grateful fields, rejoice !

##### AUTUMN.

Adieu, ye vernal fields : now Autumn reigns,  
 Unloads her gifts, rewards the peasant's pains.

Then, while your crowded barns scarce hold the grain,  
 Unasked, like Boaz, let the stranger glean :  
 More plenteous crops shall crown each fertile vale,  
 Nor your rich, ponderous harvests ever fail.

## WINTER.

Winter, dread Winter reigns ! each joy o'ercasts,  
 Involved in tempests, armed with piercing blasts !  
 Nature's locked up ! whole rivers as they run,  
 To flint converted, mock the feeble sun ;  
 Enrobed in fleecy garb the fields are bright,  
 Revealing to the eye one boundless, shining white.

## ANNIVERSARY SONG.

When our great sires this land explored,  
 A shelter from tyrannic wrong ;  
 Led on by heaven's Almighty Lord,  
 They sung and acted well the song,—  
 Arise united ! dare be freed !  
 Our souls shall vindicate the deed.

In vain the region they would gain  
 Was distant, dreary, undisclosed ;  
 In vain the Atlantic roared between,  
 And hosts of savages opposed.  
 They rushed undaunted : Heaven decreed  
 Their sons should vindicate the deed.

'Twas Freedom led the wanderers forth,  
 And manly fortitude to bear :  
 They toiled, succeeded,— such high worth  
 Is always Heaven's peculiar care.  
 Their great example still inspires,  
 Nor dare we act beneath our sires.

'Tis ours undaunted to defend  
 The dear-bought, rich inheritance ;  
 And, spite of every hostile hand,  
 We'll fight, bleed, die ! in its defence ;  
 Pursue our fathers' path to fame,  
 And emulate their glorious flame.

As Jove's high plant inglorious stands,  
 Till storms and thunders root it fast ;  
 So stood our new, unpractised bands,  
 Till Britain waved her stormy blast.

Her soon they vanquished, fierce led on  
By Freedom and great Washington !

Hail, godlike hero ! born to save !  
Ne'er shall thy deathless laurels fade,  
But on thy brow eternal wave,  
And consecrate blest Vernon's shade ;  
Thy spreading glories still increase,  
Till earth and time and nature cease.

---

PARAPHRASE OF THE LAST CHAPTER OF  
ECCLESIASTES.

While life's warm current revels in each vein,  
And youth, health, joy, uninterrupted reign,  
Attend the dictates of celestial truth,  
Remember thy Creator in thy youth,  
Before the evil days come hastening on,  
When thou shalt say, "My every joy is flown ;"  
Ere day's bright orb, and milder queen of night,  
With every twinkling star, withhold their light ;  
When azure skies no more succeed the rain,  
But clouds, insolving clouds, return again ;  
When palsies seize the trembling limbs, and make  
The strong men bow ! the palace-keepers quake !  
The lessening grinders from their office fail,  
While darkness round the windows spreads her veil.  
In every street the sullen portals close,  
And the cock's clarion interrupts repose ;  
Imaginary snares the way beset,  
The tumbling ruin, the deep yawning pit ;  
While ceaseless terrors every sense alarm ;  
Even Music's tuneful daughters cease to charm.  
Strewn o'er with blossoms, blooms the almond-tree ;  
The grasshopper a burthen seems to be ;  
Life's glimmering taper shoots a feeble fire,  
Just ready in the socket to expire ;  
All sense of joy extinguished, all desire,  
Till man to his long-destined home is borne,  
And the slow minstrels through the city mourn.  
Ere the fine silver cord be snapt in twain,  
Or broke the golden bowl that holds the brain ;  
The wheel around its cistern cease to turn,  
Or at Life's fountain fails the vital urn.  
Then shall the dust return to earth again,  
The soul to God ascend, with him to reign.



### Thomas Baldwin.

Thomas Baldwin, D. D., was a Baptist clergyman, and, in his early ministry, was pastor of a church in Canaan. While there he wrote several hymns. He was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1758, and died in 1825. The hymn here given was composed during a night journey from Newport to Canaan. There had been disaffection in the church at Newport and his visit there had resulted in bringing about a "union of the saints."

#### THE UNION OF THE SAINTS.

From whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquered by love?  
It fastens our souls in such ties  
As distance and time can't remove.

It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in Paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

My brethren are dear unto me,  
Our hearts are united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

Why then so unwilling to part,  
Since there we shall all meet again;  
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,  
At a distance we cannot remain.

O when shall we see that bright day,  
And join with the angels above,  
Set free from these prisons of clay,  
United in Jesus' dear love.

With him we shall evermore reign,  
And all his bright glories shall see,  
Singing, Hallelujah, Amen!  
Amen, even so let it be.

### Robert Winsmoor.

The "Rustic Bard," as he is called, was born in Windham, October 7, 1757. At twenty years of age he fought at the battle of Saratoga. He became a farmer, and passed his long life in his native town. He had but a scanty education. A volume of his poems was published in 1828. His poetry seems to have come by nature. It had its sentiment and its Doric humor, which did not disdain very homely realities, as in the account of his illness, of which the reader will be satisfied on the production of a single stanza:

"With senna, salts, and castor oil,  
 They drenched me every little while;  
 The strong disease such power could foil,  
 To yield full loth;  
 At length we found the foe recoil,  
 At the hot bath."

"The last time I saw him," writes J. G. Whittier, "he was chaffering in the market-place of my native village (Haverhill), swapping potatoes, and onions, and pumpkins, for tea, coffee, molasses, and, if the truth be told, New England rum. He stood stoutly and sturdily in his thick shoes of cowhide, like one accustomed to tread independently the soil of his own acres—his broad, honest face, seamed by care and darkened by exposure to 'all the airs that blow,' and his white hair flowing in patriarchal glory beneath his felt hat. Peace to him. In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his 'beloved Molly,' and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a green mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer-poet sleeps with his fathers."

### THE POET'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSES.

Forbear, my friend, withdraw your plea,  
 Ask not a song from one like me,  
 O'ercast with clouds of sorrow.  
 My spring of life and summer's fled,  
 I mourn those darling comforts dead,  
 Regardless of to-morrow!  
 My harp is on the willow hung,  
 Nor dissipates the gloom;  
 My sweetest minstrel's all unstrung,  
 And silent as the tomb.  
 My lute, too, is mute too,  
 While drops the trickling tear;  
 My organ makes jargon,  
 And grates my wounded ear.

Farewell, you mould'ring mansion, there  
 Where first I drew the natal air,  
 And learned to prate and play.  
 There rose a little filial band,  
 Beneath kind parents' fostering hand—  
 Their names let live for aye!  
 They taught their offspring there to read  
 And hymn their Maker's praise,  
 To say their catechism and creed,  
 And shun all vicious ways.  
 They, careful and prayerful,  
 Their pious precepts pressed,  
 With ample example  
 Their children still were blessed.

Kind man, my guardian and my sire,  
 Friend of the muse and poet's lyre,

With genuine wit and glee  
Thou sweetly did thy numbers glide,  
When, all delighted by his side,  
He read his verse to me.  
The parallel was drawn between  
The freedom we possessed,  
And where our fathers long had been  
By lords and bishops pressed.  
His rhyme then did chime then  
Like music through my heart ;  
Desiring, aspiring,  
I strove to gain his art.

No more I'll tune the poet's lyre,  
No more I'll ask the muses' fire,  
To warm my chilling breast ;  
No more I'll feel the genial flame,  
Nor seek a poet's deathless fame,  
But silent sink to rest.  
Farewell, the mount called Jenny's Hill—  
Ye stately oaks and pines !  
Farewell, yon pretty purling rill,  
Which from its brow declines,  
Meandering and wandering  
The woodbines sweet among,  
Where pleasure could measure  
The bobylinkorn's song.

On summer evenings, calm and bright,  
O'er yonder summit's towering height,  
With pleasure did I roam ;  
Perhaps to seek the robin's young,  
Or list the mavis' warbling tongue,  
And bring the heifers home—  
See from my foot the nighthawk rise,  
And leave her unfledged pair,  
Then quick descending from the skies,  
Like lightning cut the air.  
The hares there, she scares there,  
And through the pines they trip,  
They're sought then, and caught then,  
By my companion, Skip.

Andover's steeples there were seen,  
While o'er the vast expanse between,  
I did with wonder gaze ;  
There, as it were beneath my feet,

I viewed my father's pleasant seat—  
My joy in younger days.  
There Windham Range, in flowery vest,  
Was seen in robes of green,  
While Cobbet's Pond, from east to west,  
Spread her bright waves between.  
Cows lowing, cocks crowing,  
While frogs on Cobbet's shore,  
Lay croaking, and mocking  
The bull's tremendous roar.

The fields no more their glories wear,  
The forests now stand bleak and bare,  
All of their foliage stript ;  
The rosy lawn, the flowery mead,  
Where lambkins used to play and feed,  
By icy fingers nipt.  
No more I'll hear with ravished ears,  
The music of the wood ;  
Sweet scenes of youth, now gone with years  
Long pass'd beyond the flood.  
Bereaved and grieved,  
I solitary wail,  
With sighing and crying,  
My drooping spirits fail.

No more will I the Spring Brook trace,  
No more with sorrow view the place  
Where Mary's wash-tub stood ;  
No more I'll wander there alone,  
And lean upon the mossy stone,  
Where once she piled her wood.  
'Twas there she bleached her linen cloth,  
By yonder bass-wood tree ;  
From that sweet stream she made her broth,  
Her pudding and her tea,  
Whose rumbling and tumbling  
O'er rocks with quick despatch,  
Made ringing and singing,  
None but her voice could match.

Farewell, sweet scenes of rural life,  
My faithful friends and loving wife,  
But transient blessings all.  
Bereft of those, I sit and mourn ;  
The spring of life will ne'er return,  
Chill death grasps great and small ;

I fall before thee, God of truth !  
 O, hear my prayer and cry !  
 Let me enjoy immortal youth,  
 With saints above the sky.  
 Thy praise there, I'll raise there,  
 With all my heart and soul,  
 Where pleasure and treasure,  
 In boundless oceans roll.

### Sarah Porter.

Mrs. Sarah Porter was author of a poem which is almost forgotten. The title of it is, "The Royal Penitent, in three parts; to which is added David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. By Mrs. Sarah Porter, of Plymouth, New Hampshire. Concord, George Hough, 1791." It filled nineteen pages in duodecimo. In vol. 3 of Kettell's American Poets is found a portion of the poem filling three pages. Only an extract is here given.

#### THE ROYAL INFANT.

2 Samuel, Chapter xlf.

Death's angel now, commissioned by the Lord,  
 O'er the fond infant holds the fatal sword ;  
 From the dread sight the frantic father turns,  
 And, clad in sackcloth, in his chamber mourns ;  
 The monitor, within the royal breast,  
 That long had slept, now roused at length from rest,  
 Holds forth a mirror to the aching sight,  
 Seizes the mind that fain would take its flight,  
 Bids it look in :—and first, Uriah stood,  
 Armed for the fight, as yet unstained with blood ;  
 Courage and care were on his brow combined,  
 To show the hero and the patriot joined :  
 Next, pale and lifeless, on his warlike shield,  
 The soldiers bore him from the bloody field.  
 "And is it thus?" the royal mourner said,  
 "And has my hand performed the dreadful deed?  
 Was I the wretch that gave thee to the foe,  
 And bade thee sink beneath the impending blow?  
 Bade every friend and hero leave thy side?  
 Open, O earth! and in thy bosom hide  
 A guilty wretch who wishes not to live ;  
 Who cannot, dares not, ask for a reprieve ;  
 So black a crime just Heaven will not forgive !  
 Justice arrests thy coming mercy, Lord ;  
 Strike then, O strike, unsheath thy dreadful sword :  
 Accursed forever be the hated day,  
 That led my soul from innocence astray ;  
 O may the stars, on that detested hour,

Shed all their influence with malignant power,  
Darkness and sorrows jointly hold their reign,  
When time, revolving, brings it round again.  
Unhappy man!—ah! whither shall I turn?  
Like Cain, accurst, must I forever mourn?  
On beds of silk in vain I seek repose,  
Uriah's shade forbids my eyes to close;  
No bars exclude him—to no place confined,  
Eager he still pursues my flying mind:  
Not all the crowd that bow at my approach,  
Nor guards that thicken round the gilded couch,  
Can with their arms, or martial air, affright,  
Or drive the phantom from my wearied sight.  
O happy day! when, blest with Eglah's charms,  
I woo'd no other beauty to my arms;  
No court's licentious joys did then molest  
My peaceful mind, nor haunt my tranquil breast.  
A glitt'ring crown! thou poor, fantastic thing!  
What solid satisfaction canst thou bring?  
Once, far removed from all the toils of state,  
In groves I slept—no guards around me wait:  
Oh! how delicious was the calm retreat!  
Sweet groves! with birds and various flowers stored:  
Where nature furnished out my frugal board;  
The pure, unstained spring, my thirst allayed;  
No poisoned draught, in golden cups conveyed,  
Was there to dread. Return, ye happy hours,  
Ye verdant shades, kind nature's pleasing bowers,  
Inglorious solitude, again return,  
And heal the breast with pain and anguish torn.  
God! let thy mercy, like the solar ray,  
Break forth and drive these dismal clouds away;  
Oh! send its kind enlivening warmth on one  
Who sinks, who dies, beneath thy dreadful frown:  
Thus fares the wretch at sea, by tempests tost,  
Sands, hurricanes, and rocks, proclaim him lost;  
With eager eyes he views the peaceful shore,  
And longs to rest where billows cease to roar:  
Of wanton winds and waves I've been the sport,  
Oh! when shall I attain the wished-for port?  
Or might I bear the punishment alone,  
Nor hear the lovely infant's piteous moan;  
My sins upon the dying child impressed,  
The dreadful thought forbids my soul to rest,  
In mercy, Lord, thy humble suppliant hear,  
Oh! give the darling to my ardent prayer!

Cleanse me from sin—oh ! graciously forgive ;  
 Blest with thy love, oh ! let thy servant live :  
 Thy smiles withdrawn, what is the world to me ?  
 My hopes, my joys, are placed alone on thee :  
 Oh ! let thy love, to this desponding heart,  
 One ray, at least, of heavenly love impart."

### David Eberett.

This poet was born in Princeton, Mass., in 1769. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1793, on which occasion he delivered a valedictory poem. While a teacher in New Ipswich he wrote the school-boy recitation which has been so well known. He became a lawyer and practised his profession several years in Amherst. In 1804 he delivered a masonic oration in Washington, this state. He died in 1813.

#### AN ODE.

|  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| Why veiled, O Sun !                      | Thy day absorbed      |
| Where fled thy light ?                   | In gloom of night.    |
| Has thy Creator quenched thy fires,      |                       |
| Or dost thou mourn while he expires ?    |                       |
| Ah, heathen sage !                       | Nor moon, nor stars,  |
| Thy worshipped sun,                      | That round him run ;  |
| Nor science, lucid as their spheres,     |                       |
| Can solve thy doubts, or calm thy fears. |                       |
| On Calvary                               | Why nature breaks     |
| Behold the cause,                        | Her stated laws,      |
| And groans unconscious of the plan,      |                       |
| While God reveals his love to man.       |                       |
| The veil is rent ;                       | The rocks are cleft ; |
| Earth's caverns quake ;                  | The dead awake ;      |
| As Jesus, His incarnate Son,             |                       |
| In dying anguish, cries "'Tis done."     |                       |
| "'Tis done," O man !                     | The way to life       |
| The heavens resound :                    | For thee is found ;   |
| And ye, like him, who dies, to save,     |                       |
| Shall conquer death and burst the grave. |                       |

#### EXTRACT

From a valedictory poem at Dartmouth College.

The Muse prophetic views the coming day,  
 When federal laws beyond the line shall sway ;  
 Where Spanish indolence inactive lies,  
 And every art and every virtue dies ;

Where pride and avarice their empire hold,  
 Ignobly great, and poor amid their gold,—  
 Columbia's genius shall the mind inspire,  
 And fill each breast with patriotic fire.  
 Nor east nor western oceans shall confine  
 The generous flame that dignifies the mind ;  
 O'er all the earth shall Freedom's banner wave,  
 The tyrant blast and liberate the slave :  
 Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,  
 Till earth's grand family possess one soul.

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LINES

Spoken at a school exhibition by a boy seven years old.

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
 To speak in public on the stage ;  
 And if I chance to fall below  
 Demosthenes or Cicero,  
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
 But pass my imperfections by.  
 Large streams from little fountains flow ;  
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow ;  
 And though I now am small and young,  
 Of judgment weak and feeble tongue,  
 Yet all great learned men, like me,  
 Once learned to read their A, B, C.  
 But why may not Columbia's soil  
 Bear men as great as Britain's isle ?  
 Exceed what Greece and Rome have done ?  
 Or any land beneath the sun ?  
 Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great  
 As any other sister State ?  
 Or where's the town, go far and near,  
 That does not find a rival here ?  
 Or where's the boy but three feet high  
 Who's made improvement more than I ?  
 These thoughts inspire my youthful mind  
 To be the greatest of mankind :  
 Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,  
 But only great as I am good.

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Thomas Green Fessenden.

This poet was born in Walpole, April 22, 1771. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1798, after which he studied law. In 1801 he visited England, and returned in 1804. He went to Brattleboro', Vt., in 1812, where he edited the *Reporter*



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Afterwards he went to Bellows Falls, Vt., and edited the *Intelligencer*. He remained there till 1822, publishing in the meantime a volume of poetry. He then removed to Boston, to commence the publication of the *New England Farmer*, which attained a high rank in his hands. He died in that city, Nov. 11, 1837.

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### FLATTERY.

Miss Ann, you are, it seems to me,  
 An essence all etherial;  
 The brightest being that can be,  
 Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipped with solar rays  
 Your charms could scarcely blazon;  
 Contrasted with your beauty's blaze  
 Bright Sol's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light!  
 If rhymes are always true,  
 An angel is an ugly sprite  
 Compared to sylph like you.

You frowning tell me: "This indeed  
 Is flattery past all bearing;  
 I ne'er before did hear nor read  
 Of any quite so glaring."

Yes, this is flattery, sure enough,  
 And its exaggeration  
 May teach you how to hold such stuff  
 In utter detestation.

Should beaux your ladyship accost  
 With something like this flummery,  
 Tell them their labor will be lost,  
 For this transcends their mummery.

The man whose favor's worth a thought,  
 To flattery can't descend;  
 The servile sycophant is not  
 Your lover nor your friend.

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### THE COURSE OF CULTURE.

Survey the world, through every zone,  
 From Lima to Japan,  
 In lineaments of light 'tis shown  
 That culture makes the man.

By manual culture one attains  
What industry may claim,  
Another's mental toil and pains  
Attenuate his frame.

Some plough and plant the teeming soil,  
Some cultivate the arts ;  
And some devote a life of toil  
To tilling heads and hearts.  
Some train the adolescent mind,  
While buds of promise blow,  
And see each nascent twig inclined  
The way the tree should grow.

The first man, and the first of men  
Were tillers of the soil,  
And that was mercy's mandate then,  
Which destined men to toil.  
Indulgence preludes fell attacks  
Of merciless disease,  
And sloth extends on fiery racks  
Her listless devotees.

Hail, horticulture ! heaven-ordained,  
Of every art the source,  
Which man has polished, life sustained,  
Since Time commenced his course.  
Where waves thy wonder-working wand,  
What splendid scenes disclose !  
The blasted heath, the arid strand,  
Out-bloom the gorgeous rose.

Even in the seraph-sex is thy  
Munificence described ;  
And Milton says in lady's eye  
Is heaven identified.  
A seedling sprung from Adam's side,  
A most celestial shoot !  
Became of Paradise the pride,  
And bore a world of fruit.

The lily, rose, carnation, blent  
By Flora's magic power,  
And tulip, feebly represent  
So elegant a flower :  
Then surely, bachelors, ye ought  
In season to transfer  
Some sprig of this sweet "touch-me-not,"  
To grace your own parterre.

And every gardener should be proud,  
With tenderness and skill,  
If haply he may be allowed  
This precious plant to till.  
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,  
Past, promised, or possessed,  
Are fruits which culture gives or gave  
At industry's behest.

---

#### THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

It may very truly be said  
That his is a noble vocation,  
Whose industry leads him to spread  
About him a little creation.  
He lives independent of all,  
Except the Omnipotent donor ;  
Has always enough at his call,—  
And more is a plague to its owner.  
He works with his hands, it is true,  
But happiness dwells with employment,  
And he who has nothing to do  
Has nothing by way of enjoyment.  
His labors are mere exercise,  
Which saves him from pains and physicians ;  
Then, farmers, you truly may prize  
Your own as the best of conditions.  
From competence, shared with content,  
Since all true felicity springs,  
The life of a farmer is blent  
With more real bliss than a king's.

---

#### THE FARMER.

Let moneyed blockheads roll in wealth,  
Let proud fools strut in state,  
My lands, my homestead and my health  
Place me above the great.  
I never fawn nor flib nor feign,  
To please old Mammon's fry ;  
But independence still maintain  
On all beneath the sky.

Thus Cincinnatus, at his plough,  
 With more true glory shone  
 Than Cæsar, with his laurell'd brow,  
 His palace and his throne.

Tumult, perplexity and care  
 Are bold Ambition's lot ;  
 But those intruders never dare  
 Disturb my peaceful cot.

Blest with bare competence, I find  
 What monarchs never can,  
 Health and tranquillity of mind,  
 Heaven's choicest gifts to man.

The toil with which I till the ground  
 For exercise is meet,  
 Is mere amusement which is crowned  
 With slumber sound and sweet.

But those who toil in Pleasure's rounds,  
 Sweet slumber soon destroy ;  
 Soon find on Dissipation's grounds  
 A grave for every joy.

### Hosea Ballou.

Hosea Ballou, the son of Rev. Maturin Ballou, a Baptist clergyman, was born in Richmond, April 30, 1771. He was educated at Chesterfield Academy, and, adopting the views of the Universalists, began to preach at twenty years of age. In 1798 he accepted a call to Barnard, Vt. Six years afterward he removed to Portsmouth, and remained there six years, and then went to Salem, Mass. In 1817 he became pastor of the Second Universalist Society in Boston. He resided there till his death, which occurred on the 7th of June, 1853. He published a volume of verses, mostly hymns.

### BLESSINGS OF CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL REIGN.

When God descends, with men to dwell,  
 And all creation makes anew,  
 What tongue can half the wonders tell?  
 What eye the dazzling glories view?

Zion, the desolate, again  
 Shall see her lands with roses bloom ;  
 And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,  
 Shall yield their spices and perfume.

Celestial streams shall gently flow ;  
 The wilderness shall joyful be ;  
 Lilies on parched ground shall grow ;  
 And gladness spring on every tree ;

The weak be strong, the fearful bold,  
 The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
 The lame shall walk, the blind behold ;  
 And joy through all the earth shall ring.

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love ;  
 Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—  
 When God descends from worlds above,  
 To dwell with men on earth again.

---

GOD IS LOVE.

When my astonished eyes behold,  
 My Maker's works below, above,  
 And read his name in lines of gold,  
 I surely know that "God is love."

When I observe his written word,  
 And when his gift of grace I prove,  
 With joyful heart I praise the Lord,  
 For, saith the scriptures, "God is love."

What gentle streams of pleasure roll !  
 What quickening from mystic dove !  
 Now peace divine fills all my soul,  
 And I can shout that "God is love."

Now heavenly courage I'll put on,  
 For far away my fears it drove ;  
 I'll bow before the living Son,  
 And loud proclaim my "God is love."

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Philip Carrigan.

Philip Carrigan was a son of Dr. Philip Carrigan. He was born in Concord, February 29, probably in 1772, and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1794. He studied law and settled in his native town. In 1805, and the three years following, he was Secretary of State. He prepared a valuable map of the State, which was published in 1816. In 1806 he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Dartmouth College. He died in Concord, March 15, 1842.

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LAFAYETTE'S RETURN.

North and South and East and West,  
 A cordial welcome have addressed  
 Loud and warm, the Nation's Guest,  
 Dear Son of Liberty ;  
 Whom tyrants cursed when Heaven approved,  
 And millions long have mourned and loved,  
 He comes, by fond entreaties moved,  
 The Granite State to see.

Our mountains tower with matchless pride,  
And mighty torrents from them glide,  
And wintry tempests, far and wide,  
Ridge deep our drifts of snow ;  
Yet does our hardening climate form  
Patriots with hearts as bold and warm,  
At social feast, or battle storm,  
As e'er met friend or foe.

Bliss domestic, rank, wealth, ease,  
Our guest resigned for stormy seas,  
And for war's more stormy breeze,  
To make our country free ;  
And potent Britain saw, dismayed,  
The lightning of his virgin blade  
To Freedom flash triumphant aid,  
But death to Tyranny.

Now, in his life's less perilous wane,  
He has re-crossed the Atlantic main,  
Preserved by Heaven, to greet again  
The land he bled to save ;  
And those who with him, hand in hand,  
Fought 'neath his mighty sire's command,—  
Alas! how thinned that gallant band,  
Band of the free and brave!

Angels, 'tis said, at times have stood  
Unseen among the great and good,  
For country's rights who shed their blood,  
Nor has their influence ceased.  
For party feuds far off are driven,  
Foes reconciled and wrongs forgiven,  
And this green spot of earth made Heaven,  
For these old heroes' feast.

They've met in war to toil and bleed,  
They've met in peace, their country freed ;  
And unborn millions will succeed  
To their dower, the *Rights of Man* ;  
The patriot of both hemispheres,  
Though first on earth, deems all his peers,  
Who joined his war-cry with their cheers,  
Where raged the battle's van.

Such were the *men* our land did save,  
Nor e'er can reach oblivion's wave,  
(Though booming o'er the statesman's grave,)  
Our deep redeemless debt.

No ! Merrimack may cease to flow,  
 And our White Mountains sink below ;  
 But naught can cancel what we owe  
 To them and Lafayette.

### William Merchant Richardson.

William M. Richardson, LL. D., was born in Pelham, January 4, 1774. He graduated at Harvard College in 1797; was a member of Congress, 1811-'14; Chief Justice Supreme Court of this State, 1816-'38. He died in Chester, March, 1838.

#### THE RIVER MERRIMACK.

Sweet Merrimack ! thy gentle stream  
 Is fit for better poet's theme,  
 For rich thy waves and gentle too,  
 As Rome's proud Tiber ever knew ;  
 And thy fair current's placid swell  
 Would flow in classic song as well.  
 Yet on thy banks, so green, so sweet,  
 Where wood-nymphs dance and naiads meet,  
 E'en since creation's earliest dawn,  
 No son of song was ever born ;  
 No muse's fairy feet e'er trod  
 Thy modest margin's verdant sod ;  
 And 'mid Time's silent, feathery flight,  
 Like some coy maiden, pure as light,  
 Sequestered in some blest retreat,  
 Far from the city and the great,  
 Thy virgin waves the vales among  
 Have flowed neglected and unsung.  
 Yet, as the sailor, raptured, hails  
 His native shores, his native vales,  
 Returning home from many a day  
 Of tedious absence, far away  
 From her whose charms alone control  
 The warm affections of his soul ;  
 Thus, from life's stormy, troubled sea,  
 My heart returns to visit thee.

Sweet Nymph, whose fairy footsteps press,  
 And viewless fingers gaily dress,  
 By moonlight or by Hesper's beam,  
 The verdant banks of this sweet stream :  
 Who oft by twilight's doubtful ray,  
 With wood-nymphs and with naiad gay,  
 Lead'st up the dance in merry mood,

To the soft murmurs of the flood ;  
All hail once more ! 'tis many a year  
Since last I came to meet thee here,  
And much it glads my heart once more  
To meet thee on this pleasant shore ;  
For here in youth, when hope was high,  
My breast a stranger to a sigh,  
And my blood danced through every vein,  
Amid the jolly, sportive train  
Of youths and maids, who gathering round,  
Danced to the flute's entrancing sound,  
I felt thy powerful influence,  
The bliss our bosoms felt, dispense ;  
Delight on all our bosoms pour,  
And make our hearts with joy brim o'er.  
Thy fingers on each virgin's cheek  
Impressed the witching "dimple sleek,"  
Bade magic smiles and blushes meet  
In mixture ravishingly sweet,  
And many a face a charm possess,  
Which then I felt—but can't express.

Blest days, alas ! forever past,  
Sunk in the ocean dim and vast  
Of years, whose dread profundity  
Is pierced by none but Fancy's eye,  
Your joys like gems of pearly light,  
There hallowed shine in Fancy's sight.  
What though beside the gentle flood,  
Bedewed with tears and wet with blood,  
Profusely shed by iron Mars  
In wild Ambition's cruel wars,  
No evergreen of glory waves  
Among the fallen warriors' graves?  
What though the battle's bloody rage,  
Where mad contending chiefs engage,  
The nymphs that rule these banks so green  
And naiads soft have never seen?  
What though ne'er tinged this crystal wave  
The rich blood of the fallen brave?  
No deathless deed by hero done,  
No battle lost, no victory won ;  
Here ever walked with praise or blame,  
The loud uplifted trump of fame.  
Here beauteous Spring profusely showers  
A wilderness of sweets and flowers.



The stately oak of royal line,  
 The spreading elm and towering pine,  
 Here cast a purer, happier shade  
 Than blood-stained laurels ever made.  
 No wailing ghosts of warriors slain,  
 Along these peaceful shores complain;  
 No maniac virgin crazed with care,  
 The mournful victim of despair;  
 While pangs unutterable swell  
 Her heart, to view the spot where fell  
 The youth who all her soul possessed,  
 She tears her hair or beats her breast.  
 Ne'er victor lords, nor conquered slaves,  
 Disgraced these banks, disgraced these waves;  
 But freedom, peace and plenty here,  
 Perpetual bless the passing year.

### Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, January 18, 1792. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801. He became a lawyer; was a member of Congress, 1813-17, 1823-27; U. S. Senator, 1827-39; 1843-50; Secretary of State U. S., 1841-43; 1850-52. He died in Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. While at college he published two blank verse poems of considerable length. Two extracts are here given from the one on Human Redemption. In 1823 he lost a son named Charles. On that occasion he composed a short poem which he enclosed in a letter to his wife.

#### LINES TO A DEPARTED SON.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,  
 Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;  
 That morn has rushed to sudden night,  
 Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,  
 And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;  
 But ah! thy little day is done,  
 Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean  
 Is broken e'er those years come o'er me;  
 My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,  
 But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,  
 No parent's grave with tears beholdest;  
 Thou art my ancestor, my son!  
 And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,  
 Thy generation after mine;

Thou hast thy predecessor past,  
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes  
The road to heaven, and showed it clear ;  
But thou untaught springest to the skies,  
And leavest thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,  
And hasten to partake thy bliss ;  
And O ! to thy world welcome me,  
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in heaven ;  
No prayers for thee need more be made ;  
Oh ! let thy prayers for those be given  
Who oft have blest thy infant head.

My Father ! I beheld thee born,  
And led thy tottering steps with care ;  
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,  
My son, my father, guide me there.

---

FROM "HUMAN REDEMPTION."

When the grand period in the eternal mind,  
Long predetermined, had arrived, behold  
The universe, this most stupendous mass  
Of things, to instant being rose. This globe,  
For light and heat dependent on the sun,  
By power supreme was then ordained to roll  
And on its surface bear immortal man,  
Complete in bliss, the image of his God.  
His soul, to gentle harmonies attuned,  
Th' ungoverned rage of boisterous passion knew not.  
Malice, revenge and hate were then unknown ;  
Love held his empire in the human heart—  
The voice of love alone escaped the lip,  
And gladdening nature echoed back the strain.  
Oh happy state ! too happy to remain :  
Temptation comes, and man a victim falls !  
Farewell to peace, farewell to human bliss,  
Farewell, ye kindred virtues, all farewell !  
Ye flee the world, and seek sublimer realms.  
Passions impetuous now possess the heart,  
And hurry every gentler feeling thence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is it now asked why man for slaughter pants,  
 Raves with revenge, and with detraction burns?  
 Go ask of Ætna why her thunders roar,  
 Why her volcanoes smoke, and why she pours  
 In torrents down her side the igneous mass  
 That hurries men and cities to the tomb!  
 These but the effects of bursting fires within,  
 Convulsions that are hidden from our sight  
 And bellow under ground. Just so in man,  
 The love of conquest and the lust of power  
 Are but the effects of passion unsubdued.  
 To avert the effects, then, deeply strike the cause,  
 O'ercome the rage of passion, and obtain  
 The empire over self. This once achieved,  
 Impress fair virtue's precepts on the heart,  
 Teach t'adore his God, and love his brother:  
 War then no more shall raise the rude alarm,  
 Widows and orphans then shall sigh no more,  
 Peace shall return, and man again be blest.

---

#### THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain  
 We keep them in the memory of the brain;  
 Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge call,  
 There is the common ledger for them all;  
 And images on this cold surface traced  
 Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced.

But we've a page more glowing and more bright  
 On which our friendship and our love to write;  
 That these may never from the soul depart,  
 We trust them to *the memory of the heart*.  
 There is no dimming—no effacement here;  
 Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;  
 Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,  
 Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 19, 1839.

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#### WINTER.

Happy are they who far removed from war,  
 And all its train of woes, in tranquil peace  
 And joyful plenty, pass the winter's eve.  
 Such bliss is thine, Columbia! Bless thy God!  
 The toil and labor of the year now o'er,

While Sol scarce darts a glimmering, trembling beam,  
 While Boreas' blast blows bleak along the plain ;  
 Around the social fire, content and free,  
 Thy sons shall taste the sweets Pomona gives,  
 Or reap the blessings of domestic ease  
 Or else, in transport, tread the mountain snows  
 And leap the craggy cliff, robust and strong—  
 Till from the lucid chambers of the South  
 The joyous Spring looks forth and hails the world.  
 1799.

### Andrew Wallace.

Andrew Wallace was a native of Milford. At the age of 21 he decided upon the profession of law, entered Dartmouth College, and after five years' study, was admitted to the Hillsborough County Bar, practising at Hancock. Subsequently he removed to Amherst, and for many years served as Clerk of the Hillsborough County Courts. He represented the town in the Legislature, and was its delegate in the State Convention of 1850, for the revision of the Constitution. He died in 1856, at the age of 74 years, highly esteemed by all.

### A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

Parent of life, great source of good,  
 To thee a needy suppliant would,  
 With humble boldness, as he should,  
 Address this short petition :  
 Forgive my sins, which numerous are,  
 Whose weight is more than I can bear,  
 My life in mercy to me spare,  
 Be thou my great physician.

My sins are of a scarlet dye,  
 To thee for vengeance loud they cry,  
 While on this couch of pain I lie,  
 Bereft of consolation ;  
 Save that thy grace is rich and free,  
 Just suiting my necessity,  
 I cry for mercy, Lord to thee,  
 And pray for renovation.

Restore my health, renew my heart,  
 Bid every sinful thought depart,  
 Baffle the tempter's wicked art,  
 And grant me thy salvation.  
 So shall the remnant of my days  
 Be spent in Wisdom's pleasant ways,  
 And evermore to sing thy praise  
 Shall be my recreation.

But if my life is soon to end,  
O God of mercy, condescend  
To be my Father, Saviour, Friend,  
And grant me thy rich favor.  
And when my soul shall take its flight,  
May chosen bands of angels bright  
Convey it to the realms of light,  
To dwell with thee forever.

---

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR RECOVERY FROM  
SICKNESS.

Giver of every perfect gift !  
Restored to health, again I lift  
To thee my waiting eyes ;  
Attempts at praise, devoid of art,  
The incense of a grateful heart  
Thou never wilt despise.

To me thou hast compassion shown,  
Thy healing mercy I have known,  
When none but thee could save ;  
Thou heard'st me when in great distress,  
The means of safety thou didst bless,  
And saved me from the grave.

In sickness thou didst make my bed ;  
At thy rebuke my fever fled ;  
My pains thou didst remove.  
O may thy goodness shown to me,  
Excite my thankfulness to thee,  
And kindle into love.

May gratitude and holy joy  
The remnant of my life employ ;  
And may renewing grace  
Prepare me for that peaceful rest,  
Which is reserved for the blest  
Who see thee face to face.

When nought on earth can me avail,  
And flesh and heart entirely fail,  
O take me safely o'er ;  
And when the last great trump shall sound,  
May I in safety then be found  
On Canaan's happy shore.

## Nathaniel Hazeltine Carter.

Nathaniel H. Carter, who was born at the "Iron Works," Concord, Sept. 17, 1787, was one of the earliest teachers of the poet Longfellow. Mr. Carter graduated at Dartmouth in 1811, and was subsequently widely known as an instructor and literary gentleman. Of his class of fifty-five at Hanover one only was living at the publication of the 1880 Quinquennial—James S. Goodwin, M. D., of Portland, Me. Mr. Carter was Professor of Languages at Dartmouth from 1817 to 1819; travelled in Europe and published two volumes of foreign letters, and was also the author of "Pains of Imagination," and other productions in verse. He died at Marseilles, France, Jan. 2, 1830. Longfellow attended Mr. Carter's private school in Portland, and also the academy in that place taught by the same.

### HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God !  
 When thy creating hand  
 Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,  
 And meted sea and land,  
 The morning stars together sung,  
 And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far  
 Was the eventful morn,  
 When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star  
 Announced a Saviour born !  
*Then* sweeter strains from heaven began,  
 "Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger ! can it be ?  
 Art *thou* the Son of God ?  
 Shall subject nations bow the knee,  
 And kings obey thy nod ?  
 Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall  
 Before the tenant of a stall ?

'Tis He ! the hymning seraphs cry,  
 While hovering, drawn to earth ;  
 'Tis He ! the shepherds' songs reply,  
 Hail ! hail Immanuel's birth !  
 The rod of peace those hands shall bear,  
 That brow a crown of glory wear.

'Tis He ! the Eastern sages sing,  
 And spread their golden hoard ;  
 'Tis He ! the hills of Sion ring  
 Hosanna to the Lord !  
 The Prince of long prophetic years  
 To-day in Bethlehem appears !

He comes ! the Conquerer's march begins ;  
No blood his banner stains ;  
He comes to save the world from sins,  
And break the captive's chains !  
The poor, the sick and blind shall bless  
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,  
All hearts his power shall own,  
When he, with legions from the skies,  
The clouds of heaven his throne,  
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,  
And strike a trembling world with dread.

---

TO MY NATIVE STREAM.

Hail ! hail again, my native stream,  
Scene of my boyhood's earliest dream !  
With solitary step once more  
I tread thy wild and sylvan shore,  
And pause at every turn, to gaze  
Upon thy dark meandering maze.  
What though obscure thy woody source,  
What though unsung thy humble course ;  
What if no lofty, classic name  
Give to thy peaceful waters fame,  
Still can thy rural haunts impart  
A solace to this saddened heart.

Since last with thee I parted, time  
Hath borne me on through many a clime,  
Far from my native roof that stood  
Secluded by thy murmuring flood ;  
And I in distant lands have roamed,  
Where rolled new streams, new oceans foamed ;  
Along the Shannon, Doon and Tay  
I've sauntered many a happy day,  
And sought beside the Cam and Thames  
Memorials of immortal names ;  
Or mingled in the polished train  
Of fashion, on the banks of Seine.  
And I have seen the azure Rhone  
Rush headlong from his Alpine throne ;  
Green Mincius and silver Po  
Through vine-clad vales meandering flow ;  
Sweet Arno, wreathed in summer flowers,

Linger amidst Etrurian bowers ;  
And the old Tiber's yellow tide  
Roll to the sea in sullen pride.

In climes beneath the burning zone,  
Mid tangled forests, deep and lone,  
Where fervid skies forever glow  
And the soft trade-winds whispering blow,  
My roving footsteps too have pressed  
The loveliest island of the west.  
There Yumuri winds, deep and calm,  
Through groves of citron and of palm ;  
There on the sluggish waves of Juan,  
My little boat hath borne me on ;  
Or up Canimar's silent floods,  
Strown with the blossoms of its woods.

Yet not the less my native stream,  
Art thou to me a grateful theme,  
Than when, in heedless boyhood's prime,  
I wove for thee the rustic rhyme,  
Ere other realms, beyond the sea,  
Had spread their fairest charms for me,  
E'en now, alone I sit me down,  
Amidst thy woods, with autumn brown,  
And on the rustling leaves recline,  
Beneath a copse of whispering pine,  
To watch thy amber current run, ●  
Bright with November's parting sun.  
Around with eager eye I trace  
The charms of each remembered place—  
Some fountain gushing from the bank,  
At which, in youth, I knelt and drank—  
Yon oak, its hoary arms that rears,  
Scene of my sports in boyish years.  
Farewell ! farewell ! though I no more  
May ramble on thy rural shore,  
Still shall thy quiet wave glide on,  
When he who watched its flow is gone,  
And his sole epitaph shall be  
Inscribed upon some aged tree.

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#### THE CLOSING SCENE—A BURIAL AT SEA.

From his room to the deck they brought him, drest  
In his funeral robes by his own request—



With his boots and stock and garments on,  
 And naught but the breathing spirit gone ;  
 For he wished that a child might come and lay  
 An unstartled hand upon his clay.  
 Then they wrapped his corse in a tarry sheet,  
 To the dead, as Araby's spices sweet,  
 And prepared him to seek the depths below,  
 Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.  
 No steeds with their nodding plumes were here,  
 No sable hearse, and no confined bier,  
 To bear with pomp and parade away  
 The dead, to sleep with his kindred clay.  
 But the little group, a silent few,  
 His companions, mixed with the hardy crew,  
 Stood thoughtful around, till a prayer was said  
 O'er the corse of the deaf, unconscious dead.  
 Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,  
 And committed them safe to the dark blue tide.  
 One sullen plunge, and the scene is o'er—  
 The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

In that classical sea,\* whose azure vies  
 With the green of its shores, and the blue of its skies,  
 In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,  
 Oh ! the dead shall sleep, as sweetly, as well,  
 As if shrined in the pomp of Parian tombs,  
 Where the East and the South breathe their rich perfumes ;  
 Nor forgotten shall be the humble one,  
 Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,  
 When the trump of the angel sounds with dread,  
 And the sea, like the land, gives up the dead.

### Charles Burroughs.

This distinguished clergyman was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 27, 1787, and was a graduate of Harvard College in 1806. In 1812 he became rector of St. John's church in Portsmouth, which office he filled with ability until 1837. In 1851 he published a volume entitled "The Poetry of Religion and other Poems." He died in 1868 at the age of eighty years.

### MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Written on the summit of Mount Washington, Wednesday noon, July 9, 1843.

Illustrious Mountain ! thou dost stand alone,  
 The loftiest sentinel that guards our land ;  
 The glorious image of the Eternal One ;  
 The work sublime of his Almighty hand.

\* The Mediterranean, on which sea the author was then sailing.

On every side what boundless prospects rise !  
What oceans vast of mountain scenery !  
What dread magnificence of earth and skies !  
What regions of unrolled immensity !

Now, raised above earth's cares and toil and din,  
I sit serene, to holy musings given ;  
To soar in bliss above this world of sin,  
And hold communion with the hosts of heaven.

Right well thy granite pile baptized has been,  
In name of one whose virtues none assail ;  
Who towered in glory o'er his fellow-men,  
Like thy proud summit o'er the humble vale.

Thy rocks, unhurt, have felt the tempest's power.  
And lightnings harmless have played round thy form ;  
So, too, our Washington in war's fierce hour  
Did breast each shock, and triumph o'er each storm.

Our nation's boast ! Mount of eternal stone !  
In freedom, truth, and virtue may we stand,  
Exalted like thyself and Washington,  
The pride and honor of our blessed land !

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#### A MORNING PRAYER.

As from my couch I now arise,  
And grateful view the earth and skies,  
Grant me, in all things, Lord, I pray,  
Thy glory to consult this day.

At meals, at prayer, where'er I wend,  
What hours in cares or joys I spend,  
Be it my highest joy and fame  
To glorify thy blessed name.

Should dangerous snares my soul assault,  
And tempt me to a sin or fault,  
Oh, keep me pure in act and word,  
Ever to honor thee my Lord.

Should any sufferer I may see  
Need offices of love from me,  
Oh, may I gladly show such love,  
To glorify my God above.

Should sickness, sorrows, trials, woes,  
 Befall me, ere this day shall close,  
 With patience may I bear each ill,  
 And bow submissive to thy will !

Dear Lord, may all my labors be  
 Begun, continued, closed in thee,  
 And all bring glory to thy name,  
 And give me endless life and fame !

Then, when her pall Night o'er me throws,  
 And on my couch I seek repose,  
 I'll bless thee that I still do live  
 New glories to thy name to give.

---

### William Plumer.

William Plumer, the oldest child of William and Sally Plumer, was born in Epping, February 9, 1789. At the age of thirteen he entered Phillips Exeter Academy, to prepare for College, and in 1805 entered at Harvard, graduating in 1809. He studied law but never practised the profession to any great extent. In 1818 he represented his native town in the Legislature and in the following spring was elected a representative to Congress, which office he retained till 1825. His father was United States Senator from this State in 1802, and Governor of the State in 1812, and again in 1816 to 1819. A life of Gov. Plumer was written by his son. It was published in 1856. He wrote poetry at an early age. In after life he wrote and published for private distribution four volumes: "Youth," "Manhood," "War Songs and Ballads from the Old Testament," and "Ruth, a pastoral." The two first mentioned volumes are composed chiefly of Sonnets, and are admirable specimens of euphonious versification, chaste imagery and affluent thought. Mr. Plumer died September 18, 1854.

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### THE OCEAN.

Bred inland, I had reached my fifteenth year,  
 Ere yet the waves of ocean on my sight  
 Rolled in their glory. My intense delight,  
 When first I saw those living waves uprear  
 Their crested heads, lives in my memory clear,  
 As seen but yesterday. Along the shore,  
 The storm had wrecked its fury ; and the day,  
 New risen, looked wildly on the angry roar  
 Of ocean, thundering on that rock-girt bay.  
 My spirit was not by the scene subdued,  
 But kindled rather ; as dilating wide  
 It rose, o'er ocean's boundless amplitude,  
 In might of mind, with power, as if to ride,  
 Triumphant, master-like, above the tide.

Again I sought that headland's rocky crest  
 O'erlooking ocean,—silent and alone,  
 Where human habitation there was none,

Nor work of man. The sun was in the west ;  
The waves lay slumbering on the parent breast ;  
The winds, that late had swept the deep, were flown,  
Each to his cave : all nature seemed at rest.  
Thoughtful I watched the steady ebb and flow,  
That, far as eye could reach, or thought extend,  
Rolled on, in calmness, and in power below,  
Power without effort, motion without end ;  
Which, as I gazed, seemed, God-like, still to grow  
On my awed thoughts,—till ocean's mildest mood,  
Serene in grandeur, all my soul subdued.

#### THE WHITE HILLS.

Thy varied scenes blend grace, my native land !  
With grandeur ; here the tranquil lake,  
And there the roaring torrent,—streams that break,  
Impetuous rushing, from thy mountain strand,  
With headlong force, that scoops the yielding sand,  
And wears down granite. Lo ! where towering high,  
His shoulders mantled with yon swelling cloud,  
Whence lightnings flash, and thunders roar aloud,  
Mount Washington ascends his native sky !  
Armed with the avalanche, he sweeps afar.  
Man and his works,—his caverns stored with snow,  
Coeval with the rock. Like some lone star,  
Above the storm, he looks on earth below,  
Serene in silence, from his throne on high.  
  
Serene, sublime, in silence, from thy throne,  
Thou look'st, dread monarch ! wide o'er earth around,  
Deep awe inspiring, awe till now unknown,  
Dark, undefined, that humbles to the ground  
Aspiring pride. Man's spirit bows before  
Such majesty of might, nor labors more  
To measure strength with heaven. Earth's giant brood,  
The Titan monsters, on their beds of fire,  
Pressed by thy stern rebuke, in vain aspire  
To shake thee from thy seat : the lava flood,  
Deep heaving from the centre, unsubdued,  
Moves not thy steadfast base ; nor tempests dire,  
Tornado, and torrent, thundering at thy side,  
Change thy stern brow, severe in lordly pride.  
  
What are thy thoughts, proud mount ! as with a frown,  
Darkening with dread the distant vales below.  
Thou lower'st, thus sternly, on our march, while slow

Wo climb the steep ascent? Would'st thou send down  
 Some bolt of vengeance from thy rocky crown,  
 To crush our daring course? Proud mountain! know  
 Man is thy master: freely shall he go  
 High o'er thy topmost towers; and thou shalt find,  
 In these frail forms, sublimities of mind,  
 That dwarf thy giant bulk; a brighter ray,  
 More lofty heights, enduring powers, that last  
 When mountains moulder, and their pride is past.  
 Mind over matter holds e'en here its sway,  
 E'en here commands, while subject realms obey.

Alike in generous feeling and high thought  
 The grand, the lofty, the sublime we see:  
 You mighty mountain towers less gloriously,  
 Than he,—the patriot chief,—whom nations sought  
 Vainly to honor by such monument.  
 In native virtue great, he stood the same.  
 When fortune frowned on worth, as when she lent  
 Her aid, how needless! to augment his fame.  
 Nor, in the eye of reason, is the toil  
 Of humbler virtue, in the vale of life,  
 Where modest worth can passion's onset foil,  
 And truth maintain with error's hosts the strife,  
 Less glorious, than the fame that patriots gain  
 In camp, or court, high hall, or battle plain.

#### THE ANCESTRAL SEAT.

By that reverence led, I seek the seat,  
 Where first my far progenitor his home  
 Found in this western wild, and reared his dome  
 Hard by the pleasant stream. Here oft his feet  
 Paced the lone strand, while waves from ocean beat  
 Along his path—those waves so late, that bore  
 The pilgrim father from his native shore.  
 Did they remind him of the far retreat  
 Of England's scattered folk, by him no more  
 Described? Pensive, he gazed on the  
 Of number great, yet he not thinking, said,  
 Not strange to me, but gentle, on the rock.  
 Paced here his home, nor time, nor summer's shock  
 Could weaken the structure which he reared.  
 Firm built, like his own strong heart, it stands  
 By time unshaken. Twice an hundred years  
 It rose, and grew, yet still the mansion rears

Its antique front ; nor e'er to stranger hands  
 Hath passed, from hardy sire to blameless son  
 Transmitted still, as each his course has run.  
 South, north, and west, his race is scattered wide,  
 Through distant states ; and some their way have found  
 To public scenes, and trod life's busy round,  
 A moment, in high halls of power and pride :  
 Less blest than those, who here their wishes bound  
 In life's low vale ; like stream, whose waters sleep  
 Calm at their source, yet, borne amid the sound  
 Of distant broils, run headlong o'er the steep.

Mid broils of public life it runs to waste,  
 The stream of quiet thought and feeling kind,  
 Which else might pause, to fertilize the mind.  
 But happier these, at fitting distance placed  
 Alike from wealth and want, their course have traced,  
 Age after age, through scenes of useful toil,  
 And lowly virtues : they the victor's spoil,  
 The pomp of power, the poet's laurel crown,  
 Nor sought, nor envied. So their efforts gained  
 Health, leisure, competence, they sate them down  
 With these content ; nor e'er their spirits strained  
 In life's mad race, for fortune, power, renown.  
 Enough, while virtue's smile their labors blest,  
 If love waked rapture in each blameless breast.

---

### LOVE.

Love is the blending of two youthful hearts,  
 Each in the other fused ; union entire  
 Of end and aim, in passion's glowing fire,  
 Which leaves nor fracture, nor discordant parts ;  
 Abandonment of self, and selfish arts,  
 In generous transports of intense desire,  
 Intense as pure—a feeling infinite,  
 Which with unbounded service would requite  
 The boon it craves ; yet cannot less require  
 Than heart for heart, true love's undoubted right.  
 Modest and diffident, and of his might  
 Distrustful ever, yet doth Love aspire  
 To boundless sway, and spreads his gentle power  
 Alike o'er lordly hall and lowly bower.  
 I tire of days in loveless labor past,  
 By beauty's smile unblest. Man was not made  
 For selfish joy or sorrow : sad, o'ercast,

With hopes that fade, and joys that wither fast,  
 He droops, untended, in the lonely shade.  
 His paradise on earth, his heaven portrayed,  
 Is woman's unbought love: all earth beside  
 Would dark and worthless prove, were this denied.  
 For ne'er ambition's spoils, nor heaps of gain  
 The longings of desire could sate, or hush  
 The heart's wild transports, throbbing to attain  
 True bliss: but oh! when love's warm currents gush  
 From kindred hearts commingling, man again  
 Finds Eden's primal bliss, else sought in vain.

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#### THE WEDDING.

"And I pronounce you man and wife"—so said,  
 In solemn tone, our reverend guide, as still,  
 Hand linked in hand, he held us—"ye are wed:  
 The twain henceforth are one." Oh! what a thrill  
 Ran through my being then, of mingled dread  
 And joyous transport; dread, lest I should prove  
 For that high trust unworthy; joy, to find  
 The cherished vision of my earnest love  
 No dream of fancy now, but fixed, inshrined,  
 Where inclination still, with willing mind,  
 May bend at duty's altar. I am now  
 No more, as erst, alone; there beats for me  
 One warm true heart, that feels the mutual vow  
 To live in love unchanged, though bound yet free.

---

#### WEDDED LOVE.

The heart-felt joys serene of wedded life,  
 (Theme hard to treat, which poets seldom sing,)  
 May I, unblamed, express? or dare to bring  
 To public gaze, mid scenes of vulgar strife,  
 Charms that adorn the matron and the wife?  
 Weak words but ill express the joys that spring  
 Spontaneous, hovering still, on gentle wing,  
 O'er wedded love. Howe'er with feeling rife,  
 Silence may best that sacred theme befit;  
 The aim, so oft, of rude sarcastic wit,  
 From ribald tongues, and hearts that never felt  
 How passion, rising into perfect love,  
 Repels all grossness, as it soars above,  
 In virtue's fires, refining while they melt.

The loving heart is sorrowful at thought  
Of joy unshared, at pleasure that confers  
Delight on self alone ; but leaps to hers,  
Whose kindred soul, with tender feeling fraught,  
Its inmost being hath with his inwrought.  
Whate'er the passion either bosom stirs,  
Moves both alike, and equal warmth infers ;  
To him 'tis pleasure, or to her 'tis nought.  
Thus interfused, and blended into one,  
Their mingled streams of mutual feelings flow ;  
Enlarging, and enriched, as on they run,  
By time, by distance deepened ; till they know  
No adverse purpose, no desire but this,  
That each may largest share the other's bliss.

Feelings, till then unknown, with marriage rise,  
Duties with pleasures blended ; thoughtful loves  
With soft endearment, Venus' gentle doves  
Inyoked with Juno's statelier train : the ties  
Of home and household ; thoughts that sympathize  
With social impulses ; and joys that spring  
From toils, that find rich recompense in love.  
These now are mine : and time, on restless wing,  
Who seeks old hopes, old pleasures to remove,  
New hopes, new pleasures, doth more largely bring.  
The heart, love-quicken'd, strikes deep root, and sends  
Upward its branches high : wife, servants, friends,  
Find shelter in its shade ; love's tendrils cling  
Firm round the stem ; and fruit with foliage blends.

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#### THE FATHER.

Deem not thy mind developed, nor the tone  
Of moral power perfected, till the sight  
Of thine own offspring bring at once to light  
Those inbred thoughts and feelings, which alone  
To parents, in that blissful hour, are shown :  
Thoughts hid in nature's darkness, till the might  
Of love parental in the heart excite  
Hopes, joys, and fears, to lonely breasts unknown.  
Love lights the torch of Hymen ; but the ray  
Of infant beauty, brightening into day,  
Gives lasting radiance to that living flame,  
Else weak, or wavering : selfish feelings yield  
To social ties ; the Father stands revealed,  
Friend, lover, guardian joined in that fond name.



## CHILDREN.

Fret not, nor turn aside, unwedded eld !  
 If entering, unexpected, at my door,  
 Thou find'st the father stretched along the floor,  
 In childish sport with children ! nor, repelled  
 By churlish thoughts, be sympathy withheld  
 From these rude prattlers, whose young hearts run o'er  
 With warm affections—felt by thee, of yore,  
 Though now forgot. In me, time hath not quelled,  
 But strengthened rather, feelings that impart  
 The child's warm transport to the parent's heart.  
 A father's love thou know'st not ; yet may'st see,  
 In these fond looks and gestures, ties that bind,  
 In firm yet tender bonds, the heart and mind  
 Of sire and child, in fondest sympathy.

## FLOWERS.

How sweet, at morn or eve, amid the flowers,  
 To trace the garden walks, while bud and bloom  
 Of opening plants exhale their rich perfume,  
 And shed their rainbow colors ! Not the bowers,  
 Where Eve in Eden passed untroubled hours,  
 In youthful innocence, ere guilt brought gloom,  
 Could pleasure give, more free from earthly care.  
 Nor want we here, what Eve found never there.  
 The parent's transport, while our eyes run o'er  
 With tears of rapture, as each happy child  
 Springs gaily forth, with shout and gesture wild,  
 Each path to trace, each rich recess explore.  
 "Come, father ! come ; look, mother ! look at this"—  
 Cold is his heart that warms not at such bliss.  
 And say'st thou, sage economist ! that flowers  
 Are useless, since nor food nor clothes they yield  
 To cold or hungry want, mere cumberers of the field !  
 And is this all ? and have our boasted powers  
 No nobler aim than meanly to supply  
 Our daily wants, to toil, gorge, sleep, and die ?  
 Go, tread yon bark-mill in its circuit, then,  
 Of thankless labor, grovelling to the earth,  
 With him, of stronger growth and kindred birth,  
 The beast thou driv'st before thee ! leave to men,  
 Nay, e'en to children, yonder girl and boy,  
 Who revel mid these walks, delights to find  
 In form and fragrance, which thy prouder mind  
 Wants yet the gentler feeling to enjoy.

Fair flowers are bland instructors, that still read  
 Deep lessons to the thoughtful ; and infuse  
 The love of nature into hearts that heed  
 Their gentle teachings. Ask not then their use,  
 If grace, and beauty, in their train appear,  
 And love and admiration. These still lead  
 To purest joys, despite the cynic sneer  
 Of cold ungenial natures. While I gaze  
 In silent pleasure, as the flowers uprear  
 Freely their beauties to the rising sun,  
 Or, timid shrinking, strive in vain to shun,  
 Like modest beauty, man's intrusive praise,  
 I feel their gentle power pervade each part,  
 Till joy turns love to virtue in the heart.

#### PATRIOTISM.

For him who loves his country, and would fain  
 Lay life and fortune at her feet, content  
 For her to spend, and in her cause be spent,  
 How hard to find his patriot labors vain,  
 His cares with scorn repaid, or cold disdain :  
 Dungeoned, perchance, or, worse, an exile sent  
 The tears to shed of bitter banishment ;  
 While servile millions mock his generous pain,  
 Howl o'er his fall, and hug their tyrant's chain.  
 Yet who but envies Aristides' doom,  
 Thy bowl, O Socrates ! or Tully's end ?  
 And who would change the martyred Sidney's tomb  
 For Charles's mirth, or James's bigot gloom ?  
 So far can virtue lawless power transcend !

#### Sarah White Livermore.

Miss Livermore was the ninth child and fourth daughter of Rev. Jonathan and Elizabeth Kidder Livermore. Her father was the first settled minister in Wilton. She was born in that town, July 20, 1789. She early manifested an ardent thirst for knowledge, and, with little assistance out-side the family, duly qualified herself to be a teacher in the common schools, and was among the pioneers who organized Sabbath schools, about the year 1820. She taught schools frequently in Keene. Her death occurred July 3, 1874.

#### THE BURDOCK.

Spontaneous product of the yard,  
 Thy virtues by the grateful bard  
 Shall not remain unsung ;  
 The keenest smart thou canst assuage,  
 Thy balm can cheer the latest age,  
 Or soothe and ease the young.

'Tis true thou art of homely mien,  
 And never, never hast thou been  
 Cultured with careful hand ;  
 But only under some old hedge,  
 Or in some garden's barren edge  
 They suffer thee to stand.

The hand that decks the garden bower,  
 And rears with care each tender flower,  
 May scorn thy latent worth ;  
 But soon as pain invades the head,  
 Or heats and chills the frame o'erspread,  
 Thine aid is then called forth.

Thus often in some humble cell  
 Secluded worth unknown may dwell  
 Till woe demands its aid ;  
 It leaves awhile its native seat,  
 Dispenses consolation sweet,  
 Then seeks its native shade.

Mine be the humble burdock's part,  
 To soften pain, to cheer the heart,  
 And wipe the tears of grief ;  
 And though the prosperous may neglect,  
 And Fortune's pets meet more respect,  
 I live to give relief.

### John Farmer.

John Farmer was a native of Chelmsford, Mass., but removed to Amherst in 1805 at the age of sixteen. Here he passed five years, as a clerk in a store. Here too he studied medicine for a time, and taught school many years, until constitutional ill health made him an antiquarian. He became distinguished for his minute and exact knowledge relating to the early history of this State, and, in general, of New England. He lived in Concord, and had an apothecary store. He died there Aug. 13, 1839. His N. H. Gazetteer, N. H. Register, Notes to Belknap's History, Town Histories, and Genealogical Register are monuments of his talent and industry.

### LINES.

In life, through every varied stage,  
 In every rank and station.  
 In youth, in manhood, and in age,  
 While all is in mutation ;  
 He who (with steadiness of mind,  
 And passions ne'er uneven),  
 Is ever to his lot resigned.  
 On earth enjoys a heaven.

## EPITAPH FOR A FRIEND.

Lamented friend ! we mourn the doom  
That sent thee early to the tomb ;  
But we rejoice the path was trod  
That leads to virtue and to God.

Calm resignation lent her aid,  
Taught him the chastening hand to bear ;  
Within Affliction's gloomy shade,  
He saw his brightest bliss was near.

Archangels all ! your anthems sing,  
With golden palms he now is crowned ;  
His soul is borne on Glory's wing,  
Where health, where endless joys abound.

**Elisha Snell Fish.**

Elisha Snell Fish was the son of Rev. Elisha Fish of Gilsam. His mother was Abigail Snell, the sister of Rev. Dr. Snell of North Brookfield, Mass., and of Mrs. Bryant, the mother of William C. Bryant. He was born at Windsor, Mass., September 5, 1789. At the age of five years he went with his parents to Gilsam, and lived on the farm where they settled, till his death at nearly eighty years of age. The early death of his father in 1807, changed the whole course of his life, and he gave up his long cherished hopes of a collegiate education. His life was spent in horticulture, and he became very successful in that pursuit. He was a diligent reader of books, had a fine literary taste, and a remarkable facility in composition. The Boston Recorder and the N. H. Sentinel contain many articles from his pen, especially in poetry. In 1814 he wrote a poem entitled "The Retrospect," extending to some 2500 lines. His versification is generally very accurate, and his style is noticeable for its energy, and frequently for the severity of its sarcasm.

## AMBITION.

Ambition has no soul but self,  
No rights but *hers* she knows ;  
Whoe'er has power, or fame, or pelf,  
She counts her natural foes.

She's dark and cruel as the grave,  
Her robes are dyed in blood ;  
O'er smoking fields her banners wave,  
As rolls destruction's flood.

Ambition's limitless as space,  
'Twould scale the Eternal's throne,  
Divine authority efface,  
And substitute its own.

She's meaner than the dust she treads,  
And more absurd than mean ;  
She courts the very death she dreads,  
Then vanishes unseen.

She seeks among the stars to write  
 A name that ne'er shall die  
 By means that bring oblivion's night,  
 And smiling grasps the lie.

The name of wicked men shall rot,  
 And perish all their gains ;  
 'Tis thus that He who changes not  
 In righteousness ordains.

This awful sentence hangs on high,  
 Suspended o'er our heads ;  
 While fools the warning dare defy,  
 The wise man reads and dreads.

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STANZAS SUGGESTED BY THE OPENING OF CHINA  
 TO GOSPEL INFLUENCES.

Let Christians hear from Sinim's coasts  
 A more than Macedonian cry,  
 A summons from the Lord of Hosts  
 To teach those heathen ere they die.

Exclusion's wall that girt them round  
 God has dissolved, to rise no more ;  
 Those fields immense, *all* mission ground,  
 Invite the reapers to their shore.

Ye who are named of Christ arise,  
 The armor of the Cross gird on ;  
 Your Captain from the opening skies  
 Has to the glorious conquest gone.

Who hears the summons to obey ?  
 Who blessed with sons will cheerful give ?  
 Who strong in faith with fervor pray,  
 "O bid those dying sinners live?"

Who in the vigor of his youth,  
 His life to God will consecrate  
 To bear his messages of truth  
 To those who thus in darkness wait?

Who from his treasured wealth will bring,  
 With liberal hand and glowing heart,  
 Fit offerings to his Saviour King,  
 Who bids him to his cause impart?

The light, the men, the wealth are *here*;  
 The blessings of our land o'erflow :  
 And who with piety sincere  
 Can e'er presume to answer, No?

### INFERENCES AND REFLECTIONS

Occasioned by the following passages from President Polk's Message, 1845. "That system of self-government which seems natural to our soil." "Furnishing another example that self-government is inherent in the American breast and must prevail."

Let groaning Africans rejoice,  
 Redemption draweth nigh !  
 The southern seer's prophetic voice  
 Bids every tear be dry.

His oracle has spoken well,  
 'Tis thus that Heaven has willed ;  
 That voice is slavery's final knell ;  
 Her destiny's fulfilled.

The "soil" her cruel footsteps tread,  
 Possesses native power  
 To bow Oppression's lofty head,  
 And haste her final hour.

The air she breathes is Freedom's gale,  
 And Independence bold  
 It flings on every hill and vale  
 Where men are bought and sold.

The northern breeze o'er Dixon's line  
 Is wafting health and light ;  
 Averted eyes perceive the sign,  
 And shun the unwelcome sight.

"Self-government inherent" lies  
 Within the native breast,  
 That, bursting from its cell, shall rise  
 And claim its high behest.

The institutions of our land,  
 With one exception, bear  
 That deep impression, broad and grand,  
 Which Pilgrim structures wear.

God's seal is on them, and his arm  
 Is stretched for their defence ;  
 Their influence, with a heavenly charm,  
 Shall drive the exception hence.

Well, prophet, thou hast spoken right,  
However short thy ken,  
For soon will Freedom's growing light  
Pour in on sable men.

And Freedom's sword they yet shall wield,  
Yet reason's strength employ ;  
Their chains shall fall, their stripes be healed,  
Their sorrows turned to joy.

No thanks, O seer, to thee are due  
For words so just and right ;  
Thy utterances, though wise and true,  
Reached far beyond thy sight.

So once Caiaphas prophesied  
In words not understood,  
When God's own Son he crucified,  
And stained his soul with blood.

O Slavery, thou shalt die at last,  
Though thou in Texas hide ;  
Thy knell shall peal on every blast,  
That sweeps thy deserts wide.

Thy friends by artifice and wile  
May lengthen out thy day ;  
'Tis but reprieve : thy doom meanwhile  
Grows heavier by delay.

Keen ridicule in taunting jests  
At thy pretensions sneers ;  
The curse of God upon thee rests,  
And shakes thy land with fears.

Dark ignorance its baleful shade,  
Has cast upon thy coast ;  
And vices, here unnamed, degrade  
The men that are thy boast.

Crime, shame and poverty are thine,  
A trinity of woe :  
Dost doubt?—go thread Ohio's line,  
Thine eye will tell thee so.

The curse of men that feel thy sting  
Still deepens day by day ;  
Those whispers low shall thunders bring,  
And sweep the scourge away.

---

The light of Heaven shall o'er thee flow,  
Nor leave thee place nor name,  
Known only in those realms of woe  
From whence thy presence came.

---

### Nathaniel Appleton Haven.

This distinguished orator was born in Portsmouth, Jan. 14, 1790. He graduated at Harvard College, and afterwards studied law. He delivered orations on various occasions, and for several years was editor of the *Portsmouth Journal*. He died in his native town, June 3, 1856.

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#### AUTUMN.

I love the dews of night,  
I love the howling wind ;  
I love to hear the tempests sweep  
Over the billows of the deep :  
For nature's saddest scenes delight  
The melancholy mind.

Autumn ! I love thy bower,  
With faded garlands drest ;  
How sweet, alone to linger there  
When tempests ride the midnight air,  
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,  
The sabbath of the breast.

Autumn ! I love thee well ;  
Though bleak thy breezes blow ;  
I love to see the vapors rise,  
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,  
Where from the plain the mountains swell,  
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn ! thy fading flowers  
Droop not to bloom again ;  
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,  
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,  
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers  
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

---

#### PRAYER.

Great God ! at midnight's solemn hour,  
I own thy goodness and thy power ;  
But bending low before thy throne,  
I pray not for myself alone.



I pray for her, my dearest friend,  
 For her my fervent prayers ascend :  
 And while to meet my vows I bring,  
 For her my warmest wishes spring.

While dark and silent rolls the night,  
 Protect her with thy heavenly might ;  
 Thy curtain round her pillow spread,  
 And circling angels guard her bed.

Let peaceful slumbers press her eyes,  
 Till morning beams in splendor rise :  
 And pure and radiant as that beam  
 Be the light vision of her dream.

Let each succeeding morn impart  
 New pleasures to her tranquil heart :  
 And richer blessings crown the night,  
 Than meet the view at morning light.

Whate'er my swelling heart desires,  
 When fervent prayer to heaven aspires,  
 Whate'er has warmed my fancy's glow  
 May she, with tenfold richness, know.

O God ! may she thy laws fulfil.  
 And live and die thy favorite still ;  
 Live to enjoy thy bounteous hand,  
 And die to join the seraph band.

---

#### HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1813.

Father, again before thy throne,  
 Thy suppliant children humbly pray ;  
 With grateful hearts thy mercy own,  
 That crowns once more their natal day.

Though War our fertile valleys stain,  
 Though Slaughter bare his gory hand,  
 Though Famine lead her ghastly train,  
 We glory in our native land.

Yes : 'tis our own, our father's home,—  
 Their ashes rest beneath the sod :  
 The fields that now our children roam,  
 Their footsteps once as gladly trod.

Our hardy sons who till the earth,  
 Undaunted still will danger face :

The land that gave our fathers birth  
Will never bear a coward race.

The gallant few who plough the deep,  
Can sternly meet the raging storm ;  
And o'er the swelling ocean sweep,  
Unmoved at Danger's giant form.

But braver hearts have shrunk from fight,  
When kindred blood must dye the steel ;  
The boldest to contend for right  
The ties of nature strongest feel.

Father, once more "good-will" proclaim,  
And bid conflicting passions cease ;  
Repress each proud, ambitious aim,  
And give thy suppliant children "peace."

### Amos Andrew Parker.

Mr. Parker was born in Fitzwilliam in 1792. In 1813 he graduated at the University of Vermont in Burlington. He became a lawyer in Epping; went to Concord in 1823, and was for a few years editor of the N. H. Statesman; practised law from 1826 to 1836 in New Market, when he returned to his native town, where, besides his professional business, he engaged in other pursuits. He has served in the Legislature during thirteen sessions. He has been author of several books, among which are: "A Trip to the West and Texas," of which forty thousand copies were sold; "Poems at Fourscore"; and "Recollections of General Lafayette's Visit, and Sketch of His Life." And now, at the age of fourscore years and ten, he is enjoying a serene old age at Glastonbury, Conn., having thus far lived a strictly temperate life. His poems were either written early or late in life.

### THE PARTING HOUR.

And now, dear friends, the parting hour  
Most sadly grieves my heart ;  
Yet writers, readers, lovers, friends,  
Are destined all to part.  
Why this should be our destiny,  
Puzzles the strongest mind ;  
Yet those that go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

No matter if the journey be  
Dangerous, near or far,  
To the bleak sea or wild frontier,  
Or daring deeds of war ;  
Yet active scenes so much engage  
The body and the mind,  
That those who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

The bride that leaves her parents' home  
May leave it bathed in tears ;  
Yet rainbow hope across her path  
Dispels her doubts and fears.  
But the dear friends that she has left,  
What comfort can they find  
But that the bride is happier  
Than those she leaves behind ?

If in the daily walks of life,  
You have a valued friend.  
Be sure that your sweet intercourse  
In time will have an end ;  
And when you part, as part you must,  
You then will surely find  
The one that goes the happiest,  
The saddest left behind.

But parting scenes will surely end  
When time shall be no more,  
And we shall meet the absent friends  
That have gone on before ;  
When Gabriel blows his trumpet blast  
To summon all mankind,  
Immortals then will meet at last,  
And none be left behind.

---

JILTED.

Betrothed ! you now have locked the door,  
Between yourself and me ;  
And that it should not open more  
Have thrown away the key.

And I am left out in the cold,  
While you are warm inside ;  
And tell me I am now too old  
For you to be my bride.

Belike you would not were I young,  
And you were "sweet sixteen" ;  
Although you have a silver tongue,  
I know not what you mean.

A woman is a sealed book,  
And who can break the seals ?  
The binding has a pleasant look,  
But nothing that reveals.

The wisest man that ever lived,  
Dealt largely with the fair,  
And tried a thousand ! then he wept,  
And gave up in despair.

I've wooed and wooed for ten long years,  
And often thought I won ;  
Alternate have been hopes and fears,  
But now my task is done.

I sometimes thought I had a place  
Assigned me in your heart,  
But find at last a smiling face  
Is but the work of art.

I bid you now a last farewell,  
And leave you with regret ;  
For once you were, you know right well,  
To me a chosen pet.

And now I seek, and hope I may  
A true companion find,  
Who will not, on her wedding day,  
Tell me she's changed her mind.

### Carlos Wilcox.

Carlos Wilcox was born in Newport, October 23, 1794. In his fourth year his parents removed to Orwell, Vermont. He graduated at Middlebury College, and studied theology at Andover, Mass. He became a Congregational minister in 1818, and after preaching a few months, was obliged to rest from his duties on account of ill health. In 1824 he became pastor of the North Church in Hartford, Conn. He resigned this situation after two years. He died May 29, 1827. He was much engaged in the composition of his two poems, "The Age of Benevolence," and "The Religion of Taste," the first in blank verse, and the last in Spencerian stanza, neither of which did he live to complete. The specimens here given are extracts from the long poems.

#### ACTIVE CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold :  
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty ; not when, all unrolled,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,  
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night

When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
To take their swift and everlasting flight ;  
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed ;  
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind ;  
Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit  
To light on man as from the passing air ;  
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare ;  
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given  
To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
And burh sweet incense to the queen of heaven ?  
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,  
To measure worlds and follow, where each moves ?  
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,  
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves ?  
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Beware lest thou, from sloth that would appear  
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
Thy want of worth ; a charge thou couldst not bear  
From other lips without a blush of shame,  
Or pride indignant ; then be thine the blame,  
And make thyself of worth ; and thus enlist  
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame ;  
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—  
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;  
The seed, that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

#### LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

A bright or dark eternity in view,  
With all its fixed, unutterable things,  
What madness in the living to pursue,  
As their chief portion with the speed of wings,  
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings !  
Infatuated man on earth's smooth waste  
To dance along the path that always brings  
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste  
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced !

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve  
Before we start on some long journey bound,  
When fit preparing to the last we leave,  
Then run to every room the dwelling round,  
And sigh that nothing needed can be found ;  
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break ;  
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound  
For our departure calls ; we rise and take  
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Reared in the sunshine, blasted by the storms,  
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,  
Men come and go like vegetable forms,  
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,  
Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,  
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room  
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,  
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb  
A long, long life of bliss or woe shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasure fill  
The swelling heart one little moment here ?  
From both alike how vain is every thrill,  
While an untried eternity is near ;  
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career ;

The joys and griefs that meet thee, dash aside  
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer  
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,  
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

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#### SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

The sun now rests upon the mountain tops—  
Begins to sink behind—is half concealed—  
And now is gone ; the last faint twinkling beam  
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.  
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,  
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,  
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,  
And so transparent, that it seems a spot  
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,  
Hangs o'er the hidden orb ; or where a few  
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,  
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,  
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,  
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,  
A half hour's space above the mountain lie ;  
Or when the whole consolidated mass  
That only threatened rain, is broken up  
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,  
One as the ocean broken into waves ;  
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep  
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed  
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,  
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,  
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,  
Till twilight end. But now another scene,  
To me most beautiful of all, appears :  
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,  
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow  
So bright and broad it glares upon the eye,  
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force  
Its power of vision to admit the whole.  
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,  
Midway the blushing of the mellow peach  
Paints not but tinges the ethereal deep ;  
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,  
With added loveliness, the evening-star.  
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,  
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun  
Descended, in a single row arranged,  
As if thus planted by the hand of art,  
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,  
And in its fluid gold seem half dissolved.  
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands  
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,  
A stately colonnade with verdant roof;  
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,  
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;  
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass  
Scooped in the hither range, a single mount  
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,  
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,  
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one  
The various mountains; levels to a plain  
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,  
Where every object to my sight presents  
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,  
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks  
Under thick foliage, reflective shows  
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line  
Of the horizon parting heaven and earth.

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#### SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

The spring, made dreary by incessant rain,  
Was well nigh gone, and not a glimpse appeared  
Of vernal loveliness, but light-green turf  
Round the deep bubbling fountain in the vale,  
Or by the rivulet on the hill-side, near  
Its cultivated base, fronting the south,  
Where, in the first warm rays of March, it sprung  
Amid dissolving snow:—save these mere specks  
Of earliest verdure, with a few pale flowers,  
In other years bright blowing, soon as earth  
Unveils her face, and a faint vermil tinge  
On clumps of maple of the softer kind,  
Was nothing visible to give to May,  
Though far advanced, an aspect more like her's  
Than like November's universal gloom.  
All day beneath the sheltering hovel stood  
The drooping herd, or lingered near to ask  
The food of winter. A few lonely birds,



Of those that in this northern clime remain  
Throughout the year, and in the dawn of spring,  
At pleasant noon, from their unknown retreat,  
Come suddenly to view with lively notes,  
Or those that soonest to this clime return  
From warmer regions, in thick groves were seen,  
But with their feathers ruffled and despoiled  
Of all their glossy lustre, sitting mute,  
Or only skipping, with a single chirp,  
In quest of food. Whene'er the heavy clouds,  
That half way down the mountain side oft hung,  
As if o'erloaded with their watery store,  
Were parted, though with motion unobserved,  
Through their dark opening, white with snow appeared  
Its lowest, e'en its cultivated, peaks.  
With sinking heart the husbandman surveyed  
The melancholy scene, and much his fears  
On famine dwelt; when, suddenly awaked  
At the first glimpse of daylight, by the sound,  
Long time unheard, of cheerful martins, near  
His window, round their dwelling chirping quick,  
With spirits by hope enlivened, up he sprung,  
To look abroad, and to his joy beheld,  
A sky without the remnant of a cloud.  
From gloom to gayety and beauty bright  
So rapid now the universal change,  
The rude survey it with delight refined,  
And e'en the thoughtless talk of thanks devout.  
Long swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds,  
Start at the touch of vivifying beams,  
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph  
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field  
A flood of verdure. Clothed in one short week,  
Is naked nature in her full attire.  
On the first morn, light as an open plain  
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured  
Through the bare tops on yellow leaves below,  
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark  
With full grown foliage, shading all within.  
In one short week, the orchard buds and blooms;  
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,  
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,  
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.  
E'en from the juicy leaves, of sudden growth,  
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,  
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives

A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.  
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,  
New notes to swell the music of the groves.  
And soon the latest of the feathered train  
At evening twilight come ;—the lonely snipe,  
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,  
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,  
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head ;—  
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen  
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft  
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake  
Of level pinions, dark, but, when upturned,  
Against the brightness of the western sky,  
One white plume showing in the midst of each,  
Then far down diving, with loud hollow sound ;—  
And deep at first within the distant wood,  
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.  
She, soon as children from the noisy sport  
Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones,  
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,  
Are by her voice diverted, and held mute,  
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove ;  
And when the twilight, deepened into night,  
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,  
And on its dark side, haply on the step  
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,  
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,  
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.  
Now animate throughout, from morn to eve  
All harmony, activity, and joy,  
Is lovely Nature, as in her blest prime.  
The robin to the garden, or green yard,  
Close to the door repairs to build again  
Within her wonted tree ; and at her work  
Seems doubly busy, for her past delay.  
Along the surface of the winding stream,  
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim ;  
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn  
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er  
Hillock and fence, with motion serpentine,  
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground  
A downy feather, and then upward springs,  
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,  
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,  
When all at once dart at the falling prize.  
The sippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,

Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick  
Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops  
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,  
Or some tall flag, and, gently rocking, sits,  
Her strain repeating.

### Sarah J. Hale.

Mrs. Hale was born in Newport in 1795. Her education was principally directed by her mother and a brother in college, and by her husband, David Hale, an eminent lawyer. On his death, in 1822, she was left dependent upon her own exertions for her support and that of her five children, the eldest of whom was but seven years of age, and as a resource she turned to literature. A volume, "The Genius of Oblivion, and other Original Poems," was published in 1823, and in 1827 a novel, "Northwood," in two volumes. She removed to Boston in 1828 to conduct the *American Ladies' Magazine*. In 1838 she became editor of the *Lady's Book*, published in Philadelphia, which position she occupied during the remainder of her life. She became the author of a large number of books. Her poems are for the most part narrative and reflective, and are written with force and elegance. She died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879.

### THE ROSE-TREE AT THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

Bright rose! what dost thou here, amid  
These sad mementoes of the past?  
The crumbling stones thy roots have hid,  
The bramble's shade is o'er thee cast,  
Yet still thy glowing beauty seems  
Fair as young childhood's happy dreams.

The sunbeam on the heaving surf  
Proclaims the tempest's rage is o'er;  
The violet on the frozen turf,  
Breathes of the smiling spring once more;  
But rose, thy mission to the heart,  
In things that alter, hath no part.

The mossgrown ruins round are spread,  
Scarce rescued from earth's trodden mass,  
And time-scathed trees, whose branches dead  
Lie cumbering o'er the matted grass:  
These tell the tale of life's brief day,  
Hope, toil, enjoyment, death, decay!

The common record this of man,  
We read, regret, and pass it by,  
And rear the towers that deck our span,  
Above the grave where nations lie;  
And heroes, who like meteors shone,  
Are like the meteor's flashings, gone.

But, radiant rose, thy beauty breaks  
Like eve's first star upon the sight ;  
A holier hue the vision takes,  
The ruins shine with heaven's clear light ;  
His name, who placed thy root in earth,  
Doth consecrate thy place of birth.

Yet 'tis not here his wreath we twine,  
Nor here that Freedom's chief we praise ;  
The stars at rising softer shine,  
Than when o'er night's dark vault they blaze ;  
Not here, with Washington's great name  
Blend his achievements or his fame.

But brighter, holier is the ray  
Which rests on this devoted ground ;  
Here passed his childhood's happy day,  
Here glory's bud meet culture found :  
Maternal smiles, and tears, and prayer,  
These were its light, its dew, its air.

Bright rose ! for this thy flower hath sprung,  
The mother's steadfast love to show ;  
Thy odor on the gale is flung,  
As pours that love its lavish flow ;  
The mother's lot with hope to cheer,  
Type of her heart, thou bloomest here.

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#### I SING TO HIM.

I sing to *him*—I dream he hears  
The song he used to love,  
And oft that blessed fancy cheers  
And bears my thoughts above.  
Ye say, 'tis idle thus to dream—  
But why believe it so ?  
It is the spirit's meteor gleam  
To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to Nature's voice a tone  
That true hearts understand ;  
The sky, the earth, the forest lone,  
Are peopled by his wand.  
Sweet fancies all our fancies thrill,  
While gazing on a flower,  
And from the gently whispering rill  
Are heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,  
 And long-lost scenes arise ;  
 Life's glowing landscape spreads the same,  
 The same hope's kindling skies ;  
 The violet bank, the moss-fringed seat  
 Beneath the drooping tree,  
 The clock that chimed the hour to meet,  
 My buried love, with thee ;—

O, these are all before me, when  
 In fancy's realms I rove :  
 Why urge me to the world again ?  
 Why say, the ties of love,  
 That death's cold, cruel grasp has riven,  
 Unite no more below ?  
 I'll sing to him—for, though in heaven,  
 He surely heeds my woe !

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#### THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;  
 And thou must go ; but never, when there,  
 Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
 It dazzles to lead astray ;  
 Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,  
 When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
 And pure as vestal fire ;  
 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,  
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,  
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;  
 But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,  
 Then look to the light of home ;

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,  
 Thou shalt see the beacon bright ;  
 For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
 Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name ;  
 But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;

And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim  
Are but beams of a wintry day.  
And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
Should life's wretched wanderer come !  
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

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THE SILK-WORM.

There is no form upon our earth,  
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,  
But has some charm : to draw it forth,  
We need but hearts to feel.  
I saw a fair young girl—her face  
Was sweet as dream of cherished friend—  
Just at the age when childhood's grace  
And maiden softness blend.  
A silk-worm in her hand she laid ;  
Nor fear, nor yet disgust was stirred ;  
But gayly with her charge she played,  
As 'twere a nestling bird.  
She raised it to her dimpled cheek,  
And let it rest and revel there :  
O, why for outward beauty seek !  
Love makes its favorites fair.  
That worm—I should have shrunk, in truth,  
To feel the reptile o'er me move,—  
But loved by innocence and youth,  
I deemed it worthy love.  
Would we, I thought, the soul imbue,  
In early life, with sympathies  
For every harmless thing, and view  
Such creatures formed to please,—  
And, when with usefulness combined,  
Give them our love and gentle care,—  
O, we would have a world as kind  
As God has made it fair.  
There is no form upon our earth,  
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,  
But has some charm : to call this forth  
We need but hearts to feel.

### William Bingham Tappan.

William B. Tappan was born in Beverly, Mass., October 29, 1795. His parents removed to Portsmouth when he was young, where he was educated. In early life he learned a trade. He was for a series of years Agent of the American Sunday School Union at different depositories. Several years before his death he began to preach, but was never ordained, and never had charge of a parish. His poems are dear to every lover of sacred verse.

#### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I gazed upon the mountain top,  
That pierced in twain the passing cloud,  
And wondered at its giant form,  
So dark, magnificent, and proud.

Can this strong mountain from its base  
Be shaken by the tempest's shock?  
Can all the gathered thunders stir  
This everlasting solid rock

And scatter forth its dust like hail?  
And fling its fragments on the air?  
Can aught created wield such strength?  
Exists such power? O, tell me where.

They may remove; these mountains may  
Tremble, and hence forever pass;  
These hills that pillar upon the skies,  
Perish, as doth the new-mown grass.

Yea, saith the Lord, they shall depart,  
The hills, and all the solid land,  
But my rare word of truth remains,  
My promise shall forever stand.

#### THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed;  
A balm for every wounded breast,—  
'Tis found alone in Heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,  
Far from these shades of even;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose—in Heaven.

There is a home for weary souls  
 By sin and sorrow driven,  
 When tossed on Life's tempestuous shoals,  
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear,—'tis Heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
 To brighter prospects given,  
 And views the tempest passing by,  
 The evening shadows quickly fly,  
 And all serene in Heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given ;  
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb  
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

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#### THE OLD NORTH BURIAL GROUND IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

I stand where I have stood before in boyhood's sunny prime,—  
 The same, yet not the same, but one who wears the touch of  
 Time,—

And gaze around on what was then familiar to the eye,  
 But whose inconstant features tell that years have journeyed by,  
 Since o'er this venerable ground, a truant child I played,  
 And chased the bee and plucked the flower where ancient dust  
 is laid ;  
 And hearkened, in my wondering mood, when tolled the passing  
 bell ;  
 And started at the coffin's cry as clods upon it fell.

These mossy tombs I recollect, the same o'er which I pored ;  
 The same these rhymes and texts with which my mind was  
 stored ;  
 These humble tokens too, that lean, and tell where resting  
 bones  
 Are hidden though their date and name have perished from the  
 stones.

How rich these precincts with the spoils of ages buried here !  
 What hearts have ached, what eyes have given this conscious  
 earth the tear !  
 How many friends, whose welcome cheered their now-deserted  
 doors,  
 Have, since my last sojourning, swelled these melancholy stores !



Yon spot, where in the sunset ray a single white stone gleams,  
I've visited, I can not tell how often, in my dreams,—  
That spot o'er which I wept, though then too young my loss to  
    know,  
As I beheld my father's form sepulchred far below.  
How freshly every circumstance, though seas swept wide be-  
    tween,  
And years have vanished since that hour, in vagaries I've  
    seen!—  
The lifted lid, that countenance, the funeral array,—  
As vividly as if the scene were but of yesterday.  
How pleasant seem the moments now, as up their shadows  
    come,  
Spent in the domicile that wore the sacred name of home!—  
How in the vista years have made, they shine with mellowed  
    light,  
To which meridian bliss has nought so beautiful and bright!  
How happy were those fireside hours, how happy summer's  
    walk,  
When listening to my father's words, or joining in the talk!  
How passed like dreams those early hours, till down upon us  
    burst  
The avalanche of grief, and laid our pleasures in the dust!  
They tell of loss; but who can tell how thorough is the stroke  
By which the tie of sire and son in death's forever broke?  
They tell of time!—though he may heal the heart that's wound-  
    ed sore,  
The household bliss thus blighted, Time! canst thou again re-  
    store?  
Yet if this spot recalls the dead, and brings from Memory's leaf  
A sentence wrote in bitterness, of raptures bright and brief,  
I would not shun it, nor would lose the moral it will give  
To teach me by the withered Past, for better hopes to live.  
And though to warn of future woe, or whisper future bliss,  
One comes not from the spirit-world, a witness unto this;  
Yet, from memorials of his dust, 'tis wholesome thus to learn.  
And print upon our thought the state to which we must return.  
Wherever then my pilgrimage in coming days shall be,  
My frequent visions, favorite ground! shall backward glance to  
    thee:  
The holy dead, the by-gone hours, the precepts early given,  
Shall sweetly soothe and influence my homeward way to heaven.

## George Kent.

George Kent, a son of Hon. William A. Kent, was born at Concord, May 4, 1798, and was educated at Phillips' Exeter Academy and at Dartmouth College, graduating in 1814. He studied law the last of three years in Boston, and was there admitted to practice in 1817. Returning immediately to his native town he continued there in practice—a part of the time alone and a portion of the time with a partner—till 1840; combining with his profession, a greater part of the time, the cashiership of the Concord Bank. He was twice elected (in 1828 and 1838) a member of the N. H. Legislature, and was a Trustee of Dartmouth College from 1837 to 1840. For five or six years, from 1825 to 1831, he was editor and part proprietor of a weekly newspaper, the N. H. Statesman and Concord Register. Going West in 1843, he was, for a portion of the two years succeeding, in editorial charge of the Indiana State Journal. Returning East the year after, he was engaged, during its brief existence of about a year, as editor of the Boston Daily Sun. After a few years' residence in and about Boston—a part of the time in the practice of law, and for two or three years doing duty as inspector in the Boston Custom House—he removed, in 1854, to Bangor, Maine, and entered into law partnership with his brother, the late Ex Governor Edward Kent. Continuing in this connection for five or six years, he was, in December 1861, appointed by President Lincoln U. S. Consul at Valencia, Spain. Returning home after four years' absence, and coming to Washington City in 1869, he was, not long after, appointed to a clerkship in the U. S. Treasury Department, which he still holds.

### THOUGHTS AT THE BASE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

"The voice of many waters!" not the sound  
 "Still, small" and waveless, like the "voice" that awed,  
 In solemn silence, the prophetic ear,  
 Betokening the unseen yet present God.

Not in the earthquake was the voice sublime,  
 Though the earth shook and trembled to its seat;  
 Nor in the whirlwind, nor the fire, was felt  
 The hand divine, outstretch'd o'er the expanse.  
 No thunder gave the sound—save that which pours  
 Its ceaseless rumbling from earth's watery bed;  
 But there was power—deep, awful, present power,  
 Pervading mightiest hearts—such as to quail  
 Man's proudest spirit before Nature's God.  
 But for the "bow of promise," midway stretched—  
 'Token of peace between the earth and Heaven—  
 The waste of waters might have seem'd a flood,  
 Again to drown a rebel world in woe.

Upward I gaze—and through the flaky mist,  
 Stretching its drapery o'er the giant brow,  
 That heaves, at point sublime, its awful front,  
 I note the mighty elemental force  
 Which needs but word divine to whelm a world;  
 And, lost in wonder, lose myself in Him,  
 Whose power no less can stay the mighty mass,  
 And "hold it in the hollow of his hand,"  
 And say, and be obey'd, "Proud waves be, still!"

Freedom is imaged here in Nature's glass,  
 "Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye";  
 These cliffs bespeak its mountain home—these waves  
 Murmur of largest liberty to man.

Eternity is boded to my view,  
 By this outpouring from the groaning earth—  
 This ceaseless war of elements, and rush  
 Of nature's fountains from "deep unto deep."  
 The arch above,\* from my last parting glance,  
 Seem'd to the wondering gaze of raptur'd sight,  
 Like the periphery of Nature's wheel,  
 Revolving in mid-heaven's enlarged expanse;  
 Still to roll on when the last man shall take  
 His farewell of a world enwrapt in flame.

"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER."

Gone from my heart is the bright array  
 Of hopes that gladden'd my summer day;  
 The leaves are sere on "the almond tree,"  
 And "a burden the grasshopper is" to me.

It is not my heart is less warm and kind,  
 Than when childhood's ties were intertwin'd;  
 Than when bending low at my mother's knee,  
 I worship the spirit of purity.

It is not that beauty has lost its charm,  
 Or that years could the power of love disarm;  
 "A thing of beauty" no fate could sever—  
 Once fix'd, it remains "a joy forever."

'Tis, perchance, that my locks have long grown gray—  
 That the bloom from my cheek has pass'd away—  
 That sickness has dimm'd the hue of health,  
 Or fortune wooed vainly the phantom wealth.

Yet so it may be—but I will not repine  
 At what is not fate, but a wise design  
 Of Providence, kind in its chastening rod,  
 To win from the world what is due unto God.

With the failing of ties that bind to earth  
 Comes the advent of hopes of heavenly birth:  
 And a brighter spring's perennial bloom  
 Uplifts the pall of the autumn tomb.

\*Not, of course, the rainbow—but that peculiar curvature of the descending water, so apparent, or so easily imagined, in the American Fall, as viewed obliquely from a point near the foot of the ferry stairway.

A MODEST CLAIM.

*"All we ask is to be let alone."*—JEFF. DAVIS.

A trifling boon ! for traitor hosts  
To claim at loyal patriots' hands ;  
A meek demand, 'mid Southern boasts,  
To come with grace from rebel bands ?

"Let us alone !" was Arnold's cry,  
When foiled in treason's lighter deed ;  
"Let me in peace to England fly,  
Without coercion in my speed."

"Let us alone !" was echoed wide,  
In Shay's rebellion, and in times  
Of whisky riots, that defied  
The arm of law to reach their crimes.

"Let us alone !" was Burr's demand,  
In dark conspiracy of yore ;  
"Why interfere for foreign land,  
And guard so strict an alien shore?"

"Let us alone !" was Kidd's own prayer,  
When coasting wide, with pirate crew,  
And dealing death—a slight affair—  
To every prize that came in view.

"Let us alone ! why art thou come  
Us to torment before the time !"   
The evil spirits, elsewhere dumb,  
Could ask of Christ, despite their crime.

"Let us alone !" was sounded far  
Through Heaven's vast concave, in alarm,  
By rebel angels, when at war  
Against the power of God's right arm.

"Let us alone !" the South now claim,  
When every flap of Freedom's flag  
Points to that "deed without a name,"  
That dared in dust our banner drag.

"Let us alone !" *no, NEVER, NO !*  
While Freedom stalks o'er land and sea ;  
And arms proclaim a rebel foe,  
Steeped in such hellish treachery !

## ODE ;

*For the Semi Centennial Celebration of the New Hampshire Historical Society, May 22, 1873, the writer being then the only surviving member of the original organization.*

History's Muse anew is waking—  
 Time's half-century is breaking  
     O'er our old historic band ;  
 Through the granite of our seeming—  
 Far beyond the poet's dreaming—  
 Light and love are ever beaming,  
     Heart to heart, and hand to hand.

Fitting seems this festive season,  
 "Flow of soul and feast of reason,"  
     For a cordial, warm embrace ;  
 No sectarian disunion,  
 But enlarged and free communion,  
 Concord full, and perfect union.  
     Well becoming time and place.

Though our homes, of cliff and mountain,  
 Boast of no Arcadian fountain,  
     Nor Italia's sunny skies,  
 Our past history assures us,—  
 While our hardy clime inures us,—  
 Man, the growth our soil secures us,  
     Is New Hampshire's richest prize.

With our progress, great and glorious,  
 Saddened memories come o'er us,  
     Calling up a hallowed band ;  
 Of the founders of our order,  
 All but one have crossed life's border,  
 Meeting hence their just Rewarder,  
     In a brighter, better land.

As frail tendrils, intertwining,  
 Force derive from their combining—  
     Giving while receiving strength,—  
 So may heart meet heart in feeling,  
 Tenderest sympathies revealing,  
 Till the work of love's annealing  
     Perfect be in heaven at length.

Then, in accents sweeter, stronger—  
 Then in praises louder, longer—  
     Each full heart shall vocal be ;  
 Deepest diapasons sounding,

Highest notes of joy abounding,  
Through Heaven's arches wide resounding—  
Chorus of Eternity!

IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The Nation mourns! no common grief  
Pervades our hearts; Columbia's Chief  
Has pass'd away from earth;  
With him have died, while yet in bloom,  
Hopes that mature but for the tomb,  
And joys that scarce had birth.

Our Country mourns: her pride and choice,  
The organ of the Nation's voice,  
Is hush'd, for aye in death;  
Kindred bewail—earth's ties are rent—  
Friends part—and through the land is sent  
A wail in every breath.

The Nation mourns; but not as those  
Who read the end of human woes  
In anguish yet to come:  
We sorrow not as those whose hope  
Is bounded by earth's narrow scope,  
Or buried in the tomb.

"God and my Country!" was his theme—  
No fiction of the poet's dream—  
But from his inmost heart;  
To One in humble prayer he bow'd,  
For one, in weal or woe, he vow'd  
To act the patriot's part.

How well that vow his truth redeem'd!  
How high will ever be esteem'd  
That name to freemen dear!  
But nobler far that "New Name" given,  
Pledge of the heritage of Heaven,  
Beyond this earthly sphere.

Not "Conqueror" o'er his Country's foes,  
But "over sin and death he rose"—  
Be this his rapturous joy;  
Here no more of earthly song,  
His be it now to join the throng  
In Heaven's all-blest employ.

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**Eliza O. Shores.**

This writer was a poet of Portsmouth. She was born September 14, 1796, and her death occurred February 3, 1863.

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**ON VISITING THE SCENES OF EARLY LIFE.**

To scenes, to friends in childhood dear,  
In after-life we fondly stray :  
But, oh, how sad these scenes appear,  
When those loved friends have passed away !

With pensive pleasure we renew  
Acquaintance with the dreamy past ;  
And, as the picture starts to view,  
We wish it would for ever last.

We wander o'er the well known sward  
Where we in childhood loved to play ;  
Where mother's kiss, that best reward,  
Could lure us from our sports away ;

With chastened hearts bend o'er the spot  
Where friends beloved now sleep in death.  
(No : there the spirit slumbereth not :  
'Tis but their dust that rests beneath.)

We seek a flower,—a sprig of green,  
Which we, when far away, may view ;  
A something to be touched and seen,  
That may our early days renew.

This blade of grass, these fading leaves,  
Are all the barren sod would yield :  
But to my heart more dear they are  
Than gorgeous lilies of the field.

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**Eliza B. Thornton.**

Mrs. Thornton, whose place of nativity was in this State, was author of many poems. The two here printed are copied from the New Hampshire Book of Prose and Poetry compiled by Charles J. Fox and Samuel Osgood, and published in 1843.

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**THE SUMAC TREE.**

I love the rose when I am glad, it seems so joyous too ;  
With what a glow it meets the sun, with what a scent the dew !  
It blushes on the brow of youth, as mingling in its mirth,  
And decks the bride as though it bloomed for her alone on earth.

ve the columbine that grows upon the hill-top, wild ;  
 makes me dream I'm young again, a free, a blessed child ;  
 youthful days and bridal ones just like the roses flee,  
 I sober fancy turns from these toward the sumac tree.  
 sumac? why?—its leaves are fair and beautifully green,  
 I fringe the brilliant stem that runs a carmine thread be-  
 tween.  
 clustering fruit, a velvet cone of royal purple hue,  
 rises upward midst the foliage fair, in richest splendor too.  
 I then the wayward fancy turns in pensive hour to thee,  
 I twined with melancholy thoughts art thou, proud sumac tree,  
 leep-wrought spell of early days ;—in lone and solemn state,  
 I grew a princely sumac tree, beside the grave-yard gate.  
 I and friends reposed below, and oft hath childish prayer  
 risen from my heart that I, in death, might slumber with them  
 there ;  
 I prayer, how vain ! yet still I love in fancy oft to be  
 lingering within that place of graves beneath the sumac tree.

#### BOCHIM.

and they called the name of that place Bochim ; (weeping;) and they sacrificed  
 there unto the Lord."—Judges II. 5.

Not in our sunny paths altars we raise,  
 Not where the roses bloom offer we praise ;  
 Where the dark cypress boughs shadow our way,  
 Where the dark willow swings—there do we pray.  
 Not when the morning light opens the flowers,  
 Not when in glory roll day's perfect hours ;  
 When the last rosy light fadeth away,  
 When the dew shuts the flower—then do we pray.  
 Not when the circle is whole at the hearth,  
 And bright faces gladden the home of their birth ;  
 When the turf covers or seas bear away  
 Those we have watched over—then do we pray.  
 Not when the heart we love turns to us, true,  
 When the bright morning brings love, again new ;  
 When the heart trusted in turneth away,  
 When the eye answers not—then do we pray.  
 Not when the light of bliss shines on the brow,  
 Not when hope whispers, sweet, "ever as now ;"  
 When the heart sinketh and hope dies away.  
 When the eye weepeth sore—then do we pray.



Beautiful, then, be our valley of tears,  
 With altars the heart in its wretchedness rears ;  
 Nor grieve we, nor pine, that in grief we must share,  
 Since our valley of tears is a temple of prayer.

### Anna Maria Wells.

Anna Maria Foster was born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1797 and in early life resided in Windsor, Vt. She became the wife of Thomas G. Wells, who was also a poet. He lived in Amherst, and was editor of *The Amherst Herald*. In 1830 Mrs. Wells published a volume of poems and juvenile sketches.

#### ASCUTNEY.

In a low, white-washed cottage, overrun  
 With mantling vines, and sheltered from the sun  
 By rows of maple-trees, that gently moved  
 Their graceful limbs to the mild breeze they loved,  
 Oft have I lingered—idle it might seem,  
 But that the heart was busy ; and I deem  
 Those minutes not misspent, when silently  
 The soul communes with nature, and is free.  
 O'erlooking this low cottage, stately stood  
 The huge Ascutney ; there, in thoughtful mood,  
 I loved to hold with its gigantic form  
 Deep converse—not articulate, but warm  
 With feeling's noiseless eloquence, and fit  
 The soul of nature with man's soul to knit.  
 In various aspect, frowning on the day,  
 Or touched with morning twilight's silvery gray,  
 Or darkly mantled in the dusky night,  
 Or by the moonbeams bathed in showers of light—  
 In each, in all, a glory still was there,  
 A spirit of sublimity ; but ne'er  
 Had such a might of loveliness and power  
 The mountain wrapt, as when, at midnight hour,  
 It saw the tempest gather round its head.  
 'Twas then an hour of joy, yet tinged with dread,  
 As the deep thunder rolled from cloud to cloud,  
 From all its hidden caves it cried aloud ;  
 Wood, cliff, and valley, with the echo rung ;  
 From rock and crag darting, with forked tongue  
 The lightning glanced, a moment laying bare  
 Its naked brow, then silence—darkness there !  
 And straight again the tumult, as if rocks  
 Had split, and headlong rolled. But nature mocks  
 All language ; these are scenes I ne'er again

May look upon—but precious thoughts remain  
 On memory's page ; and ever in my heart,  
 Amid all other claims, that mountain hath a part.

### Daniel Dana Tappan.

Daniel D. Tappan, a brother of William B. Tappan, was born in Newburyport, Mass., October 20, 1798. His parents removed to Portsmouth so soon after his birth that his earliest distinct recollections are connected with Portsmouth, where his father died in 1806. He is an alumnus of Bowdoin College, of the class of 1822. He studied theology at New Haven Conn., and was ordained as an evangelist in 1828, and installed as pastor of a church in Alfred, Maine; afterwards and later at East Marshfield, Mass. He has also supplied churches for longer or shorter terms, as at Farmington, Franklin and Wakefield in this State; Biddeford, Winthrop and Weld in Maine. He resides at Weld, still preaching at times, but has no regular pastoral charge.

### HYMN

For the dedication of a house of worship, in Farmington, N. H. in 1870.

Where Jesus taught, and toiled, and died,  
 Once shone in gold the house of God ;  
 There, thrice each year, the Hebrews hied  
 With gifts, obedient to his word.

But Zion now is everywhere,  
 If hearts to pray and praise are found ;  
 Gentile and Jew may blend their prayer ;  
 Each temple site is holy ground.

And so this fane we here devote  
 To Him whom they of old adored ;  
 To share his smiles, while we promote  
 The honor of our common Lord.

Shed down, O Spirit, on our souls,  
 Sweet influence from thy blest abode,  
 That love which hallows, guides, controls,  
 And fits us here to dwell with God.

### HYMN TO JESUS.

To sing of Jesus' love  
 With hearts enchained by sense,  
 And eyes incased in films of sin,  
 Is but a vile pretense.

O, were these orbs illumed,  
 And sundered were these chains,  
 How would our glorious Lord be loved,  
 And praised in fitting strains.

The secret place of tears  
Might well pour forth a flood,  
At thought of our ingratitude  
To the redeeming God.

We lay our spirits low,  
O Christ, before thy throne ;  
And humbly crave a gift of love  
Responsive to thy own.

Then, with exultant feet,  
We'll trace the heavenly road ;  
Hasting, with eager joy, to meet  
Our waiting, gracious Lord.

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HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

My Saviour ! 'Tis of thee,  
Friend of all friends to me,  
Of thee I sing ;  
The music of thy name  
Should ransomed souls inflame,  
While hymning their acclaim  
To Zion's King.

But none can speak thy worth,  
Nor all the tongues of earth  
Thy love portray ;—  
The work of praise begun  
By us, beneath the sun,  
Must through the cycles run  
Of endless day.

Dim is our brightest view,  
Thou holy, just and true,  
Saviour, of thee,  
O, clarify our sight.  
And pour celestial light  
Upon our native night,  
That we may see.

Then shall the notes we rear,  
E'en while we sojourn here,  
Supernal be :  
Fitting our souls to blend  
With songs that never end,  
And teach us how to spend  
Eternity.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Should by-gone manners be forgot,  
And never brought to min',  
The ways of true and simple life,  
The days of Auld Lang Syne?

Those times that tried the boldest souls,  
When, led by hand divine,  
Our pilgrim sires here sought a home ;  
Those days of Auld Lang Syne?

Their iron graces,—hearts of oak,—  
Men made for work,—not shine,—  
They left their name ; a rich bequest,—  
Those men of Auld Lang Syne.

And others, since, their steps have tried,  
And influence left benign,  
Whose noble deeds well prove their claim,  
As sons of Auld Lang Syne.

Long cherish we their glorious names,  
Nor, yet, the hope resign,  
That years to come shall emulate  
The virtues of Lang Syne.

## LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

Voyagers ! whence your last remove?  
Why approach this sterile shore?  
Stranger ! leaving lands we love,  
Came we here our God to adore.

Pilgrims ! terrors throng your way ;  
Foes beset, on either hand !  
Stranger ! nothing can dismay  
Hearts that seek this barren strand.

Pilgrims ! dauntless though ye seem,—  
Few and feeble yet ye are :  
Stranger, they who trust in *Him*  
Never of their cause despair.

Freedom's banner here shall wave ;  
Israel's helper here be known ;  
Myriads, o'er our peaceful grave,  
Laud the work His hand hath done.

### Edna Hastings Silber.

Mrs. Silber, a daughter of Moses Hastings and Miriam Tyler, was born in Hopkinton May 30, 1798. She married Rev. Abiel Silber, also of Hopkinton, and after living five years in the State of New York near the St. Lawrence, they removed to Michigan, where they dwelt many years. On their return from the West Mr. Silber preached some years in several of the eastern cities, and their last place of residence was at Roxbury, or Boston Highlands, where Mr. Silber established a church called the "New Jerusalem Church of Boston Highlands." Mr. Silber died in March, 1881. Mrs. Silber still resides in Roxbury, Mass.

#### CHRISTMAS.

Wonder of wonders! from the eternal throne  
 Divine Shekinah in the manger shone!  
 Jehovah Jesus, in that lovely child,  
 Put on humanity, though undefiled.  
 Did earth arise and mortals bend the knee  
 As, "bowed the heavens," with His divinity?  
 Alas, the wise men only, from afar,  
 Brought triple gifts and saw the wondrous star.  
 The good old Simeon waiting for release  
 Saw His salvation and departs in peace,  
 And Anna, prophesying, knew the Lord  
 And in this temple recognised "the Word".  
 The watchful shepherds, tending flocks by night,  
 Saw heaven opened and beheld the light.  
 "Glory to God" resounded from the skies  
 And faint hosannas from the earth arise;  
 A heavenly influx came down from above  
 And all creation felt a thrill of love;  
 Though, turned to hatred by the wilful throng,  
 Ages have sung and still repeat the song;  
 Await thy second coming when the sun  
 With seven-fold brightness its career shall run,  
 When sin shall cease and carnage, fire and sword  
 Shall flee before the power of Thy Word,  
 And the great glory of Thy coming prove  
 That Wisdom's brightness is inscribed with Love,  
 The watchmen herald, that the ushered morn,  
 Precedes the day when nations shall be born,  
 Thy children in the vale send up the cry  
 O "Come Lord Jesus," raise our thoughts on high.  
 As angels sang at the Redeemer's birth  
 "Glory to God," good will, and peace on earth;  
 May we in humbler strains, an anthem sing  
 To Him who comes in clouds, of kings the King,  
 Opening for us the everlasting doors  
 Through which "this King of glory" radiance pours,

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Transfiguring His Word, that men may view  
His kingdom coming, making all things new.

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ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Silent and pure a gentle dew-drop fell,  
With gathered moisture, in a fragrant dell.  
A flower, most grateful for the blessing given,  
Sends up its incense towards the spangled heaven.  
Soon morning comes—the sun's bright rays descend  
And hues prismatic with the dew-drop blend;  
In beauty flower, globe, sunlight, all combine  
To point beholders to a power divine.  
But exhalations rise;—the crystal boon  
Has gilded earth and disappeared ere noon.  
Thus a sweet babe with health and beauty blest  
Came a rich treasure—to affection's breast.  
The parents, grateful for the immortal loan,  
Sent prayers and praises to "our Father's" throne.  
A sphere of innocence the blessing crowned  
And hope's bright halo gilds the circle round;  
And while they kiss the fond one and rejoice  
An angel whispers in a still small voice—  
"Come hither child; in love thou first wast given;  
Unchanging Love now calls thee home to heaven."

---

LINES.

Go ask the owl, weak man, to view the sun;  
Go ask the torpid sloth a race to run;  
Go ask the mole to lecture thee on light;  
Go ask the bat to expatiate on sight  
Go ask the deaf the properties of sound,  
But ask not earth where thy true joys are found,  
For heaven alone can fill the aching void,  
And teach thee where to choose and what avoid.  
His light alone dispels the sinner's gloom,  
His light alone the dungeon can illumine,  
Teach woe to smile, extract affliction's dart,  
"Bind up the broken, heal the wounded heart,"  
Relieve the heavy-laden of his load,  
And bring estranged affections home to God.

---

NATURE.

Chaste as Diana is she whom I love,  
Free from deceit as the spirits above,

Fair, and as mild as sweet Cynthia's light,  
 Pure as a dew-drop refreshing the night,  
 Soothing her spell as she acts on the heart,  
 Stealthily there she engrosses a part ;  
 And though mild is her sway and her language so sweet.  
 Yet envious rivals ne'er bow at her feet !  
 But beautiful, pure and sincere though she be,  
 So chaste and so rare, yet she smiles upon me.  
 Kindred and friends would you know this fair dame ?  
 God is her Maker, and Nature her name.

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### MEMORY.

See Memory o'er spoils in vigil's pore,  
 Won from old Time, a consecrated store.  
 The key of science from her belt depends ;  
 Before her lie engravings of her friends.  
 Her magic glass, to nature ever true,  
 Brings bright phantasmas of the past to view,  
 O'er which the twilight of departed years  
 Steals with a witchery that but endears.  
 She guides the aged pilgrim joyful back  
 O'er scenes of youth in talismanic track ;  
 Friend after friend she brings before his eye,  
 Till the wrapt soul is lost in ecstasy.

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### THE MIDNIGHT KNELL,

On the 19th of September, 1881, when President Garfield passed into a higher state of existence.

We heard the midnight bells of gloom  
 That oft precede the opening tomb,  
 And hearts of millions felt the blow  
 That laid our country's Chief so low.  
 But not for him—the good, the wise—  
 Those tolling bells gave warning cries,  
 But to our country—party-torn—  
 Now humbled, penitent, and lorn ;  
 For goodness, justice, truth, and love  
 Are active in the world above.  
 The pearly gates were opened wide  
 By angels on the other side,  
 And saints with joy received him home  
 When Heaven in mercy bade him "Come."  
 'Tis said that fiercest beast of prey  
 Will quail before the eye's keen ray :

So the vile culprit could not face  
 The high resolve that power and place  
 Be given to patriots, firm and sound,  
 But skulked behind and gave the wound.  
 Still justice reigns, and Heaven's decree,  
 That earth from miscreants shall be free,  
 Will daunt the weak and awe the strong  
 Till right shall triumph over wrong.  
 God of the nations, will that knell  
 Touch vain aspirants?—who can tell—  
 Till North and South, and East and West,  
 Shall join in union and be blest?  
 Then noble men with patriot zeal will stand  
 Bulwarks of strength within our happy land,  
 And Freedom's banner, like the bow in heaven,  
 Prove a sure covenant with earth,—God-given.

### Sarah Smith.

very young writer was born in Hanover in 1790, and died in that town, Aug.

### THE WHITE CLOVER.

'There is a little perfumed flower  
 That well might grace the loveliest bower,  
 Yet poet never deigned to sing  
 Of such an humble, rustic thing ;  
 Nor is it strange, for it can show  
 Scarcely one tint of Iris' bow.  
 Nature, perchance, in careless hour,  
 With pencil dry might paint the flower,  
 Yet instant blushed her fault to see,  
 So gave it double fragrancy.  
 Rich recompense for aught denied,  
 Who would not homely garb abide,  
 If gentlest soul were breathing there  
 Blessings throughout its little sphere?  
 Sweet flower ! the lesson thou hast taught  
 Shall check each proud, ambitious thought ;  
 Teach me internal worth to prize,  
 Though found in lowliest, rudest guise !

### Thomas Cogswell Upham.

nas C. Upham, LL. D. was born in Deerfield, in 1799. He graduated at  
 outh College in 1818, and became in 1825, a Congregational minister. Soon  
 ards he was made professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin  
 s. He travelled in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, and was an author of nu-  
 s books. He died in 1872.



## THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

The Temple, once that brightly shone  
On proud Moriah's rocky brow ;  
Not there doth God erect his throne,  
Nor build his place of beauty now.

The sunbeam of the orient day  
Saw nought on earth more bright and fair ;  
But desolation swept away,  
And left no form of glory there.

But God, who rear'd that chisel'd stone,  
Now builds upon a higher plan ;  
And rears the columns of his throne,  
His Temple—in the heart of man.

Oh man, oh woman ! Know it well,  
Nor seek elsewhere His place to find,  
That God doth in this Temple dwell,  
*The Temple of the holy mind !*

## SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

Written for the second Centennial Celebration at Dover, 1823.

The breeze has swelled the whitening sail,  
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,  
And, bounding with the wave and wind,  
We leave Old England's shores behind :  
Leave behind our native shore,  
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,  
The storm spread out its wings of woe,  
The sailors' eyes can see a shroud  
Hung in the folds of every cloud ;  
Still, as long as life shall last,  
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,  
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,  
But bows beneath a despot's rod,  
Even where it seeks to worship God.  
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep !  
Bear us o'er the troubled deep !

O see what wonders meet our eyes !  
Another land and other skies !  
Columbian hills have met our view !

Adieu ! Old England's shores adieu !  
Here at length our feet shall rest,  
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread  
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head ;  
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,  
Where join the ocean and the land,  
Shall those cliffs and mountains be  
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise  
The pæan loud of sacred praise ;  
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,  
More loud than speak the rolling seas !  
Happier lands have met our view !  
England's shores, adieu ! adieu !

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#### THE INWARD CHRIST.

No more thou walkest, as of old,  
On Judah's hills and mountains cold ;  
With damp and stormy nights, that shed  
Their dew and tempests on Thy head ;  
And rocks and caverns for Thy bed.

The weary, fainting steps that knew  
The rock, the cave, the midnight dew,  
How great the change ! now leave their trace  
In souls renewed, in hearts of grace,  
In life's interior dwelling-place.

No more Thou walkest, as of old,  
On Judah's hills and mountains cold ;  
In *holy hearts* are gardens fair,  
And gentle streams, and balmy air ;  
And flowers, and golden skies are there.

---

#### THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

I hear the tinkling camel's bell  
Beneath the shade of Ebal's mount,  
And men and beast, at Jacob's well,  
Bow down to taste the sacred fount.

Samaria's daughter too doth share  
The draught that earthly thirst can quell ;  
But who is this that meets her there ?  
What voice is this at Jacob's well ?

"Ho! ask of *me*, and I will give,  
 From my own life, *thy* life's supply;  
 I am the fount! drink, drink and live;  
 No more to thirst, no more to die!"

Strange, mystic words, but words of heaven;  
 And they who drink to-day, as then,  
 To them shall inward life be given;  
*Their souls shall never thirst again!*

#### THE GREATNESS OF LOVE.

Go, count the sands that form the earth,  
 Go, count the drops that make the sea;  
 Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,  
 And tell me what their numbers be;  
 And thou shalt know love's mystery.

No measurement hath yet been found,  
 No lines nor numbers, that can keep  
 The sum of its eternal round,  
 The plummet of its endless deep,  
 Or highs, to which its glories sweep.

Yes, measure love, when thou canst tell  
 The lands, where seraphs have not trod,  
 The highs of heaven, the depths of hell,  
 And laid thy finite measuring-rod,  
 On the infinitude of God.

#### SILENCE UNDER TRIALS.

When words and acts untrue, unkind,  
 Against thy life like arrows fly,  
 Receive them with a patient mind,  
 Seek no revenge, make no reply.

O holy silence! 'tis the shield  
 More strong than warrior's twisted mail;  
 A hidden strength, a might concealed,  
 Which worldly shafts in vain assail.

He who is silent in his cause  
 Hath left that cause to heavenly arms,  
 And Heaven's eternal aid and laws  
 Are swift to ward the threatening harms.

God is our great protecting power;  
 Be still, the Great Defender moves;  
 He watches well the dangerous hour,  
 Nor fails to save the child he loves.

**Oliver William Bourne Peabody.**

Oliver and William, were born in Exeter, July 9, 1799. They graduated at Harvard College in 1810. Oliver studied law at Cambridge, and resided in his native town eleven years. He went to Boston in 1836, and engaged in Journalism. In 1845 he turned his attention to theology, and became a member of the Unitarian denomination in Burlington, Vermont, where he died in 1853. In 1853 he delivered a poem at Harvard College, and not long afterwards recited a poem at the Centennial anniversary of the settlement of Portsmouth.

**LINES.**

O who that has gazed, in the stillness of even,  
 On the fast-fading hues of the west,  
 Has seen not afar, in the bosom of heaven,  
 Some bright little mansion of rest,  
 And mourned that the path to a region so fair  
 Should be shrouded with sadness and tears;  
 That the night-winds of sorrow, misfortune and care,  
 Should sweep from the deep rolling waves of despair,  
 To darken this cold world of tears?  
 And who that has gazed has not longed for the hour  
 When misfortune forever shall cease;  
 And hope, like the rainbow, unfold through the shower  
 Her bright written promise of peace!  
 And O, if the rainbow of promise may shine  
 On the last scene of life's wintry gloom,  
 May its light in the moment of parting be mine;  
 I ask but one ray from a source so divine,  
 To brighten the vale of the tomb.

**TOO EARLY LOST.**

Too lovely and too early lost!  
 My memory clings to thee,  
 For thou wast once my guiding star  
 Amid the treacherous sea;  
 But doubly cold and cheerless now,  
 The wave too dark before,  
 Since every beacon light is quenched  
 Along the midnight shore.  
 I saw thee first, when hope arose  
 On youth's triumphant wing,  
 And thou wast, lovelier than the light  
 Of early dawning spring.  
 Who then could dream that health and joy  
 Would e'er desert the brow  
 So bright with varying lustre once,  
 So chill and changeless now?

That brow ! how proudly o'er it then  
 Thy kingly beauty hung,  
 When wit, or eloquence, or mirth,  
 Came burning from the tongue !  
 Or when upon that glowing cheek  
 The kindling smile was spread,  
 Or tears to thine own woes denied,  
 For others' griefs were shed !

Thy mind, it ever was the home  
 Of high and holy thought ;  
 Thy life, an emblem of pure thoughts,  
 Thy pure example taught ;  
 When blended in thine eye of light,  
 As from a royal throne,  
 Kindness, and peace, and virtue, there  
 In mingled radiance shone.

One evening, when the autumn dew  
 Upon the hills was shed,  
 And Hesperus, far down the west,  
 His starry host had led,  
 Thou saidest, how sadly and how soft,  
 To that prophetic eye,  
 Visions of darkness and decline  
 And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,  
 Which none beside might hear,  
 Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,  
 Breathed faintly on the ear ;  
 It was the warning kindly given  
 When blessed spirits come  
 From their bright paradise above,  
 To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then  
 That fatal warning fell !  
 But O, the dark reality  
 Another voice may tell ;  
 The quick decline—the parting sigh—  
 The slowly moving bier—  
 The lifted sod—the sculptured stone—  
 The unavailing tear.

The amaranth flowers, that bloom in heaven,  
 Entwine thy temples now ;  
 The crown that shines immortally

Is beaming on thy brow ;  
The seraphs round the burning throne  
Have borne thee to thy rest,  
To dwell among the saints on high,  
Companions of the blest.

The sun hath set in folded clouds,  
It's twilight rays are gone,  
And gathered in the shades of night,  
The storm is rolling on.  
Alas ! how ill that bursting storm  
The fainting spirit braves,  
When they, the lovely and the lost,  
Are gone to early graves.

---

STANZAS.

I love the memory of that hour  
When first in youth I found thee ;  
For infant beauty gently threw  
A morning freshness round thee ;  
A single star was rising there,  
With mild and lovely motion ;  
And scarce the zephyr's gentle breath  
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—  
It wakes a pensive feeling,  
As when within the winding shell  
The playful winds are stealing ;  
It tells my heart of those bright years,  
Ere hope went down in sorrow,  
When all the joys of yesterday  
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now ? Thy once loved flowers  
Their yellow leaves are twining,  
And bright and beautiful again  
The single star is shining.  
But where art thou ? The bended grass  
A dewy stone discloses,  
And love's light footsteps print the ground  
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell ! My tears were not for thee ;  
'Twere weakness to deplore thee,  
Or vainly mourn thine absence here,  
While angels half adore thee.

Thy days were few and quickly told ;  
Thy short and mournful story  
Hath ended like the morning star,  
That melts in deeper glory.

---

### William Bourne Oliver Peabody.

An account of the birth and education of W. B. O. Peabody has been given in connection with that of his twin-brother Oliver. Immediately after graduation at Harvard he studied theology, and when ordained, in 1830, he became pastor of the Unitarian church in Springfield, Mass., and it was there that his whole ministerial life was passed. He died May 28, 1847. He was the author of several occasional poems, and a volume of his sermons was published after his death.

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#### THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold the western evening light !  
It melts in deepening gloom ;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed !  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast !  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,  
The yellow star appears ;  
So faith springs in the heart of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glory shall restore,  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

---

#### THE RISING MOON.

The moon is up ! How calm and slow  
She wheels above the hill !

The weary winds forget to blow,  
And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,  
The rising brightness see,  
Revealing all the paths and plains,  
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream  
Its little ripple leaves ;  
It falls upon the forest shade,  
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,  
The heavenly lustre spread ;  
The gospel sounded from the blaze,  
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world  
Its guiding splendor throws ;  
Bright in the opening hours of life,  
But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail  
To walk the midnight skies ;  
But God hath kindled *this* bright light  
With fire that never dies.

---

#### THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

And this is death, how cold and still,  
And yet how lovely it appears ;  
Too cold to let the gazer smile,  
But far too beautiful for tears.  
The sparkling eye no more is bright,  
The cheek hath lost its roselike red ;  
And yet it is with strange delight  
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,  
Half shaded by the silken hair,  
That never looked so fair as now,  
When life and health were laughing there,  
I wonder not that grief should swell  
So wildly upward in the breast,  
And that strong passion once rebel  
That need not, cannot be suppressed.



I wonder not that parents' eyes  
 In gazing thus grow cold and dim,  
 That burning tears and aching sighs  
 Are blended with the funeral hymn;  
 The spirit hath an earthly part,  
 That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,  
 And heaven would scorn the frozen heart  
 That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose  
 Shall nevermore be broke by pain;  
 Those lips no more in sighs unclosed,  
 Those eyes shall never weep again.  
 For think not that the blushing flower  
 Shall wither in the church-yard sod:  
 'Twas made to gild an angel's bower  
 Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze, and swift and far  
 The clouds of death in sorrow fly:  
 I see thee like a new-born star  
 Move up thy pathway in the sky;  
 The star hath rays serene and bright,  
 But cold and pale compared with thine;  
 For thy orb shines with heavenly light,  
 With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burdened heart be free,  
 The tears of sorrow all be shed,  
 And parents calmly bend to see  
 The mournful beauty of the dead;  
 Thrice happy, that their infant bears  
 To heaven no darkening stains of sin,  
 And only breathed life's morning airs  
 Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget,—  
 Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,  
 My memory warmly treasures yet  
 Thy features calm and mildly sweet;  
 But no, that look is not the last;  
 We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,  
 Where love no more deplores the past,  
 Nor breathes that withering word, Farewell!

#### MONADNOC.

Upon the far-off mountain's brow  
 The angry storm has ceased to beat,

And broken clouds are gathering now,  
In lowly reverence round his feet.  
I saw their dark and crowded bands  
On his firm head in wrath descending,  
But there once more redeemed he stands,  
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.

I've seen him when the rising sun  
Shone like a watch-fire on the height ;  
I've seen him when the day was done,  
Bathed in the evening's crimson light !  
I've seen him in the midnight hour,  
When all the world beneath were sleeping,  
Like some lone sentry in his tower,  
His patient watch in silence keeping.

And there, as ever, steep and clear,  
That pyramid of nature springs !  
He owns no rival turret near,  
No sovereign but the King of kings.  
While many a nation hath passed by,  
And many an age, unknown in story,  
His walls and battlements on high  
He rears, in melancholy glory.

And let a world of human pride,  
With all its grandeur, melt away,  
And spread around his rocky side  
The broken fragments of decay.  
Serene his hoary head will tower,  
Untroubled by one thought of sorrow ;  
He numbers not the weary hour,  
He welcomes not nor fears to-morrow.

Farewell ! I go my distant way ;  
Perhaps, not far in future years,  
The eyes that glow with smiles to-day,  
May gaze upon thee, dim with tears.  
Then let me learn from thee to rise,  
All time and chance and change defying ;  
Still pointing upward to the skies,  
And on the inward strength relying.

If life before my weary eye  
Grows fearful as an angry sea,  
Thy memory shall suppress the sigh  
For that which never more can be.

Lingering all within the heart  
 With firm resolve and strong endeavor.  
 To meet a brave and faithful part.  
 The life's short warfare ends forever.

### Calvin Stark.

Calvin Stark was the eldest son of Major Calvin Stark. He inherited the old Stark mansion and surrounding estate in Portsmouth, and was a writer of repute, being the author of a valuable memoir of his father and grandfather. He died in 1863.

#### THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

In other days you fatal line  
 Glittered with arms and waved with plumes,  
 When the sad sunset on their steel  
 Flashed its last splendors: even's glooms  
 Rang with the bugle's martial breath  
 That called the brave to deeds of death.  
 Then the dismal cry of slaughter  
 Broke on midnight's slumbering hour:  
 And the parched ground drank blood like water,  
 As beneath the deadly shower  
 Of musket and artillery.  
 With motto calm yet bold, "I'll try,"  
 The bristling ranks move on.  
 Mid deafening thunder, sulphurous flash,  
 And shouts, and groans, and forces crash,  
 Till hark! the sharp, clear bayonet's clash,  
 Tells that the work is done.

There deeds of deathless praise proclaim,  
 How rolled war's tide when Ripley's name  
 Swelled the wild shout of victory;  
 And dauntless Miller and McNeil  
 Led foremost, in the strife of steel,  
 The flower of northern chivalry;  
 While Scott from British brows then tore  
 The laurels dyed in Gallic gore!

But these terrific scenes are past;  
 The peasants' slumbers, the wild blast  
 Alone shall break them,  
 And those proud bannered hosts are gone,  
 Where the shrill trumpet's charging tone  
 No more may wake them.

Time in his flight has swept away  
 Each vestige of the battle fray,  
 Save that the traveller views around  
 The shattered oak—the grass-grown mound  
 That shrines a hero's ashes !  
 Peace to the brave ! around their stone  
 Shall Freedom twine her rosy wreath,  
 And, though with moss of years o'ergrown,  
 Fame shall applaud their glorious death,  
 Long as Niagara dashes !

### Benjamin Brown French.

B. B. French was born in Chester in 1800. He studied law with his father, and was admitted to the bar in 1825, after which he practised in Hooksett and in Sutton. He went to Newport in 1827, and became editor and a proprietor of the *N. H. Spectator*. In 1834 he removed to the city of Washington. He was assistant clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives in 1833, and clerk in 1845. He died Aug. 12, 1870.

### THE MAIDEN AT CHURCH.

Suggested by seeing a maiden-lady at church, whom the author has seen there ever since he can remember.

There doth she sit—that same old girl  
 Whom I in boyhood knew ;  
 She seems a fixture to the church,  
 In that old jail-like pew !

Once she was young—a blooming Miss,  
 So do the aged say ;  
 Though e'en in youth, I think she must  
 Have had an *old like* way.

How prim, and starched, and kind she looks,  
 And so devout and staid !  
 I wonder some old bachelor  
 Don't wed that good old maid !

She does not look so *very* old,  
 Though years and years are by  
 Since any younger she has seemed,  
 E'en to my boyhood's eye.

That old straw bonnet she has on,  
 Tied with that bow of blue,  
 Seems not to feel Time's cankering hand,  
 'Tis "near as good as new."

That old silk gown—the square-toed shoes,  
 Those gloves—that buckle's gleam ;

That *silver buckle* at her waist,  
To me, like old friends seem.

Live on, live on, and may the years  
Touch lightly on thy brow ;  
As I beheld thee in my youth,  
And as I see thee now ;

May I, when age its furrows deep  
Have ploughed upon my cheek,  
Behold thee in that pew, unchanged,  
So prim, so mild, so meek !

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#### THOUGHTS ON VISITING THE PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

The silver threads that mingle with  
The auburn on my brow,  
Warn me that Time's relentless hand  
Is busy with me now ;  
But here, among my native hills,  
The thoughts of age depart,  
And all the glow of sunny youth  
Comes bounding through my heart.

Can I be old ? There stands the tree  
From which, but yesterday,  
This very hand, in clusters bright,  
Bore the ripe fruit away ;  
And is not that my father's house  
Which stands upon the hill ?  
And there, upon the brawling stream,  
Clatters the busy mill.

"You are not old"—thus Fancy said,  
As in a dream-like mood,  
Gazing on all these youthful scenes,  
Within the vale I stood.  
I turned—delusive Fancy fled—  
A monitress to me,  
Stern and sincere Heaven's earth-born child,  
Stood grave Reality.  
Clothed in the sacred garb of Truth,  
With mourning on her brow.  
She whispered sadly in mine ear,  
"Where is that father now ?  
And where are many, once beloved,

Who roved, 'mid summer's bloom,  
These dells with us, all life and joy?  
Alas, within the tomb!  
And, ah, that 'yesterday' of thine!  
Years—years have passed away,  
And what a train of vast events  
Divides it from *to-day*!  
Those hands that bore the ripened fruit  
Were young and tiny then,  
While now with thews and sinews strong,  
They cope their way with men;  
The mill that clatters by the stream  
By man has been renewed,  
Nought, save the tree, the rock, the hill,  
Stand now as then they stood!"

A troop of children passed me by  
In all their noisy glee,  
And voices shouted, loud and clear,  
Familiar names to me—  
The names of those whom once I knew —  
The absent and the dead,  
Another generation trod  
The paths I used to tread.

Though strangers dwell within the halls  
Where once my fathers dwelt,  
Though strangers at the altar kneel,  
Where once my father knelt.  
*The place* remains where boyhood's years  
So smoothly o'er me rolled,  
And, standing here, I almost deem  
Years cannot make me old!

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#### FOR THE ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION,

At Appledore Island, Isle of Shoals, Thursday, Aug. 19, 1858.

The outside world is boiling o'er  
With all the joy it's able?  
Why should not *we* of Appledore  
Just celebrate "The Cable?"  
And ladies dear, you'll join, we know,  
This glorious celebration,  
For, how the *sparks* will come and go  
From Nation unto Nation!

Yankee doodle, *keep it down*,  
 The cord beneath the deep, sir,  
 Two worlds are joined. To bless th' event  
 Our revels we will keep, sir.

Time was when ghosts were sent to dwell  
 In the bottom of the sea, sir,  
 By prayer and candle, book and bell,  
 No further plague to be, sir,  
 But now they've laid a spirit there—  
 A mighty spirit, too, sir,  
 Whom neither book, nor bell, nor prayer  
 Can silence, or can *do*, sir.  
 Yankee doodle, *keep it down*, etc.

And spirits oft of evil name,  
 Have entered into man, sir,  
 Till "half seas over" he became  
 Before his voyage began, sir—  
 But now they'll whisper in his ear  
 By lightning, without thunder—  
 And all the spirits he shall hear  
 Shall come from *whole seas under*!  
 Yankee doodle, etc.

No more the lagging ship we'll greet—  
 The fifteen, twenty miler—  
 We'll have the news ere she can heat  
 The water in her boiler!  
 When Vic sits down to take her tea,  
 Or Jeemes sits down to dine, sir,  
 Ere they get up, beneath the sea  
 They'll hob nob o'er their wine, sir!  
 Yankee doodle, etc.

John Bull can hardly *damn his eyes*  
 Or Jonathan say *darn it*,  
 Before, by tell-tale sprite advice,  
 The other side shall *larn it*!  
 As one, two nations shall increase,  
 Though ocean roll between 'em—  
 The Cable—a bright bond of peace—  
 From fighting e'er shall screen 'em.  
 Yankee doodle, etc.

Then bless the wire where now it lies,  
 The ocean bed along, sir—  
 Earth's greatest hope, the sea's great prize—  
 Bless it in prayer and song, sir!

Bless it, and pray it may grow old,  
For now 'tis in its youth, sir—  
When years pass on, by centuries told,  
May it *lie* to tell the truth, sir!  
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now in old Father Neptune's care,  
As well as we are able,  
We place, with shouts of joy and prayer,  
The Atlantic Ocean Cable!  
And now three cheers for Appledore,  
Where ocean round us rolls, sir—  
For the ladies fair, *one Tiger more!*  
God bless the Isles of Shoals, sir!  
Yankee doodle, etc.

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HYMN COMPOSED AT GETTYSBURG.

'Tis holy ground—  
This spot, where, in their graves,  
We place our country's braves,  
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,  
Fighting for liberties and laws;  
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest;  
And summer's heat and winter's cold  
Shall glow and freeze above this mould—  
A thousand years shall pass away—  
A nation still shall mourn this clay,  
Which now is blest.

Here where they fell,  
Oft shall the widow's tears be shed,  
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead,  
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,  
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,  
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in Heaven!  
Shall all this sacred blood be shed?  
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?  
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe;  
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,  
A country riven?

It will not be!  
We trust, O God! thy gracious power  
To aid us in our darkest hour.



This be our prayer—"O Father! save  
A people's freedom from its grave.  
All praise to Thee!"

### THE LAST WORDS OF JOHN BROWN.

When brave old John Brown, whose fame is now immortal, stood upon the gallows, with the cap drawn over his eyes, a handkerchief was tendered to him, which he was told to drop when he was ready. He indignantly refused it, saying sternly: "*John Brown is always ready—Virginia drops the handkerchief!*"

A stern, brave man of iron nerve  
Stood on the gallows tree,  
A martyr to the noble thought  
That all mankind are free;  
For threescore years that thought had burned  
Into his soul, so brave,  
Till he believed it came from God  
That *he* should free the slave!  
He passed through trouble, grief, and woe,  
No murmuring word he spoke;  
Stern in his purpose—firm he stood,  
As stands the mountain oak;  
Nor friend nor foe could move his soul  
To swerve from his intent;  
The time, he thought, at last had come—  
Bold to his work he went!  
Alas! that arm, though nerved with Truth,  
Essayed too great a deed,  
It bravely struck and boldly too—  
It battled but to bleed!  
The *man*, borne down and overcome,  
Was forced at last to yield;  
But the brave soul, defiant still,  
Its mighty strength revealed,  
And e'en the bravest, cowered and quailed  
Beneath that eagle eye,  
Which, all the petty tyrant's rage  
It did in scorn defy!  
A trial!—'twas a mockery—  
Condemned this man to death;  
With cheek unblanched, he scorned their power,  
E'en with his latest breath;  
And when, upon the gallows-tree  
This brave old hero stood,  
Prepared, in Freedom's holy cause,  
To sacrifice his blood,

When asked the sign of death to give,  
 Replied, in accents steady,  
 "Virginia drops the handkerchief—  
 John Brown is always ready!!"

Virginia dropped the handkerchief!  
 And brave John Brown is gone!  
 But, ah, she finds her *ruin*, while  
 "His soul is marching on."

The man whom all men thought was crazed,  
 When tyrants he defied,  
 Saw the great future deeper far  
 Than all the world beside!

### Nathaniel Gookin Upham.

N. G. Upham, LL. D., was a native of Rochester, born in 1801. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1820, and was admitted to the bar in Strafford County. He opened an office at Bristol, but afterwards settled in Concord. From 1833 to 1843 he was one of the judges of the Superior Court, and in 1833 was commissioner to London, "for adjustment of claims between citizens of the United States and Great Britain, against the government of either country." After his resignation of the office of Judge of the Superior Court he became general agent of the Concord Railroad, remaining in that position nearly to the close of his life. He died in 1889.

#### DEDICATION HYMN.

To thee, O God, with joy we raise,  
 In these thy courts, our songs of praise,  
 And dedicate this shrine to thee,  
 Sacred, incarnate Mystery.

So when thy chosen temple rose  
 O'er Judea's land of fearful woes,  
 Thy children met in gladness there,  
 To consecrate thine house with prayer.

And now, in western lands afar,  
 Led hither by thy Bethlehem star,  
 God of our fathers! while we here  
 Erect thine altars, be thou near!

There be thy power and glory known  
 By clouds of incense from thy throne;  
 And here, the broken-hearted soul,  
 At touch of thine, be rendered whole.

There sacred symbols often prove  
 To grateful hearts thy dying love;  
 And life's young hours with joy begin  
 With sprinklings from thy crystal spring.

There may thy banner wave abroad,  
 Inscribed with "Holiness to the Lord ;"  
 And peace and love, long years to come,  
 Make this our favored Gospel Home.

### Amos Blanchard.

Rev. Amos Blanchard was born in Peacham, Vt., in 1801. He graduated at Andover Theological Seminary in 1828, and became pastor of the Congregational church in Warner in 1837. In 1840 he removed to Meriden, and was pastor of the church at Kimball Union Academy, where he remained till near the close of his life. He died in his native town in 1869.

#### AN EVENING IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

The moon is up, the evening star  
 Shines lovely from its home of blue—  
 The fox-howl's heard on the fell afar,  
 And the earth is robed in a sombre hue ;  
 From the shores of light the beams come down,  
 On the river's breast, and cold grave stone.

The kindling fires o'er heaven so bright  
 Look sweetly out from yon azure sea ;  
 While the glittering pearls of the dewy night  
 Seem trying to mimick their brilliancy ;  
 Yet all those charms no joy can bring  
 To the dead, in the cold grave slumbering.

To numbers wild, yet sweet withal,  
 Should the harp be struck o'er the sleepy pillow,  
 Soft as the murmuring, breezy fall  
 Of sighing winds on the foamy billow ;  
 For who would disturb in their silent bed  
 The fancied dreams of the lowly dead ?

Oh ! is there one in this world can say  
 That the soul exists not after death ?  
 That the powers which illumine this mould of clay  
 Are but a puff of common breath ?  
 Oh ! come this night to the grave and see  
 The sleepy sloth of your destiny.

The night's soft voice, in breathings low,  
 Imparts a calm to the breast of the weeper :  
 The water's dash and murmuring flow  
 No more will soothe the ear of the sleeper,  
 Till He, who slept on Judah's plains,  
 Shall burst death's cold and icy chains.

I've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow,  
 I've watched the mist o'er the river stealing,  
 But ne'er did I feel in my breast, till now,  
 So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling :  
 'Tis soft as the thrill which memory throws  
 Athwart the soul in the hour of repose.

Thou Father of all ! in the worlds of light,  
 Fain would my spirit aspire to thee ;  
 And through the scenes of this gentle night,  
 Behold the dawn of eternity :  
 For this is the path, which thou hast given,  
 The only path to the bliss of Heaven.

### Mary Cutts.

Miss Cutts was born in Portsmouth, April 4, 1801. Her father, Edward Cutts, was at one time a shipping merchant, engaged in East India trade, and at his death president of the First National Bank of Portsmouth. She was great-grand daughter of President Holyoke of Harvard College. In 1832 she left Portsmouth with her brother, the late Hampden Cutts, who with his wife, a daughter of Consul Jarvis, went to North Hartland, Vermont, to reside. In 1860 she went to Brattleboro' Vt., with her brother's family, and remained there until 1879, when she went to Brooklyn, N. Y., to reside with a niece, Mrs. Howard. She died in that city, May 20, 1882. Miss Cutts issued two volumes of verse. The first was a sprightly miscellaneous collection called "The Autobiography of a Clock;" the second was entitled "Grondalla," a romance in verse, founded on incidents in the history of her own family in Portsmouth.

### SEA SHELLS.

Bright, radiant shells from foreign climes,  
 How beautiful ye are,  
 Decked with the roseate tints ye bring  
 From native shore afar !

I love your colors and your shine,  
 Stray ones from other shores ;  
 But yet a deeper grace ye have,  
 A dearer charm is yours.

Ye bring the mighty ocean's roar  
 Within your little space,  
 As if no change, no new abode,  
 Its memory could efface.

Ah ! others praise your glowing hues :  
 More wonderful to me,  
 Than even the most gorgeous tints,  
 These whispers of the sea.

They seem to speak of hidden power :  
 And yet it is not so :

Strange, strange it is that ye should bring  
The raging water's flow !

Ah ! it is strange that what we love  
In joyous, early day,  
Should never, never from the soul,  
The spirit, fade away !

Then sing, sweet shells, sing on and tell  
Of the old ocean's roar :  
It was your first love, and aught else  
Shall vanish that before.

When first created, weak and frail,  
The mighty sound ye heard,  
And now no music of the land,  
No zephyr, song of bird

Will e'er efface it. Be it so.  
Sing on : ye bring to me  
The dashing bound, the foaming spray,  
The glory of the sea !

I seem to view the curling wave,  
I hear the whizzing gush,  
As bright and clear, as swift and bold  
The sparkling waters rush.

Then ever breathe the song to me  
That tells of native shore :  
I love your beauty : for this charm,  
Bright ones, I love you more.

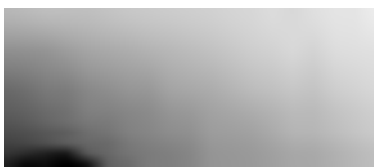
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SONG.

I knew a hearth where bright eyes met :  
Why is my spirit sad !  
For round that hearth there only thronged  
The sweet, the pure, the glad.

Alas ! how much is in the word,  
That simple word, I knew !  
Yet can we ever cease to love  
The beautiful and true !

Ah ! 'mid the varied scenes of life,  
Its hour of woe or mirth,  
How oft my heart will wander back  
To that beloved hearth :



And trust, though years may desolate  
 That once so cherished spot,  
 There may remain one gentle heart  
 That will forget me not !  
 I knew a hearth where bright eyes met :  
 Why is my spirit sad ?  
 For round that hearth there only thronged  
 The sweet, the pure, the glad.

#### THE FATED.

saw a picture once, or had a dream,—  
 know not which ; but oft there comes a gleam  
 across my mind of what it did portray.  
 It was a stormy, wild, tempestuous day ;  
 and a poor sailor on a rock is cast,  
 With nought to shield him from the angry blast.  
 Alone he stands ; and, far as eye can reach,  
 There is no sign of ship or isle or beach :  
 Nought seen but ocean,—ocean all around,  
 With its tumultuous heaves,—no other sound :  
 No form but his, no human arm to save,  
 As wave on wave came tumbling over wave.  
 The ocean roared and beat and splashed and fumed ;  
 Till on his craggy rock stood firm the doomed.  
 He heard it rave—oh ! terrible the sound !  
 Darker and darker grew the clouds around ;  
 Not yet the fated from his rock is riven :  
 Yet is he there,—there, with his eye on heaven.

#### George Washington Hammond.

Hammond was born in Gilsam, May 12, 1802. He was educated at Alstead  
 studied medicine and graduated in 1824 from the Dartmouth Medical  
 He settled first in Richmond, and afterwards in Proctorsville, Vt. He  
 his native town in 1830. In 1866 he removed to Stockbridge, N. Y.  
 died Jan. 30, 1872. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention,  
 and served his district as State Senator in 1855 and '58.

#### THE PROSPECT.

|                       |                            |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| red years hence       | A hundred years hence,     |
| a change will be made | And less I am thinking,    |
| isms and morals,      | Will no silly pretence     |
| isms and trade ;      | Be made for rum-drinking : |
| ords who fatten,      | Let the vender now revel,  |
| the fool's pence ;    | All people of sense        |
| ings will be altered  | Will think him a devil,    |
| ndred years hence.    | A hundred years hence.     |

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Our laws they will then.       | A hundred years hence.            |
| In my humble belief.           | What wonder 'twill give           |
| Place rum-selling men          | That we ever suffer'd             |
| Along with the thief.          | Rum-sellers to live?              |
| And rum-selling team           | That they were not punished       |
| The greater offence :          | With vengeance intense.           |
| Seen as it will seem           | All will be astonished            |
| A dozen years hence.           | A hundred years hence.            |
| Rum-sellers' attention         | A hundred years hence,            |
| They then may bestow           | When a <i>Barman</i> comes round, |
| On raising potatoes            | Among his rare shows              |
| Or learning to mow,            | I presume may be found            |
| Or some honest calling         | The last rum-seller's skin.       |
| They choose to commence.       | Stuffed and dressed in his        |
| For their trade will be ended. | clothes,                          |
| A hundred years hence.         | And the monkeys will grin.        |
|                                | As they twig his red nose.        |

#### FOR A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

The picture on the previous page  
Presents a lovers' scene,  
Where love their youthful hearts engage  
While seated on the green.

Burns clasps his lassie in his arms  
And dreams of future bliss,  
Ecstasied by her many charms,  
He fondly steals a kiss.

Nor dreams he that misfortune's cloud  
Is wafting o'er the glade,  
His fancied future to enshroud  
Beneath its somber shade.

Nor dreams she that the Lethean cup  
Will mar that noble boy  
Whose eyes poetic fire lights up,  
And her fond hopes destroy.

Yet such the fate of Scotia's son  
With talents at command ;  
And such the fate of every one  
Where rum pollutes the land.

Then, sister, if some amorous swain  
To you his love should tell,

From giving heed, I pray refrain,  
Until his breath you smell.

If free from whisky, rum, or gin,  
Why then, do as is fitting;  
If otherwise, pray lose no time,  
But quick give him the mitten.

#### PRUDENCE.

O haste not to the gilded shrine,  
Where Bacchus throws his favors round!  
Let nobler views thy mind incline  
To turn where purer pleasures shine,  
And truer joys are found.

O seek not for the Siren's bower,  
Where champagne fills the sparkling bowl!  
O yield not to her witching power,  
For when she gives her richest dower,  
She chains the captive soul.

O shun the demon's noisy tent,  
Where Bacchus waves his ivy plume;  
There woe will scowl and guilt torment,—  
Though friends may raise a vain lament,—  
And death will seal thy doom.

Let Temperance be thy beacon light  
Throughout life's checkered way;  
Life's purest joys will then shine bright,  
Its sweetest charms will greet thy sight,  
Bright as the god of day.

#### Charles Warren Brewster.

Charles W. Brewster was born in Portsmouth, September 13, 1802. He began to learn the printing business at the age of sixteen years, and after acquiring his trade became foreman in the office of the Portsmouth Journal. He afterwards became owner of the Journal. The forty-three volumes of that paper, commencing in 1825 and ending in 1868, the year of his death, are at once the record of his industry, the illustration of his taste, the photograph of his character, his real biography. He was author of "Rambles about Portsmouth," in two volumes.

#### HISTORY OF NEWS—BIRTH OF THE PRESS.

Lo! when the Eternal planned his wise design,  
Created earth, and like his smile benign,  
With splendor, beauty, mildness, decked the skies,—  
Waked from eternal sleep, with wondering eyes  
Man viewed the scene, and gave to News its rise.



[illegible]

Show joy is oft the associate of grief,  
 And pain to some, to others is relief.  
 Full many ages, centuries, rolled along,  
 E'er news a record found, the press a tongue.  
 From sire to son, tradition's tale was told.  
 Or musty parchment spoke the days of old ;  
 No minor incidents of passing time  
 Ere filled a page or occupied a rhyme ;  
 No wars of politics on paper fought,  
 And few the favored ones by science taught.  
 Minerva saw the dreary waste below,  
 And urged the gods their bounties to bestow,  
 The mind of man to chaste refinement bring,  
 And ope to all the pure Pierian spring.  
 The gods convened ; but still Minerva frowned :  
 Not one of all their gifts her wishes crowned,  
 Till Vulcan thus,—and simple the address,—  
 “My richest gifts behold,—the TYPES and PRESS !”  
 The goddess smiled, and swiftly Mercury flies  
 To bear to earth the god's most favored prize.  
 Auspicious hour ! hail, morn of brighter day !  
 Ages of darkness, close ! to light give way !  
 The morn is past, the splendid sun is high !  
 The mist dispelled, and all beneath the sky  
 Feel its kind influence ; and its cheering ray  
 Enlivens all, and shines in brilliant day.  
 The sacred writ, which once was scarcely known  
 To teachers, now (almost a dream !) is thrown  
 Into a book,—all, in one little hour,  
 Alike in king's and lowest menial's power ;  
 And bounteous given—scarce is felt the task—  
 In every work which use or fancy ask.  
 Thousands of years a dreary night had been,  
 Ere Vulcan's art surpassed the tedious pen,—  
 Ere down from heaven this precious gift was brought,  
 To lend the speed of lightning unto thought.

### Cynthia L. Gerould.

Mrs. Gerould, of Concord, was born in Sullivan, May 2, 1804. She was married  
 to Rev. Moses Gerould, February 5, 1829. Her son, Rev. Samuel L. Gerould, is pas-  
 tor of the Congregational church in Goffstown.

#### SUNSET.

I saw the glorious pencillings  
 Of sunset in the west ;

What gorgeous mass, superior bright  
That scene's veil impress!

The richest tints were glowing there,  
Now shaded their full depth,  
And all so lovely as might seem  
The home where angels keep.

The folded curtains opened off,  
And cherubs seemed to be  
Watching what things were done on earth  
Behind its drapery.

And did their holy bosoms swell  
With joy at scenes of love?  
Did earth, so beautiful, seem almost  
The dawn of heaven above?

But vanished are those brilliant clouds,—  
Yet God doth surely look  
And note each deed of human-kind  
Within his doomsday-book.

---

#### HYMN FOR THE SEASON.

|                                  |                                |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Now, autumn winds are blowing,   | Just like the hectic flushes   |
| The leaves are flut'ring fast,   | Ere ceases mortal breath.      |
| With ev'ry color glowing,        |                                |
| As sweeps along the blast.       | The Autumn winds are sweeping, |
|                                  | O'er some we held most dear,   |
| The tinges of the rainbow        | And leaves are vigils keeping, |
| Are painted on the trees,        | While freezes nature's tear.   |
| And leaves in thousand mazes,    |                                |
| Are dancing in the breeze.       | No autumn winds in heaven,     |
|                                  | No changes there can come;     |
| But, tho' all seems so brilliant | But, 'tis eternal spring-time, |
| It is the glow of death,         | In that all glorious home.     |

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#### Asa Dodge Smith.

President Smith was born in Amherst, Sept 21, 1804. In his youth he learned the business of printing in Windsor, Vt. In 1830 he graduated at Dartmouth College, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1834. He became a Presbyterian clergyman and pastor of a church in New York city. He left that position in 1863, and was made President of Dartmouth College. He died Aug. 16, 1877. The University of New York conferred on him the title of LL. D. in 1861. He published books and many sermons, and was a man of great ability. During his presidency Dartmouth College made great progress, and he was beloved by every one.

## TO MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

Fair mount, in sharpest outline showing,  
 Athwart the clear, blue, wintry sky,  
 As long I gaze with moistened eye,  
 How weird the fancies thickly growing,  
 What scenes, long past, are flitting by !

Again, with childhood's ken, I'm marking  
 Thy star-crowned peak, thy evergreen,  
 Thy summer garb, thy snowy sheen ;  
 Again, with childhood's ears, I'm harking  
 To winds that rise thy cliffs atween.

Again, a college boy, I'm glancing  
 Adown the vale thou watchest well ;  
 Old hopes anew my bosom swell—  
 Fair castles airy re-advancing,  
 Called up as by the olden spell.

But how, like mists that morning brought thee,  
 Those baseless fabrics vanished soon ;  
 And now, at manhood's sober noon,  
 The golden lesson thou hast taught me,  
 I deem a truer, richer boon.

Old friends are in the valley sleeping,  
 That by me stood to look on thee ;  
 And youthful years how swift they flee :  
 Her solemn ward is memory keeping  
 O'er things that were, but may not be.

But thou, symbolic, still uprising,  
 Speakest of good that lives for aye,  
 And truth of an eternal day ;  
 Of good, all real joy comprising—  
 A glory fading not away.

So, as from day to day I view thee,  
 I count earth's shadows lighter still ;  
 And with an humbled, chastened will,  
 To God's own Mount uplooking through thee,  
 Immortal hopes my bosom thrill.

## Robert Boody Caverly.

oet was born in Barrington, now Strafford, July 19, 1806. He graduated at  
 Law School, and practised law, first, six years in Limerick, Maine, and  
 Lowell, Mass., where he now remains. His poetry, or authorship, may be  
 his volumes of "Epics, Lyrics, and Ballads"; in his several orations; in his  
 of the Indian Wars of New England;" in his legends and dramas, enti-  
 titles of the Bush," and in other works.

## THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

Talk with a ghost at my native Barrington, N. H., Saturday eve, October 24, 1864.

They're sacred now, these walls of wood!  
 Ah! what can bear comparison?  
 From age to age they've nobly stood,  
 They've braved the conflict, storm and flood  
 Of the olden time, a Garrison.

Deserted now, within, without,  
 Alone, aloof, upon a hill,  
 And rumor rife hath come about,  
 That 'in those port-holes looking out,  
 The midnight spectre lingers still."

And now, ye ghosts, if ghost there be,  
 Speak! speak, and tell us of the strife,  
 When you had life and limbs as we,  
 When parting pilgrims had to flee  
 The tomahawk and scalping knife.

When in that boundless forest wild,  
 At sound of war-whoop from afar,—  
 How anxious, up and down ye filed,  
 And hewed the logs, and upward piled  
 This fortress rude. How in dread war

At humble huts, far scattered wide,  
 To toil ye gave the weary day,  
 Then driven here, at eventide,  
 The child and mother, side by side,  
 Fast winding through the thorny way.

Unheeded then the beasts of prey,  
 The prowl of wolf no terrors brought,  
 Nor rancorous reptiles in the way,  
 The pilgrim heart knew no dismay.  
 Save what the knife and faggot taught.

Within these doors then bolted fast,  
 Say, what of dreams? Pray speak and tell,  
 How, oft amid the tempest blast,  
 Ye heard the rattling arrows cast,  
 The mid-night gun, the savage yell.

What tearful thought, and what the care,  
 That moved the matrons, and the men  
 To hug sweet infants, cradled there,

To guard the household, and to share  
The dangers dread impending then !

And what when tedious years had passed,  
To mourn thy many kindred slain !  
Here then, at peace, ye lived at last,  
Yet did the sands of life fall fast,  
And dust to dust returned again.

How then the spirit, wafted high,  
From lifeless nature 'neath the ground ;  
Then from the portals of the sky,  
'Mid clouds of night,—oh, tell us why ,  
In this old fort ye still are found !

Whence are thy joys eternal, bright,  
As if ye had no faltering fear,  
No sad bereavement, pain, nor blight,  
Nor care to cramp that calm delight,  
Foretold of faith in such career ?

Ye've seen the tribes that roamed of yore,  
From Lovell's Lake to the falls of Berwick,  
Or down Cocheco's woodland shore,  
Where Wat-che-no-it dipped his oar,  
At Dover old, or Squanomegonic.

Since then as now to market town,  
From hills afar, yet blue and bland,  
'Mid summer's heat or winter's frown,  
How settlers teamed their treasures down,  
Proud in the products of the land.

Their foot-prints firm are on the plain  
'Mid blighted frost, or vigorous health,  
Where varied life of joy and pain,  
Hath learned of mother earth how vain  
Is pride or fame, or sordid wealth !

Then tell us true, if well ye may,  
Since tribe and pilgrim hither met ;  
How generations lived their day,  
How each in turn have passed away,  
But where, O where, untold as yet !

Of all that host, some knowledge lend,  
That from the world the years have hurried,  
Say what of Waldron, what his end?—

Old "Mi-an-to-ni-mo" his friend,  
And "Mossup slain yet kindly buried."\*

Say, if amid that spirit sphere,  
Ye have full knowledge freely given,  
Why thus withhold from mortals here  
The glories grand, forever dear  
To thee and thine, of death and heaven.

The spectre, listening, seemed to move,  
Half hidden still within the wall,  
In garb of light and looks of love,  
With cadence strange as from above,  
Made answer thus, the one for all:

"Why thus should men make search to know  
Their final fate forever hidden?  
Beyond this world of weal and woe,  
Your vision finite ne'er can go;  
Enough for man it is forbidden.

"What truth in Abraham ye trace,  
And what of Israel's tribes are told,  
What Bunyan wrote of the pilgrim race,  
Ye well may know and grow in grace,  
As faithful fathers did of old.

"Enough! and why should we disclose  
The purpose grand ordained above,  
Betray the trust that heaven bestows,  
And tempt the world from calm repose,  
Its tranquil life and truthful love.

"Then banish care! Earth can but see,  
Far in a cloud, a guardian hand;  
Nor heed the storm, alike as we,  
True mariners upon the sea,  
Ye'll find the pilgrim's promised land."

The night-damp dark in curtains fell,  
Hushed were the hills and valleys green,  
I bent my foot-step down the dell,  
A voice there answered, "All is well,"—  
And nothing more was said or seen.

\* Miantonimo was a chief said to have been friendly, tall and cunning. He hunted the forests in this region of country, of which Major Richard Waldron was chief among the whites. Mossup, a brother of Miantonimo, was killed by the Mohawks about twenty miles "above the Piscataqua," and was buried by Major Waldron. Major Waldron was afterwards cruelly murdered by the Indians in his own house and within his own garrison, at Cocheco, now Dover, on the night of June 27, 1689.

## CLARA.

Here on this hill she wandered in her childhood,  
 Briefly to dance sweet summer days along ;  
 While oft, in flowery vale or waving wildwood,  
 She blest the blue-bird with her little song.  
 Now bends the cypress, weeping limb and boughs ;  
 Sad night comes down to lave the leaf with tears ;  
 Soft gentle zephyrs sigh their wonted vows  
 Unto the love of life's departed years.

Ten thousand days' bright dawn shall beam upon it,  
 Ten thousand nights' sweet stars shall come with care ;  
 Ten thousand wild-birds' lovely warbling on it,  
 Shall bring oblations to my Clara fair.  
 Earth's lengthened years are little in His sight,  
 Who rolls the spheres in majesty above ;  
 Whose sun on high is but a candle-light,  
 To lead frail mortals to a throne of love.

---

 Sarah R. Barnes.

Mrs. Barnes was a daughter of Hon. Richard H. Ayer. Her native town was Woksett. She resided in Manchester, and died there in 1872. On revisiting her five hills she composed the first poem here given. It was written in the morning of a Fourth of July.

---

 OUR MOUNTAIN HOMES.

The glad, green earth, beneath our feet,  
 The blue, bright heaven is greeting ;  
 And voiceless praise is rising up,  
 Responsive to the meeting ;  
 Yet wherefore wakes a scene like this  
 The warm heart's wild emotion ?  
 The slave may boast a home as bright,  
 Beyond the pathless ocean.

Why do we love our mountain land ?  
 The murmuring of her waters ?  
 Italia's clime is far more bland,  
 More beautiful her daughters !  
 Why pine we for our native skies ?  
 Our cloud-encircled mountains ?  
 The hills of Spain as proudly rise,  
 As freshly burst her fountains.

Alas for mount or classic stream,  
 By deathless memories haunted,



For there oppression unrebuked,  
His iron foot hath planted ;  
The curse is on her vine-clad hills,  
'Tis rife upon her waters,  
But doubly deep upon her sons,  
And on her dark-eyed daughters.

Go fling a fetter o'er the mind, .  
And bid the heart be purer ;  
Unnerve the warrior's lifted arm  
And bid his aim be surer.  
Go bid the weary, prisoned bird  
Unfurl her powerless pinion,  
But ask not of the mind to brook  
The despot's dark dominion.

Why turn we to our mountain homes  
With more than filial feeling ?  
'Tis here that Freedom's altars rise,  
And Freedom's sons are kneeling.  
Why sigh we not for softer climes ?  
Why cling to that which bore us ?  
'Tis here we tread on Freedom's soil,  
With Freedom's sunshine o'er us.

This is her home—this is her home,  
The dread of the oppressor ;  
And this her hallowed birth-day is,  
And millions rise to bless her.  
'Tis joy's high sabbath ; grateful hearts  
Leap gladly in their fountains,  
And bless our God who fixed the home  
Of freedom in the mountains.

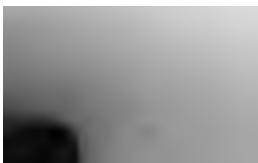
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#### FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

Farewell to New England, the land of my birth,  
To the home of my father, the hall, and the hearth ;  
To the beings beloved, who have gladdened with light  
Life's perilous path—be their own ever bright.

And O, when the exile is present in thought,  
Be the fond recollection with happiness fraught ;  
Remember, remember, but not to deplore,  
Remember in smiles, or remember no more !

I go to the land of the myrtle and vine,  
Where beauty is wreathing the pillar and shrine ;



ere fairy-like feet are repelling the sod,  
 d the incense of Nature is breathing to God.

grave will be made where the winter is not,  
 d the sun of the south may illumine the spot ;  
 ll gild and will gladden the place of my rest,  
 parting in death what in life I loved best.

at smile all unclouded when others are frown,  
 ight, beautiful Nature ! that smile is thine own ;  
 glory above all the glories of earth,  
 e glory that woke when the morning had birth.

### Moody Currier.

Currier was born in Boscawen, April 22, 1806. At an early age his par-  
 ved to Bow where his early years were passed on a farm. He fitted for  
 Hopkinton Academy, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1834. He taught  
 Concord, and, in company with Asa Fowler, edited the New Hampshire  
 Gazette. He was afterwards principal of the Hopkinton Academy, and  
 incipal of the High School at Lowell, Mass. In 1841 he removed to Man-  
 where he has since continued to reside. At Hopkinton and Lowell he  
 aw and was admitted to the Bar, and became a law partner of Geo. W.  
 until 1843, when he continued the practice of law independently until 1848.  
 ar the Amoskeag Bank was organized, and he became cashier. From  
 e present time he has been connected with banking institutions, and be-  
 held many offices of trust and responsibility in the state. A volume of  
 was published by John B. Clarke in 1881.

### ALL THINGS CHANGE.

The fairest blossom of the spring,  
 Though beautiful and gay,  
 The gaudy insect's gilded wing,  
 Must quickly pass away.

The star of beauty shines on high,  
 Whilst o'er the mountain's height,  
 It climbs the dusky-bosomed sky,  
 Amid the lamps of night.

That star of beauty must decay,—  
 Its course will soon be run ;  
 The heavens and earth will pass away,  
 When once their work is done.

There is a realm of endless day,  
 Where love shall never end ;  
 There is a life without decay,  
 Where kindred souls shall blend.

There is a boundless space above ;  
 To loving souls 'tis given,  
 To live a life of endless love,  
 A life of endless heaven.

## OCTOBER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COPPEL.

Before that the heavens in winter are veiled.  
 Before that the streamlets shall close.  
 Let us list to the song of the last singing bird ;  
 Let us look on the last blooming rose.

October still gives us a moment to gaze,  
 Whilst Nature's in glory arrayed :  
 Its mantle of purple, its forests of gold,  
 Are beauties that wither and fade.

Such beautiful charms will not always endure ;  
 Yet in spite of the tempests that lower,  
 We may still have a moment to linger in hope :  
 Let us seize on the fugitive hour.

Oh, then, let us build our last house in a land  
 Where the skies are all bright and serene ;  
 Where never the cold chills of winter are known,  
 Where the fields and the forests are green.

---

ON RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GRISSET.

O day of sweet recovering health !  
 Bright hours of joyful mirth !  
 It is a ray of heavenly life ;  
 A new restoring birth.  
 What pleasures kindle in my breast  
 To view the purple curtained west,  
 As twilight fades away.  
 The meanest object strikes my view ;  
 To me the universe is new,  
 And all is fair and gay.

The dewy, verdant groves among,  
 When golden morn appears,  
 The wakeful linnet's matin song  
 With transport strikes my ears ;  
 A thousand sights now meet my eye,  
 Which oft had passed unheeded by,  
 But now their charms I see.  
 Sweet sights to vulgar eyes unseen,  
 With winning look and gentle mien,  
 Are ever new to me.



## THE INDIANS.

By the banks of a stream on the mountain side,  
Where swift o'er the rocks the bright waters glide,  
Is a hillock of earth enveloped in shade,  
Where the red warrior's bones in their blankets are laid.

There the song of the wood-bird is heard in the spring;  
There the young foxes bark and the cat-birds sing;  
There the pine and the beech trees their dark shadows spread,  
While their roots clasp the soil that envelopes the dead.

But their children have gone where the sun sinks to rest,  
And the smoke of their wigwams is seen in the west;  
But their strength and their beauty are fading away  
As the twilight of evening at the close of the day.

Soon the last of their race will be lost to our sight,  
And their sun will go down in the darkness of night;  
But the white man will dwell where their cabins have stood,  
And turn up the soil that was wet with their blood.

As the months and the years in their course shall roll on,  
Our children will ask for the race that is gone;  
But their mounds and their graves will be lost to our sight,  
And their story be shrouded in fable and night.

And so shall the tribes of the earth fade away;  
And race after race shall rise and decay;  
But the heavens and the earth shall eternal remain,  
And God in His works forever shall reign.

---

Ephraim Peabody.

Rev. Ephraim Peabody was born in Wilton in 1807, and educated at Bowdoin College, graduating in 1827. He became a Unitarian clergyman, and in 1846 was settled over King's Chapel, Boston, where he preached acceptably for ten years. He died in 1886.

---

WEST'S PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

In childhood's spring—ah! blessèd Spring!  
(As flowers closed up at even,  
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,)  
The heart unfolds to heaven.  
Ah! blessèd child! that trustingly  
Adores, and loves, and fears,  
And to a Father's voice replies,  
Speak Lord! thy servant hears.

When youth shall come—ah! blessèd youth!  
If still the pure heart glows,  
And in the world and word of God,  
Its maker's language knows;  
If in the night and in the day,  
Midst youthful joys or fears,  
The trusting heart can answer still,  
Speak, Lord! thy servant hears.

When age shall come—ah! blessèd age!  
If in its lengthening shade,  
When life grows faint, and earthly lights  
Recede, and sink, and fade;  
Ah! blessèd age! if then heaven's light  
Dawns on the closing eye;  
And faith unto the call of God,  
Can answer, Here am I!

---

#### THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away! away!—our fires stream bright  
Along the frozen river,  
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light  
On the forest branches quiver;  
Away, away, for the stars are forth,  
And on the pure snows of the valley,  
In giddy trance the moonbeams dance;  
Come let us our comrades rally.

Away, away, o'er the sheeted ice,  
Away, away, we go;  
On our steel-bound feet we move as fleet  
As deer o'er the Lapland snow.  
What though the sharp north winds are out,  
The skater heeds them not;  
Midst the laugh and shout of the joyous rout  
Gray winter is forgot.

'Tis a pleasant sight, the joyous throng  
In the light of the reddening flame,  
While with many a wheel on the ringing steel  
They rage their riotous game:  
And though the night-air cutteth keen,  
And the white moon shineth coldly,  
Their homes I ween, on the hills have been;  
They should breast the strong blast boldly.

Let others choose more gentle sports,  
 By the side of the winter's hearth,  
 Or at the ball, or the festival,  
 Seek for their share of mirth;  
 But as for me, away, away,  
 Where the merry skaters be;  
 Where the fresh wind blows, and the smooth ice glows,  
 There is the place for me.

### James Breman.

James Breman was a native of Rockingham county, born in 1806. At the age of years he lost his parents by death, and was taken by a kind-hearted old lady cared for him till his fifteenth year, when he went to live in another family, where he could attend school. Subsequently he learned the carpenter's trade, and, a few years, went to New Orleans, where, soon after his arrival, he fell a victim to yellow fever. In 1844 an account of his life, with a selection from his poems, was published in The New Hampshire Magazine.

### STANZAS.

Life's joys are all a hollow show,  
 Like fruits that gild the Dead Sea waste,  
 And tempting to the pilgrim grow,  
 Yet fall in ashes on the taste.

And erring man, a pilgrim here,  
 Still onward, hoping, driven,  
 Soon finds that all that's loved and dear  
 To darkness leads, like shades of even.

And false the dazzling, flickering flame  
 That shoots from Fame's proud, dizzy height;  
 And Mammon's wand, Ambition's aim,  
 But dazzles to deceive the sight;

And Friendship's tear, and Beauty's bloom,  
 Deceptive shine, deceptive flow;  
 And Hope's delusive dreams illumine  
 To leave a deeper shade of woe.

And Love, false Love, the syren sings,  
 And timid Virtue lifts her eye,  
 Yet woos her but to deal his stings,  
 Then leaves the flower to fade and die.

Oh! false as fair, as fleeting too,  
 And changing as the hues of even,  
 Is every earthly charm we view—  
 "There's nothing true but Heaven."

**Thomas P. Moses.**

Thomas P. Moses was born in Portsmouth, February 17, 1808. He was a teacher of music. His death occurred in his native city, November 22, 1881.

**TO A MINIATURE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.**

Jewel more dear than pearls or gold,  
Bright impress of the loved and lost!  
Thee to my bosom will I fold,  
While on life's changeful sea I'm tossed.

Dear image of a soul refined!  
There's inspiration in thine eyes;  
And on those lips seem whispers kind,  
Like soothing music from the skies.

I gaze upon thy features fair,  
Till fancy paints a breathing glow:  
Thy smile then dissipates my care,  
And frees my breast from every woe.

Thy voice seems raised in seraph song,  
And sweetly echoes in mine ear:  
O heart! deem not my fancy wrong;  
Still would I dream that voice I hear.

**Eunice Kimball Daniels.**

Eunice Kimball True was born in Plainfield. She was educated at Kimball Union Academy, three years, ending in 1828, and in Aug. 1830 was married to William H. Daniels. She died in her native town, June 16, 1841. A volume of her poems was published in 1843.

**THE FIRST FLOWER.**

Ere melts the dews in liquid showers,  
Or trees their vernal robes renew,  
The first-born of the race of flowers  
Spreads to the sky its answering blue.

Born of the sun's first genial kiss,  
That woos to love the chaste, cold earth;  
Sweet bud of hope, a nameless bliss  
Thrills the warm heart to hail thy birth.

I find thee in the leafless wild,  
Beside the snow-wreath blossoming,  
As Winter in his dotage mild,  
Would ape the brighter robe of Spring.  
Or the soft south, in wayward mood,  
While loitering by the rocky cleft,

Amid its dreary solitude  
 This frail and sweet memorial left.  
 No warbler of the glades is near,  
 No scented shrub nor floweret fair;  
 But glittering flake and ice-pearl clear,  
 Thy chill and mute companions are.  
 But the same power ordained thy birth,  
 And tinged thy soft, cerulean eye,  
 That poised in space this mighty earth,  
 And hung its quenchless lamps on high.  
 And in each cup, each tinted grace,  
 Each leaf thy mossy stem uprears,  
 The moulding of that hand I trace,  
 That fashioned in their pride the spheres.  
 Yet art thou frail, thy transient hour  
 Of bloom and beauty will be o'er,  
 Ere spring shall dress the green-wood bower,  
 And spread her bright voluptuous store.  
 Even now thy hues are in their wane,  
 Thou first-born of the race of flowers;  
 Go, thou shalt bloom on earth again,  
 Unlike the loved and lost of ours.

### Hugh Moore.

Moore, a self-educated man, and a printer, was born in Amherst, Nov. 19, 1828, for a while, he published *Time's Mirror*, a weekly newspaper, in . . . The next year he began the publication of the *Democratic Spy*, in San- . . . which was removed to Gilford and discontinued in June the same year. afterwards editor of the *Burlington Sentinel*, and at one time connected Custom House in Boston. He died in Amherst, February 13, 1887.

### SPRING IS COMING.

Every breeze that passes o'er us,  
 Every stream that leaps before us,  
 Every tree in sylvan brightness  
 Bending to the soft winds' lightness;  
 Every bird and insect humming  
 Whispers sweetly, "Spring is coming!"  
 Rouse thee, boy! the sun is beaming  
 Brightly in thy chamber now;  
 Rouse thee, boy! nor slumber dreaming  
 Of sweet maiden's eye and brow.



See ! o'er Nature's wide dominions,  
 Beauty revels as a bride ;  
 All the plumage of her pinions  
 In the rainbow's hues are dyed !

Gentle maiden, vainly weeping  
 O'er some loved and faithless one ;  
 Rouse thee ! give thy tears in keeping  
 To the glorious morning sun !  
 Roam thou where the flowers are springing,  
 Where the whirling stream goes by ;  
 Where the birds are sweetly singing  
 Underneath a blushing sky !

Rouse thee, hoary man of sorrow !  
 Let thy grief no more subdue ;  
 God will cheer thee on the morrow,  
 With a prospect ever new.  
 Though you now weep tears of sadness,  
 Like a withered flower bedewed ;  
 Soon thy heart will smile in gladness  
 With the holy, just and good.

Frosty Winter, cold and dreary,  
 Totters to the arms of Spring,  
 Like the spirit, sad and weary,  
 Taking an immortal wing.  
 Cold the grave to every bosom,  
 As the Winter's keenest breath ;  
 Yet the buds of joy will blossom  
 Even in the vale of death.

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#### TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,  
 When hope's fairy pictures bright colors display !  
 How sweet when we can from futurity borrow  
 A balm for the griefs that afflict us to-day !

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish  
 For health, and the comfort it brings on its wing,  
 Let me hope, (oh how soon it would lessen my anguish,)   
 That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,  
 Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings will cease ;  
 That, at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,  
 I shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

Or, when from the friends of my heart long divided,  
The fond expectation, with joy how replete !  
That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,  
To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labor, each other succeeding,  
With hurry and toil have my spirits oppress,  
What pleasure to think as the last is receding,  
To-morrow will be a Sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,  
When life is fast fleeting and death is in sight,  
The Christian, believing, excelling, expiring,  
Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight.

But the infidel, then, surely sees no to-morrow,  
Yet he knows that his moments are hasting away :  
Poor wretch ! can he feel, without heart-rending sorrow,  
That his prospect of joy will die with to-day ?

#### MIDNIGHT.

Serene the sky, the beauteous moon  
In solitude pursues her way ;  
The warbling note, the plaintive tune,  
Are destined only for the day :  
The twinkling stars in beauty shine,  
Prerogative of things divine !

How calm the scene—no mystic wreath  
Obscures the azure sky ;  
The passing air is but a breath,  
That's breathed from on high,  
With Nature's various charms combined  
To raise to rapturous thoughts the mind.

Oh ! 'tis an hour when man discerns,  
And ruminates alone ;  
Perhaps, ere on its axle turns  
The earth, our lives are gone.  
And then, alas ! all, all is gloom,—  
Religion visits not the tomb !

#### Mary Wilkins Spaulding.

Mrs. Spaulding was born in Harvard, Mass., January 20, 1809. She went with her parents, Josiah and Elizabeth Taylor to reside in Temple in 1819, and subsequently married Jacob S. Spaulding of that town. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, and singing was his profession. He became principal of Barre academy in Vermont. Mrs. Spaulding died Sept. 22, 1881, soon after her husband's death.

## WHY SHOULD WE CLING TO EARTH.

Why should we cling to earth  
 When all its ties are breaking?  
 Why should we trust its joys  
 When every heart is aching?  
 What can avail its richest wreath  
 To heal the bosom rent with grief.

Why should we cling to earth?  
 A tangled web it's weaving  
 Around our eager hearts,  
 Still smiling and deceiving;  
 Each rising morn with magic sway,  
 Deludes again but to betray.

Why should we cling to earth?  
 Friends one by one are dying,  
 Hope's golden pinions crushed,  
 And heaven-eyed pity flying;  
 Peace o'er her faded olive weeps,  
 And Justice on her tribune sleeps.

Ah! cling not thou to earth!  
 Love on its breast is bleeding,  
 Within its cherished bowers  
 The worm of death is feeding,  
 Turn, mortal, turn thy weary eye  
 From earth's dark shades to rest on high.

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**Edmund Burke.**

Edmund Burke was born in Westminster, Vermont, January 23, 1800. He became a lawyer at the age of twenty-one, and practised in Colebrook, and afterwards in Whitefield. He went to Claremont in 1833, and was editor of *The Argus*. In 1834 he removed with his paper to Newport, where it was united with *The Spectator*. He was member of Congress in 1839, and Commissioner of Patents in 1845. He returned to Newport in 1849, and resided there till his death, Jan. 25, 1863.

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 IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

Oh! if my love were yon bright flower,  
 With perfumes rising on the air,  
 And I myself a tiny bee,  
 To nestle in its petals fair.—  
 Ah! there in rapturous joys I'd live,  
 And revel in her nectar'd charms,  
 And there a sweeter bliss I'd take  
 Than Cupid's self in Psyche's arms.

Oh ! were my love yon fleecy cloud,  
 That, graceful, floats in yonder sky,  
 And I myself a sunbeam bright,  
 To warm and glow as she flies by,—  
 Ah ! there, from dewy morn till eve,  
 I'd wanton in each mazy fold,  
 And take my fill of sweet delight,  
 And bathe her form in liquid gold.

Oh ! were my love yon crystal stream  
 That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,  
 And I a flower upon its brink,  
 To bow and lave my weary head,—  
 Ah ! there, the live-long day and night,  
 I'd kiss and quaff her sparkling wave,  
 And on her bosom soft I'd sigh  
 To drown me in so sweet a grave.

### Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, a Unitarian clergyman, was born in Boston, June 18, 1809. He graduated at Columbia College, D. C., in 1826, and entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., the same year. From 1830 to 1837 he preached at Augusta, Georgia, and from 1845 to 1853 in Nashua, when he removed to Boston. A volume of his poems was published in 1834.

#### LINES ON VISITING TALLULAH FALLS, GEORGIA.

The forest, Lord, is thine ;  
 Thy quickening voice calls forth its buds to light ;  
 Its thousand leaflets shine  
 Bathed in thy dews, and in thy sunbeams bright.

Thy voice is on the air,  
 Where breezes murmur through the pathless shades ;  
 Thy universal care  
 These awful deserts as a spell pervades.

Father, these rocks are thine,  
 Of Thee the everlasting monument,  
 Since at thy glance divine,  
 Earth trembled and her solid hills were rent.

Thine is the flashing wave,  
 Poured forth by thee from its rude mountain urn,  
 And thine yon secret cave,  
 Where haply, gems of orient lustre burn.

I hear the eagle scream ;  
 And not in vain his cry ! Amid the wild

Thou hearest ! Can I deem  
Thou wilt not listen to thy human child ?

God of the rock and flood,  
In this deep solitude I feel thee nigh.  
Almighty, wise and good,  
Turn on thy suppliant child a parent's eye.

Guide through life's vale of fear  
My placid current, from defilement free,  
Till, seen no longer here,  
It finds the ocean of its rest in thee.

#### HYMN FOR SABBATH MORNING WORSHIP.

|                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Lord, in this sacred hour   | Thy temple is the arch      |
| Within thy courts we bend,  | Of yon unmeasured sky ;     |
| And bless thy love, and own | Thy Sabbath, the stupendous |
| thy power,                  | march                       |
| Our Father and our Friend.  | Of thine eternity.          |

|                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| But thou art not alone        | Lord, may that holier day    |
| In courts by mortals trod ;   | Dawn on thy servants' sight  |
| Nor only is the day thine own | And purer worship may we pay |
| When man draws near to God.   | In heaven's unclouded light. |

#### Milton Ward.

Rev. Milton Ward was probably born in Hanover in 1808. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1825, and in 1829, at the Medical Department of the same college. He became a Congregational minister, and in 1834 was ordained as pastor of the church in Hillsborough. He died in 1874. In 1835 a volume of his poems was published under the title of "Poetic Effusions." "The Lyre" is said to have been written when the author was sixteen years of age.

#### THE LYRE.

There was a lyre, 'tis said, that hung  
High waving in the summer air ;  
An angel hand its chords had strung,  
And left to breathe its music there.  
Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew,  
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain  
Than ever shell of mermaid blew  
In choral grottos of the main.  
When, springing from the rose's bell,  
Where all night he had sweetly slept,  
The zephyr left the flowery dell

Bright with the tears that morning wept,  
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre  
Waved lightly his soft, azure wing ;  
What touch such music could inspire !  
What harp such lays of joy could ring !  
The murmurs of the shaded rills,  
The birds, that sweetly warbled by,  
And the soft echo from the hills  
Were heard not where that heart was nigh.  
When the last light of fading day,  
Along the bosom of the west,  
In colors softly mingled, lay,  
While night had darken'd all the rest,  
Then, softer than that fading light,  
And sweeter than the lay that rung  
Wild through the silence of the night,  
As solemn Philomela sung,  
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed  
Along the dewy breeze of even ;  
So clear and soft they swelled and died  
They seemed the echoed songs of heaven.  
Sometimes, when all the air was still,  
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,  
That harp was nightly heard to trill  
With tones no earthly tones resembled.  
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,  
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,  
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams  
Would oft around the wild harp play.  
But soon the bloom of summer fled,  
In earth and air it shone no more :  
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,  
While skies their wintry sternness wore.  
One day, loud blew the northern blast,—  
The tempest's fury raged along ;  
Oh ! for some angel, as they passed,  
To shield the harp of heavenly song !  
It shrieked—how could it bear the touch,  
The cold rude touch of such a storm,  
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much  
Sometimes, though always light and warm !  
It loudly shrieked—but ah ! in vain ;  
The savage wind more fiercely blew ;  
Once more—it never shrieked again,  
For every chord was torn in two.  
It never thrilled with anguish more,

Though beaten by the wildest blast ;  
 The pang, that thus its bosom tore,  
 Was dreadful—but it was the last.  
 And though the smiles of summer played  
 Gently upon its shattered form,  
 And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,  
 That lyre they could not wake nor warm.

### John H. Warland.

John H. Warland, was a native of Cambridge, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard College. He studied theology but never was ordained as a preacher. He removed to Claremont and was editor of the *National Eagle* for seven years from its commencement. Leaving Claremont he went to Manchester and was editor of the *American*. Subsequently he removed to Lowell, Mass., and was editor of the *Journal*. From that city he removed to Boston and became connected with the *Atlas*. He was insane the last twenty years of his life, and died at an asylum in Taunton, Mass. He published a volume entitled "The Plume," containing prose and poetry. Mr. Warland was a man of keen sensibilities, and an able writer. The loss of his young and beloved wife, while living in Claremont, seemed to cast a shade over his after life. He was a good poet, as will be seen by the poems here presented.

### SUMMER.

Welcome, sweet summer, to the earth once more,  
 To the bright rivers and the woodland bowers ;  
 No bride such gay and brilliant robes e'er wore,  
 When love and beauty graced her bridal hours,  
 As thou, while lawn and hill thou trippest o'er,  
 Braiding thy chaplet of young leaves and flowers.  
 Earth owns thy beauty as with step of pride  
 Thou comest now, so like a blooming bride.

Sweet daises line the margin of the rills,  
 The mountain brooks and the broad inland streams ;  
 Violets bloom upon the verdant hills  
 With thousands tints, in summer's glorious beams ;  
 The blue-bird at thy coming early trills  
 His song, and goldfinch shows the brilliant gleams  
 Of his gay plumage, as he sends his note  
 Warbled to thee in sweetness from his throat.

The trees for thee put on their dress of green,  
 Their silken tresses and their coronals  
 Of blossoms, and new buds, when thou art seen  
 Robed like a fairy in her princely halls ;  
 The wild flower springeth where thy step hath been,  
 And on thy path a wreath of roses falls,  
 Strewn there to give thee all their sweet perfume,  
 As thou didst pass in thy young virgin bloom.

And thou art welcome, were it but to hear  
New England's pride, the robin, sing his song ;  
His old familiar perch, the garden near,  
He seeks at dawn, and trills his music long ;  
The old man wakes, and knows his notes, so dear  
And sweet his old remembrances among ;  
Ere yet his window lets in morning's beams,  
How oft that song hath broke upon his dreams !

Thou sweet, midsummer breeze ! how welcome thou  
To earth and all her living things once more ;  
Viewless, yet felt, there's healing with thee now  
As the sick couch at eve thou breathest o'er ;  
And thou art welcome to the healthy brow,  
Delightful voyager ! welcome to the shore—  
Thy summer bark skims lightly o'er the sea,  
With freight more precious than rich argosy.

The student feels thee in his smoky cell,  
As o'er the page he bends, so pale and weak,  
His eye chained down as if beneath a spell ;  
He feels thee gently coming to the cheek,  
Fresh bloom to bring, and weariness dispel,  
Kissing his brow, and wooing him to seek  
The forest path, the cove and breezy rivers,  
Ere yet the sunbeam on the mountain quivers.

At morn the grey old man doth leave his home,  
And lean upon his staff to feel thee blow—  
He bares his forehead now, as thou dost come  
And part the hoary locks from off his brow—  
How sweet to him ! he blesses thee as some  
Kind, watching spirit, sent to spread the glow  
Of youth's bright tint his cheeks and temples o'er,  
And kindle youth's pure feelings up once more.

The virgin seeks her summer bower for thee  
To sport thy fingers with her tresses fair ;  
She feels thy cool breath to her cheeks come free,  
And in sweet dalliance wave her flowing hair ;  
Thou stealst sweet perfume from the blooming tree,  
Kisest her cheek and spreadest crimson there.  
Delicious breeze ! she hails thee to her bower,  
And woos thy coming in soft evening hour.

But thou, with all thy glorious scenes, wilt fall  
Into the tomb of Autumn, and wilt die.



O'er thee, as shrouded in thy dreary pall  
The cold and piercing winter wind will sigh,  
Each year shalt thou come forth again, till all  
Earth's seasons die—so to eternity,  
Triumphant from the chambers of the tomb,  
Man will rise radiant with celestial bloom.

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### THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl,  
I asked for her as some most precious thing ;  
For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring,  
Till set with this soft pearl !  
The shadow that time brought forth I could not see ;  
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me !

Oh ! many a soft old tune  
I used to sing unto that deafened ear,  
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,  
Lest she might wake too soon ;  
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay.  
Ah ! needless care ! I might have let them play.

'Twas long ere I believed  
That this one daughter might not speak to me ;  
Waited and watched—God knows how patiently !  
How willingly deceived.  
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,  
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh ! if she could but hear  
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach  
To call me mother, in the broken speech  
That thrills the mother's ear !  
Alas ! those sealed lips never may be stirred  
To the deep music of that holy word !

My heart it sorely tries,  
To see her kneel with such a reverent air  
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer ;  
Or lift those earnest eyes  
To watch our lips as though our words she knew,  
Then move her own, as she was speaking, too.

I've watched her looking up  
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,  
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,

That I could almost hope  
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,  
And the long pent up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,  
The chorus of the breezes, streams and groves,  
All the grand music to which Nature moves,  
Are wasted melody  
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;  
While even silence has its charms destroyed.

Her face is very fair;  
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould  
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold  
Ripples her shining hair.  
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,  
For He who made it keeps the master key.

Wills He the mind within  
Should from earth's Babel clamor be kept free,  
E'en that His still, small voice and step might be  
Heard, at its inner shrine,  
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?  
Then should I grieve? O, murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense  
Of quiet gladness, and in noiseless play;  
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,  
Whose voiceless eloquence  
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear  
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!  
And when his sons are playing merrily,  
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.  
O, at such times, I know,  
By his full eye, and tones subdued and mild,  
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft,  
Even now. How could I say she did not speak?  
What real language lights her eye and cheek,  
And renders thanks to Him who left  
Unto her soul yet open avenues  
For joy to enter, and for love to use!

And God in love doth give  
To her defect a beauty of its own;  
And we a deeper tenderness have known

Through that for which we grieve.  
 Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear;  
 Yea, and my voice shall fill it—but not here.

When that new sense is given  
 What rapture will its first experience be,  
 That never woke to meaner melody  
 Than the rich songs of heaven—  
 To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,  
 While angels touch the ecstasies of sound!

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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES J. FOX.

The scholar's brilliant light is dim,  
 And on his brow Death's signet set:  
 Oh, many an eye that welcomed him,  
 With sorrow's burning tears is wet;  
 His was a noble heart and true—  
 His was the strong and gifted mind;  
 And Fame and Love around him threw  
 Their wreaths, with choicest flowers entwined.

His mind lay like a gem within  
 A fretted and a slender frame,  
 Which oft it buoyed to health again,  
 Unknowing whence the healing came.  
 The jewel through the casket frail,  
 Shone with a clear and perfect ray.  
 As if its light would never pale  
 Before e'en Death's triumphant sway.

He wore away—no lovelier clime  
 With fairy scenes and gentle breeze—  
 The grandeur of the ocean chime,  
 Italia's skies nor India's seas—  
 Not these could brace his wasting frame,  
 Nor home with all its memories dear,  
 But calmly, when the summons came,  
 His soul soared to a brighter sphere.

His was the scholar's gentleness,  
 "The faculty and power divine,"  
 Which leave on all their strong impress,  
 And glow in every thought and line.

Truth found in him a champion,  
 Clad in her armor burnished bright—  
 And error's clouds sank one by one,  
 Before his clear, serener light.

His was the Christian's holiness,  
 Whose beautiful and placid ray  
 Beamed on his soul, its flight to bless  
 Along its bright celestial way—  
 Undimmed in life's long, last eclipse,  
 When love its midnight vigils kept—  
 When pressed to his her pale, pale lips,  
 And gentle eyes above him wept.

Tread lightly, where the scholar sleeps,  
 Within his cold and narrow bed,  
 For one her bridal vigils keeps  
 Above the wept and sainted dead,  
 Tread lightly by his rural tomb,  
 And o'er it plant the gentle flowers,  
 Sweet symbols of his spirit's bloom  
 In a far brighter land than ours.

### Lewis C. Browne.

Rev. Lewis C. Browne was born in Montreal, Canada, March 8, 1810. His parents were natives of Massachusetts. They began their married life in Vermont. Subsequently they sojourned for several years in Montreal. They returned to Vermont when Lewis was but six months old. His boyhood was passed amid the fine scenery of Bennington. While he was but a child his father became insane, and the family of seven children, of which he was the sixth, was broken up and the children scattered, the two younger ones only remaining with the mother, who was a woman of good education and of fine literary tastes and culture. At the age of fourteen he went to Utica, N. Y., to live with his eldest brother. In 1828 he returned to Bennington and began "teaching school and boarding around." This he made his principal occupation till he began to study for the ministry in 1833. His ministry extended through a period of forty years, more than ten of which were spent in Nashua, between 1839 and 1853. Here he built up a large society from very humble beginnings; devoting himself, in the meantime, largely to the interests of common schools, in the positions of Superintending Committee, County School Commissioner, and member of the State Board of Education. He was also one of the original members of the boards of Trustees of Tuft's College and St. Lawrence University. About 1870 he found his sight failing from cataract. Becoming entirely blind in 1875 he discontinued regular ministerial labors, though occasionally preaching *extempore*, memorizing hymns and Scripture readings. He subsequently regained a degree of sight by an operation on one eye. Of his poems here given, "Briers and Berries," which appeared in 1835, has been extensively copied, and has been incorrectly attributed to "An English divine, residing in America." Mr. Browne resides at Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

### BRIERS AND BERRIES.

'T was on a cloudy, gloomy day  
 About the middle of September,  
 If rightly I the date remember—  
 For certainly I cannot say,

When I, astride my pacing gray,  
Was plodding on my weary way  
To spend a night and preach the word  
To people who had never heard  
The Gospel, or to say the least,  
Had never viewed it as "a feast  
Of fat things full of marrow."

In sadness as I rode along  
And crossed the silver Unadilla,  
The robin sung his plaintive song,  
And faintly drooped the fading lily.  
The smoky sky, no longer blue,  
Assumed a dim and dusky gray,  
And autumn o'er my feelings threw  
The coloring of its own decay,  
And I almost forgot the words  
Of Him who preached of flowers and birds—  
The lily and the sparrow.

I had been pondering o'er and o'er  
The trials of the travelling preacher ;  
The heavy burdens that he bore—  
In carrying truth to every creature ;  
His wearied brain and frame worn down  
Emaciated and dyspeptic ;  
The hardened bigot's iron frown ;  
The jest of scoffer and of skeptic ;  
One mocking revelation's page,  
Another ridiculing reason ;  
And the rude storms he must engage  
And all inclemencies of season.

In this despondent, sombre mood  
I rode perhaps a mile or two,  
When lo ! beside the way there stood  
A little girl with eyes of blue,  
Light hair, and lips as red as cherries ;  
And through the briers with much ado  
She wrought her way to pick the berries,  
Quoth I, "My little girl, it seems  
To me you buy your berries dear,  
For down your hand are red blood streams,  
And down your cheek there rolls a tear,"  
"O yes," said she, "but then you know  
There will be briers where berries grow."

These words came home with keen rebuke  
To me, disturbed by petty jostles,  
And brought to mind the things that Luke  
Has written of the old apostles  
Who faced the world without a fear,  
And counted even life not dear.  
And since, from that good hour to this,  
In sunny, dark, or stormy weather,  
I still reflect that woe and bliss  
In life's deep cup are found together.  
Come smiling friend or frowning foe ;  
"There will be briers where berries grow."

#### A SONG OF AGE.

When the sun no longer shines  
Through the distant mountain pines,  
The evening's cooling shadows gather darkly o'er the land,  
For the day we do not weep,  
As the darkness bringeth sleep,  
A healing rest is welcome to the weary brain and hand.

So when life's short day is o'er,  
And we toil and ache no more,  
From wasting care and sorrow find a respite and release,  
Why should mortals make lament  
That the sands of time are spent?  
Nely the decline of life should be a time of peace.

When the autumn of the year  
Shows a landscape dull and drear,  
Thickly clothe the forest ground and birds no longer sing,  
The worn earth is not unblest,  
For tired nature needeth rest,  
Folded in her snowy robe, she slumbereth till spring.

When the bloom of life is lost,  
And we feel the later frost,  
Like the ripened foliage we must wither, fade and fall,  
Let the Christian murmur not,  
But accept the common lot,  
Now resigned and loyal to the law that ruleth all.

Death and night shall pass away,  
Leaving life and cloudless day,  
Through a purer atmosphere shall beam celestial light.  
On that verdant, sunny shore  
Shall be music evermore,  
Nter in that vernal clime, and no autumnal blight.

## TEACHING SCHOOL AND BOARDING AROUND.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime,  
And memory paints anew the scenes  
Afar in the bleak New England clime,  
Though half a century intervenes,  
On a highway corner the school-house stands  
Under an elm tree broad and tall,  
And rollicking children in laughing bands  
Come at the master's warning call.  
They pile together their sleds and skates,  
Hang hats and hoods in the entry-way,  
And gathering pencils, books and slates,  
Diligent study succeeds to play.  
A mountain steam turns a gray stone mill,  
That runs with a low and slumberous sound;  
And there in fancy I wander still,  
Teaching school and boarding around.

Near by is a farmhouse large and square,  
With doors and casements of faded red,  
A stoop that shades from the summer glare,  
And wood well piled in the sheltering shed,  
There's an ancient barn with swallow-holes  
High in the gable, three in a line;  
The lithe bay colt in the deep snow rolls,  
From racks of hay feed the docile kine.  
Closely are huddled the timorous sheep  
As the dails resound on the threshing floor,  
The pilfering poultry stealthily creep  
And silently watch at the open door  
For each stray kernel of shelling grain.  
Full of content was the lot I found  
Among the farm-folk, honest and plain,  
Teaching school and boarding around.

The farmer's table has lavish supplies:  
Chicken and sausage of flavor rare,  
Crullers and cookies and puddings and pies  
Are items rich in the bill of fare.  
The teacher sleeps in a wide, soft bed  
Kept clean for guests in the great spare room,  
With gay chintz curtains over his head,  
And blankets wove in the old hand loom.  
The thrifty wife, ere the break of day,  
Springs from her rest though the morn is cool,

And breakfast ended we haste away  
O'er the shining crust to the district school.  
Here morals are pure and manners sincere,  
And men in church and in state renowned  
Have made the first step in a grand career  
Teaching school and boarding around.

In the moonlight evening long and still  
The youth assemble from many a farm,  
Though the air without is crisp and chill,  
There's a bright wood fire and a welcome warm,  
Walnuts and apples are passed around,  
The hands of the clock get a backward turn,  
Innocent frolic and mirth abound  
Till low in their sockets the candles burn.  
Young men and maidens of artless ways  
Are drawn together in groups like this ;  
Their hands are joined in the rural plays  
And sweet lips meet in the guileless kiss.  
Twin hearts are linked with a golden chain,  
And love with marriage is early crowned.  
How oft in dreams I am there again,  
Teaching school and boarding around.

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### THREESCORE AND TEN.

"Our age to seventy years is set :"  
'Twas so the sacred lyrist sung,  
I've crossed that boundary, and yet  
My inner being seemeth young.

I feel no wrinkles on the heart,  
Time has not chilled the social glow,  
Music and chastened mirth impart  
Their pleasing spell of long ago.

The birds that carol at the dawn,  
The bees that through the clover swarm,  
And children playing on the lawn,  
For me have lost no early charm.

Science, invention, art and song,  
The life and progress of the age,  
The warfare with the false and wrong  
That patriots and Christians wage,

All that promotes the weal of men,  
Or helps them on their upward way,



Attract me at threescore and ten  
As under life's meridian ray.

And though my eye is doubly dim,  
And natural force begins to wane—  
Less strong of arm and lithe of limb—  
Still thought and memory remain.

But early friends of whom I dream,  
Are growing fewer year by year,  
And if I linger I shall seem  
A lone belated stranger here.

The friendly deference I meet  
From younger travellers near and far,  
When crossing o'er the crowded street,  
Or stepping from the halted car,

Reminds me that the Alpine snow  
Has drifted over brow and beard ;  
'Tis sweet to be beloved, I know,  
But solemn thus to be revered.

It tells me that the hour is near,  
Although in love deferred so long,  
When I from earth shall disappear  
And mingle with the silent throng.

But earth will smile as gay and green  
And heaven still shine in gold and blue,  
When I have vanished from the scene,  
And friends will soon their calm renew.

How little good we can achieve  
With all the foils encountered here ;  
Then it were weak and vain to grieve  
When passing to a purer sphere.

New ranks will rush with deed and thought  
To bear the moral standard high ;  
And the small good that I have wrought  
Has taken root and cannot die.

And on this truth I rest my heart ;  
Since all to future life aspire,  
He who implanted will not thwart  
This inborn, deathless, pure desire.



As the long-voyaging Genoese  
To the new world he sought drew near,  
The balm of flowers borne on the breeze  
Came from the land his faith to cheer,—

So when we near the Eden shore,  
Before its hills of light are seen,  
The fragrance of its peace comes o'er  
The narrow sea that flows between.

### James Freeman Clarke.

James Freeman Clarke was born in Hanover, April 4, 1810. He graduated at Harvard College in 1830, and at Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. He was pastor of a society in Louisville, Ky., from 1833 to 1840, when he returned to Boston, where he became highly popular as a preacher. He is author of several volumes of sermons, and is a poet of solid merit.

#### THE SHIP.

Look not for art where idle brows  
Dream distant from the throng,  
But where the rushing stream of men  
Impetuous rolls along;  
Not where the rich with Gothic roofs  
And Doric pillars play,  
But where the tempest sweeps our shores—  
Look out on Boston Bay!

There floats the gem of modern art,  
By no Palladio planned,  
The architecture of the sea,  
Unrivalled on the land.  
The storms have moulded every curve  
To beauty's perfect line,  
The waters rounded every part  
To symmetry divine.

The winds and waves, wild masters they,  
The just proportion taught,  
And with the safety and the speed,  
The Graces came, unsought.  
Can those who built the Parthenon,  
Or Strasburg's Minster, dare  
Their clumsy walls with this fair form  
In beauty to compare?

She sits so stately on the wave,  
So gracefully she bends,

Leans from the breeze, and from her prow  
The rippling music sends ;  
And when the airs come fresh from land,  
Her sails all drawing free,  
She skims so light, with pinions white,  
The darling of the sea !

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TRIFORMIS DIANA.

So pure her forehead's dazzling white,  
So swift and clear her radiant eyes,  
Within the treasure of whose light  
Lay undeveloped destinies,—  
Of thoughts repressed such hidden store  
Was hinted by each fitting smile,  
I could but wonder and adore ;  
Far off, in awe, I gazed the while.

I gazed at her, as at the moon,  
Hanging in lustrous twilight skies,  
Whose virgin crescent, sinking soon,  
Peeps through the leaves before it flies.  
Untouched Diana, flitting dim,  
While sings the wood its evening hymn.

Again we met. O, joyful meeting !  
Her radiance now was all for me,  
Like kindly airs her kindly greeting,  
So full, so musical, so free.  
Within romantic forest aisles,  
Within romantic paths we walked,  
I bathed me in her sister smiles,  
I breathed her beauty as we talked.

So full-orbed Cynthia walks the skies,  
Filling the earth with melodies,  
Even so she condescends to kiss  
Drowsy Endymions, coarse and dull,  
Or fills our waking souls with bliss,  
Making long nights too beautiful.

O, fair but fickle lady-moon,  
Why must thy full form ever wane ?  
O, love ! O, friendship ! why so soon  
Must your sweet light recede again ?  
I wake me in the dead of night,  
And start—for through the misty gloom

Red Hecate stares—a boding sight!—  
Looks in, but never fills my room.

Thou music of my boyhood's hour!  
Thou shining light on manhood's way!  
No more dost thou fair influence shower  
To move my soul by night or day.  
O, strange! that while in hall and street  
Thy hand I touch, thy grace I meet,  
Such miles of polar ice should part  
The slightest touch of mind and heart!  
But all thy love has waned, and so  
I gladly let thy beauty go.

### THE POET.

*Extract from a Phi Beta Kappa Poem delivered in 1846.*

**N**or think the poet's highest task, in our more earnest age,  
**T**o entertain, with silky strain, or fill an album's page;  
**F**or, as the flower precedes the fruit, the fruit attends the seed,  
**S**o poetry, the flower of life, consorts with thought and deed.  
**T**he poet is a warrior, doing battle for his kind—  
**T**he poet is a hero, with a spirit unconfined;  
**A** lyric fount shall burst from earth, and foam out free and far,  
**W**hen great Ideas arm themselves for spiritual war.  
**W**ith noble form and gleaming eye, I see the heroic child,  
**W**ith no low thought polluted, and with spirit undefiled,  
**A**s angel pure, but passionate—a mountain-torrent bold,  
**W**hose leap is like a flashing flame, whose touch is icy cold.  
**H**im, our whole land shall nourish long, him shall all Nature  
teach;  
**T**he melodies of woods and winds shall harmonize his speech;  
**T**he lofty forest's lights and shades and multitude of hues,  
**I**nto his face a sylvan grace shall quietly infuse.  
**T**houghts deep and calm the caves shall lend, where, winding  
dark below,  
**T**hrough many a labyrinthine mile mysteriously they go.  
**T**here ancient Silence, undisturbed, holds her eternal reign—  
**U**nheard, the thunders roll above—unheard, the hurricane.  
**T**he grassy prairie rolling wide, a boundless flowery sea,  
**S**wept by unfettered breezes oft, shall make his soul more free.  
**A**nd where the solemn mountains breathe the chilly morning air,  
**A**nd wreaths of climbing vapor-clouds around their shoulders  
wear,  
**F**ar looking toward the breaking day, bathed in its earliest beam,

While misty night still sleeps below, on valley, wood, and stream,  
His soul shall tower toward God and truth, and catch the first  
bright ray

Which o'er the sleeping nations comes, to wake a nobler day.  
Or where the ocean rushes up, and breaks in shattering shock.  
Deep covering with tumultuous waves the lone outstanding rock;  
Then, baffled by the unyielding foe, falls off and rolls away,  
Along the shore, with sullen roar, defeated of its prey—  
The plainly speaking emblem shall instruct him to oppose  
The firm, calm front of reason, to the passion of his foes.  
Thus armed, and thus accomplished, in him shall be combined  
All energies of thought and heart, all grace of form and mind.  
Then free from selfishness and fear, and ready for the strife,  
He on the battle-ground of truth, shall dedicate his life  
To conflict nobler far than that where through the smoke was seen  
The squadron's charge, while iron death poured down the Palm  
Ravine.

Far worthier shall this battle be, more terrible the blows,  
When thoughts deep-rooted in the mind contend as deadly foes.  
Then fall the ancient dogmas, and the lies long sanctified,  
And frauds, which, throned as customs, have both God and man  
defied—

Such heroes we may hope to see, when from our people's veins  
The brute and savage instincts pass, and but the man remains.

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### Caroline Orne.

Mrs Orne, whose name, previous to marriage, was Chaplin, was a native of Georgetown, Mass. She became the wife of Henry H. Orne, a lawyer, and removed to Wolfeborough. She manifested a taste for writing when young. At ten years of age she wrote stories, and at sixteen a song which was very popular before it was known who wrote it. She died in Bellingham, Mass., June 21, 1883.

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### SABBATH EVENING.

'Tis the eve of the Sabbath; all is so still  
That the wing of the bird, as it flies to its nest,  
Sends forth a low rustle, and sweet murmurs thrill  
On the ear, though the earth and the winds are at rest,  
Like music that flows from the harp's golden strings,  
When swept by some spirit's invisible wings.

Even yonder white cloud, in the fair evening sky,  
Its bosom just tinged with the hue of the rose,  
As it moves, like a fairy sail, noiselessly by,  
Has a look that partakes of the Sabbath's repose;  
But the calm and the stillness, more holy than all,  
Are those o'er the spirit that silently fall.

As the flower, pale and drooping, doth heavenward turn,  
When the day's garish splendor no more meets the eye,  
And while the fresh dewdrops steal into its urn,  
Its perfume gives out to the breeze floating by,  
From our hearts may the incense of praise, this blest hour,  
Flow forth like the fragrance that breathes from the flower,

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THE EXILE.

Dear home of my childhood ! the mem'ries ye bring  
To my heart at this lone hour of night,  
Come soft as if borne on some bird's downy wing,  
Just returned from its heavenward flight.

Bright and holy's the spell o'er my spirit that's thrown,  
As I list the low voice of the wind,  
For in its faint whispers I dream there's a tone,  
Like the voices of friends left behind.

But the spell that so deep o'er my spirit was cast  
Like the mist of the morning is gone,  
And the fairy-like scene that had pictured the past  
From my still longing sight is withdrawn.

Lo ! I turn to the star I so used to love, when  
I watched with dear friends its pure ray—  
O, could I gaze nightly like that on the glen,  
Where I used in my childhood to stray—

See the cottage, mid vines and mid trees peeping out,  
Like a bird in its reed-woven nest,  
And hear the rich laugh, and clear, merry shout  
Of the golden-haired girl I loved best ;

Could I see by her side, those, my other dear friends,  
Whose hearts are all mingled in one,  
As the drop from the skies, with its sister drop blends,  
Till all in the same channel run.

For the home of my childhood no more would I pine,  
When the curtain of night o'er me closes,  
Which beneath the old elm, and the shadowy vine,  
In the heart of the green glen reposes.

Yet, still, like a flower-woven zone, would I bind  
Its memories close round my heart,  
And the cold hand of death alone should unwind  
The links which of life make a part.

## THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When age has cast its shadows  
 O'er life's declining way,  
 When evening twilight gathers  
 Round our retiring day,  
 Then shall we sit and ponder  
 Upon the shadowy past,  
 In the heart's silent chamber  
 The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished  
 Shall come to us once more,  
 And we shall hold communion  
 As in the days of yore.  
 They may be dark and sombre,  
 They may be bright and fair,  
 But the heart will have its chamber,  
 The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters?  
 Who shall be our hearts' guests?  
 How shall it be, my brothers,  
 When life's shadow on us rests?  
 Shall we not mid the silence  
 Hear voices sweet and low,  
 Speak the old familiar language,  
 The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,  
 Sweet smiling as of old,  
 Till mists of that lone chamber  
 Are sunset clouds of gold,  
 When age has cast its shadows  
 O'er life's declining way,  
 And evening twilight gathers  
 Round our retiring day?

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**John Greenleaf Adams.**

Rev. John G. Adams was born in Portsmouth, July 30, 1810. His early training by a religious mother was such that he was not acquainted with the doctrines of the church in which he was afterwards a minister until he was 18. At this age he was a resident at Exeter, and there became a convert to the Universalist faith. His first sermon was preached in Westbrook, Me., January 29, 1832. After preaching and studying most of that year, he removed to Rumney, where he was ordained in June 1833. He worked as a missionary in the northern part of New Hampshire until the autumn of 1836, when he became pastor of the Universalist Church in Claremont; and, after a ministry of fifteen months there, he removed to Malden, Mass., where he had a pastorate of fifteen years. During his residence in New

mpshire he was editor of the "*Star in the East*," a Universalist weekly, issued at record for three and a half years. From Malden he removed to Worcester, Mass., where he ministered seven years; thence to Providence, R. I., where he resided five years; thence to Lowell, Mass., where, after a ministry of six and a half years, he resigned, and was a minister at large during one or two years. For a pastorate of three years in Cincinnati, O., he returned to New England, and settled in his own home at Melrose Highlands, Mass., where he now resides. Here he has had five years of supply preaching in Allston and East Boston. In addition to his constant work as a pastor he has published fifteen volumes of various sizes, besides pamphlets and tracts, and has edited Sunday School periodicals for twenty-two years.

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### GOD'S ANGELS.

God's angels! not only on high do they sing,  
And soar through the skies with invisible wing;  
But here, on the earth, where in wretchedness lie  
Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die,

They come, in their mercy and power, to dispel  
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's cell;  
In love's name to say to the stricken one there,  
That God still will hear and give answer to prayer.

And strong grows the heart of the outcast, and soon  
In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams of noon;  
The resolve and the faith of the sinner forgiven  
Send him back to the world with a heart seeking heaven.

God's angels! Love speed them o'er earth's wide domain,  
New aids to impart, and new triumphs to gain;  
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world shall retire,  
And humanity's groans in her praises expire.

For the promise of truth, though the doubting deny,  
Is that love shall prevail in the earth as on high,  
Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,  
With the angels above, or the angels below.

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### HEAVEN HERE.

Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness  
Cheer the true believer's way,  
In this world where sin and sadness  
Often change to night our day.

Heaven is here; where misery lightened  
Of its heavy load is seen,  
Where the face of sorrow brightened  
By the deed of love hath been.



Where the bound, the poor, despairing  
Are set free, supplied and blest,  
Where, in others' anguish sharing,  
We can find our surest rest.

Where we heed the voice of duty  
Rather than man's praise or rod ;  
This is heaven, its peace, its beauty,  
Radiant with the smile of God.

### STRIVE TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

Strive to make the world better :—this, this is the duty  
Proclaimed to each mortal in truth every hour ;  
Call not its wrong, right,—its deformity, beauty :  
In the midst of its weakness, remember God's power.  
And, though in a minute no wrong can be righted,  
Think not of contentment with just what you see :  
The world needs repentance, where souls are so blighted ;  
And what it is now is not what it must be !

“Take the world as it is.” To be sure, if such taking  
Will win you the heart of a brother, or lend  
A soft word or kind look that shall, haply, be making  
Some ruin-bound pilgrim his life-ways amend,  
If to praise it shall call thee, or suffering, or prayer,  
To discipline such as may strengthen thy heart,—  
Be thankful for this, every way, but beware  
Lest thy world-taking lesson be learned but in part ?

“Take the world as it is.” So the world's honored sages  
Of many a clime have consented and taught :  
So walked with mankind the true Guide of all ages ;  
So lived his apostles, and labored and wrought,—  
Yet not to be easy with present attainments,  
Assenting to evil in lullaby song,  
But, rather, to startle, with Truth's strong arraignments,  
The victims of sin and the lovers of wrong !

“Take the world as it is.” How the slothful and sleeping  
Have ever consented these words to obey !  
Conservator dolt's still their sluggish steps keeping,  
And fearing the angel Reform in their way !  
The selfish observer of manners and men,  
Who would never offend by his arrant fault-finding,  
Provided his own ends are answered — and then,  
All the world is but good, and its faults not worth minding !

Strive to make the world better! How true to this aim  
 Have the heroes of Right kept their way in the past:  
 'Mid the world's accusations, through dungeon and flame,  
 Abroad have the seeds of their greatness been cast!  
 And we have the harvest,—their word have we, too,  
 That the seed-time for us is to-day! Let it be  
 That the world we now have, though so goodly to view,  
 Is not that improved one to-morrow shall see!

### Esther Walden Barnes.

Miss Barnes is a native, and has been all her life a resident, of Portsmouth. Her father was by birth a Swede, the only son of an officer in the Swedish army. He was born in 1776 in Gottenburg, Sweden, and from that memorable year, seemed to have imbibed a love for, and a longing to see America. On his arrival in this country, in early youth, he was persuaded by a clergyman, with whom he was a great favorite, to change his name from Ludwlg Baarnhielm to Lewis Barnes, for greater convenience in pronunciation. In 1800 he became a resident of Portsmouth, where he was long a shipping merchant, much respected in the community, and identified with all the interests of the place. His name was a synonym for truth, honor and integrity. The mother of Miss Barnes was of remote English descent. She was born in 1783. Both parents were patriotic to an unusual degree. Her father never wearied of reading the lives of our revolutionary heroes, always declaring that they were men inspired with supernatural power for that emergency, and raised up by the Almighty for the salvation of our country. Miss Barnes has published, in papers, annuals, and magazines, a considerable amount of prose and verse, all of a very creditable character. She has also published several volumes for the young.

#### FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Rest, heroes rest! all conflicts now are ended,  
 Rest, with the martyr's crown upon each brow:  
 While grateful hearts and loving hands are trailing  
 Flowers of the summer o'er the green turf now.  
 Fresh is the memory of your deeds of daring,  
 Oh, bold, brave hearts! that rest beneath the sod;  
 And we will keep it fresh, with floral incense,—  
 A spring-time offering of the gifts of God;  
 Rest, warriors rest.

Ye cannot die, while yet your memory liveth,  
 Unseen, where sacred thoughts are set apart;  
 Nor can your names from out Time's record perish  
 While they are written on a nation's heart!  
 Your blood has washed from off our country's banner,  
 The deep, dark stain of Slavery's cruel wrong:  
 And now, "the stars and stripes" more fitly symbol  
 The "land of freedom" breathed in verse and song.  
 Rest, heroes rest!

Your lives you've laid upon your country's altar,—  
 A bleeding sacrifice, by land and sea—  
 And we shall never let the memory perish,  
 Of deeds deserving immortality.

The roll of drum, the bugle-note, the clarion,  
 No more shall call you to the field of strife;  
 But this "Memorial Day," to future ages,  
 Shall tell how Liberty was bought with Life!  
 Rest, patriots, rest!

### EASTER CAROL.

'Tis "of thine own we give Thee," gracious God!  
 Flowers of the spring-time! offerings from the sod.  
 Tinted by thine own hand, with rainbow dyes,  
 Or with the gold and blue of sunset skies;  
 Of all earth's boundless gifts, to Thee we bring  
 Nought that is holier, as an offering.

Oh! glorious symbols of the Easter morn!  
 Out of decay, and death, and darkness born:  
 Springing to light and life, from out the tomb  
 Of nature's desolation, sadness, gloom;  
 Ye come, sweet flowers! with fragrance pure and rare,  
 To blend your incense with the breath of prayer.

Christ hath arisen, "with healing in His wings."  
 Ye have arisen, O, bright and beauteous things!  
 To tell us of that resurrection morn,  
 When we, immortal, from the grave new born,  
 With bodies glorified, to life shall rise,  
 And meet the Saviour in the bending skies.

### Louisa Simes.

This writer resides in New Providence, New Jersey. She was born in Portsmouth, in 1811. Her life has been uneventful, having thus far been passed at home with her family.

### FROM YOUTH TO MANHOOD.

Lift up thine eye, the field of life before thee  
 Smiles in the glory of its summer day;  
 Rough paths are these, but flowers sweet and lowly.  
 Lift their fair petals cheering all the way.

Gather thou these—their form, their hue, their wreathing  
 Make solemn impress on the grateful heart;  
 Each cup of joy is purer for their breathing,  
 And for each grief they can a balm impart.

Open thine heart—around, within are glowing  
The blessed halos of all circling love ;  
Awake—arise—so the glad stream o'erflowing  
Shall lave with tribute where its waters move.

Stretch forth thy hand, the ever whitening harvest  
Pours its fair promise where the worker hies ;  
Glean and dispense. The spirit true and earnest  
Garners the shining wreath of earth and skies.

Unvail thy soul for full and free expansion,  
A child's devotion, and a brother's love—  
These make the pillars of that holy mansion,  
Waiting the faithful in our home above.

Unvail thy soul—set thou no bound nor limit  
Of field or purpose to its white-winged flight ;  
God prizeth every effort of the spirit  
Out of the shadow up to truth and light.

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#### TO THE CLOUDS.

Beautiful dust of the Great One's feet  
From glory to glory ye change,  
Like wafted curtains of some bright land  
Where the glad heart might range !

I love your floating beneath the sky,  
And giving you rest to earth,  
And your dreamy sleep on the face of the deep,  
Till the ripples wake with mirth.

Ye cradle the foam of the wildest storm,  
And the zephyr's breath ye hold—  
There is fearful night on your wing of night,  
And peace on your waves of gold.

Ye are symbols to us of human life,  
Making the heavens above  
More pure and bright for your shadowy light,  
More worthy the fulness of love.

Ever the sunset path we near  
Where present and unseen meet,  
In garment as fair as the clouds we wear  
May we rest at the Great One's feet.

### Horace Greeley.

Horace Greeley was born in Amherst, February 3, 1811. He learned the trade of a printer, in Poultney, Vermont. In 1831 he went to New York city where he labored as a journeyman. In 1833 he went into business on his own account. The next year he added to his establishment a newspaper, the *New Yorker*. In 1841 he commenced the publication of the *New York Tribune*, with which paper he was connected during the remainder of his life. He has been a member of Congress, and in 1872 was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He died Nov. 29, 1873.

#### THE FADED STARS.

I mind the time when heaven's high dome  
Woke in my soul a wondrous thrill—  
When every leaf of Nature's tome  
Bespoke creation's marvels still;  
When mountain cliff and sweeping glade,  
As morn unclosed her rosy bars,  
Woke joys intense, but naught e'er bade  
My heart leap up, like you, bright stars,  
Calm ministrants to God's high glory;  
Pure gems around His burning throne;  
Mute watchers o'er man's strange, sad story  
Of crime and woe through ages gone!  
'Twas yours the wild and hallowed spell  
That lured me from ignoble gleams—  
Taught me where sweeter fountains swell  
Than ever bless the worldling's dreams.  
How changed was life! a waste no more,  
Beset by want, and pain, and wrong;  
Earth seemed a glad and fairy shore,  
Vocal with hope's inspiring song;  
But, ye, bright sentinels of heaven,  
For glories of night's radiant sky,  
What, as ye gemmed the brow of even,  
Have never dreamed man born to die.  
Tis faded now, that wondrous grace  
That once on heaven's firebeard shone;  
I read no more in nature's face  
A soul responsive to my own,  
A dimness on my eye and spirit,  
Stern now has cast its long, long by;  
Few joys my halcyon years inherit,  
And leaden dulness rules the sky.  
Yet mourn I not; a stern, high duty  
Now nerves my arm and fires my brain;  
Perchance the dream of shapes of beauty,  
So that this strife be not in vain;

To war on fraud entranced with power,  
Or smooth pretence and specious wrong,  
This task be mine, though fortune lower ;  
For this be banished sky and song.

DARKNESS OVER EARTH WAS SLEEPING.

Darkness over earth was sleeping—  
Gathered gloom of thousand years,  
Since the Goths the Scythians sweeping,  
Drenched Rome's hearths in blood and tears.  
Dwarfed had grown man's mental stature ;  
Quenched was Genius' meteor blaze ;  
Ruined Art and savage Nature  
Spoke the reign of evil days.

Thence evolved, one art's bright beaming,  
Owned no kindred with the hour ;  
From its birth a beacon gleaming—  
Foe to fraud and tyrant's power.  
Glorious Faust ! be thine the praises,  
World-bestowed, for knowledge given ;  
Thine the spark whose watchfire blazes  
Radiant as the orb of heaven.

Onward still that light is speeding ;  
Wider fall its cheering beams ;  
By it truth's deep lessons reading,  
Waking millions bless its gleams.  
Glorious art ! thy children hail thee ;  
Tyrants only are thy foes ;  
Freedom's day-star ! naught shall pale thee—  
Dark was earth till printing rose.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM WIRT.

Rouse not the muffled drum,  
Wake not the martial trumpet's mournful sound  
For him whose mighty voice in death is dumb ;  
Who in the zenith of his high renown  
To the grave went down.

Invoke no cannon's breath  
To swell the requiem o'er his ashes poured—  
Silently bear him to the home of death ;  
The aching hearts by whom he was adored  
He won not with the sword.

No! Let affection's tear  
Be the sole tribute to his memory paid :  
Earth has no monument so justly dear  
To souls like his in purity arrayed  
Never to fade.

I loved thee, patriot chief :  
I battled proudly beneath thy banner pure :  
Mine is the boast of woe—the heart of grief,  
Which suffer on until of a cure—  
Proud to endure.

But vain the voice of wail  
For thee, from the dim vale of sorrow led—  
Earth has no spell whose magic shall not fail  
To light the path that leads to thy narrow bed.  
Or win thee from the dead.

Then take thy long repose  
Beneath the shelter of the deep green soil :  
Death but a brighter land than these narrow :  
Thy fame, thy soul, will have spurned the clod :  
Rest thee in God.

#### FANTASIES.

They deem me cold, the thoughtless and light-hearted.  
Is that I wore my heart at Benary's service ?  
They deem me cold, that through the years departed,  
I never have heaved me to some firm divine.  
They deem me proud, that when the world hath flattered,  
I never have sought to be praised or adored :  
They think not that the bonage I scattered  
Leaves the heart hankering for its spring as o'er.  
No! to my soul there grows but one bright vision,  
And for my heart there lies but one fond spell.  
Brightning in hours of sleep when dreams Elysian  
Of one unseen, yet most, and cherished well.  
Unseen! Ah! no! for he seems round me fingers,  
Chasing each vain want through that tempts to rove :  
Weaving affection's web with busy fingers,  
And waking thoughts of purity and love.

Star of my heaven! thy beams shall guide me ever,  
Though clouds obscure and thorns beset my path :  
As sweeps my bark down life's arrowy river  
Thy angel smile shall soothe misfortune's wrath :

And, O, should fate e'er speed her deadliest arrow,  
 Should vice allure to plunge in her dark sea,  
 Be this the only shield my soul shall borrow—  
 One glance of heaven, one burning thought of thee.

I ne'er on earth may gaze on those bright features,  
 Nor drink the light of that soul-beaming eye;  
 But wander on 'mid earth's unthinking creatures  
 Unloved in life, and unlamented die;  
 But ne'er shall fade the spell thou weavest o'er me,  
 Nor fail the star that lights my lowly way;  
 Still shall the night's fond dreams that light restore me,  
 Though fate forbid its gentler beams by day.

I have not dreamed that gold or gems adorn thee—  
 That Flatt'ry's voice may vaunt thy matchless form;  
 I little reck that worldlings all may scorn thee,  
 Be but thy soul still pure, thy feelings warm.  
 Be thine bright Intellect's unfading treasures,  
 And Poesy's more deeply-hallowed spell,  
 And faith, the zest that heightens all thy pleasures,  
 With trusting love—Maid of my soul, farewell.

### Mary Stearns Patterson.

Miss Patterson was born in Nashua, March 3, 1811. She graduated at the Troy Female Seminary at the age of twenty-two, and most of her life, until disabled by illness, has been devoted to teaching. The fields of labor in which she served quite acceptably were at Oberlin, Ohio; New Britain, Connecticut; Suffolk, Virginia; and New Hampton, this State; and for several years she was principal of the Female Department of Cortland Academy, at Homer, N. Y. She resides in Lawrence, Mass.

#### THE AUTUMN ROSE.

I saw, one bright autumnal day,  
 A beauteous rose unfold;  
 And to a genial sun display  
 A bosom decked with gold;  
 I gazed upon the lovely flower,  
 With rapturous delight,  
 And thought its charms had spell of power  
 To make even winter bright.

I wished that autumn rose so fair  
 In radiance long might bloom,  
 And shed through the surrounding air  
 Its beauty and perfume.  
 Vain wish! for on its ruddiness,  
 Soon fell a withering blast;  
 It drooped, and all its loveliness  
 Died ere the day was past!



So pass earth's fairest flowers away,  
 So dies the parent's joy ;  
 As clouds obscure the brightest day,  
 And griefs the heart annoy ;  
 But there's a balm for souls oppressed,  
 A hope the heart to stay ;  
 A bosom where the head may rest,  
 While tears are wiped away.

Thrice happy they who can repose,  
 In calm and holy trust,  
 On Him who wept for others' woes,  
 Who raised the sleeping dust ;  
 Who in a glorious robe of white  
 Arrays the blood-bought soul,  
 And bids it rest in realms of light,  
 While endless ages roll !

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#### LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

We love to see the flashing light the polished diamond throws,  
 To breathe the odor of the pink, the fragrance of the rose ;  
 We love to hear the pealing tones that from the organ roll,  
 To feel the dear delight that flows from sympathy of soul ;  
 But there are purer, nobler joys, in store for human kind,  
 Those truer joys we prize much more, the treasures of the mind.  
 What can outvie the diamond's blaze? the fragrant rose excel?  
 The "Morning Star," or "God our Sun" and "Lily of the vale."  
 Then turn, dear girl, an upward eye, toward that dear Light  
     divine,  
 And like the Lily of the vale, in lady beauty shine.

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#### Mary Raymond Pratt.

Mrs. Pratt, the daughter of George and Mary (Wallace) Pratt, was born at Mont Vernon, in 1811, and is yet living. She married Rev. D. D. Pratt, a Baptist clergyman, who is deceased.

"Do they love there still? for no voice I hear,"  
 Said a maid, as she thought of her childhood's home,  
 Of the rural bower, and the streamlet clear,  
 And the flowery fields where she used to roam ;  
 And she sighed, for no answering echo came  
 To tell that hers was a cherished name.

"Do they love there still!" in that ancient hall  
 Where the orient sun sheds his golden light,

Where the moonbeams played on the painted wall,  
 And the brilliant stars decked the joyous night?  
 But no voice replied, for the tide of time  
 Had borne the loved to another clime.

"Do they love there still?" where the young and gay  
 With elastic step trod the mazy dance,  
 And words that the lips might never say  
 Spoke to the heart in the passing glance?  
 And the maiden wept when a stranger tone  
 Told that her friends were gone—all gone!

"Do they love there still?" where at early morn  
 They meet to peruse the classic page,  
 To cull bright gems and the mind adorn,  
 And in high pursuits its powers engage?  
 And tones that the maiden's bosom thrill  
 Tell of a love that is cherished still.

"Yes, they love *there* still!" and the golden chain  
 Has wreathed its links with a clasp so strong  
 That the heart which its pressure would not retain  
 Must struggle against it hard and long,  
 Or, parting asunder all earthly ties,  
 By heaven's high mandate to glory rise.

And then, O then, in the "better land,"  
 Where the good of earth shall together meet,  
 May all who compose that sister band  
 As sainted spirits each other greet;  
 Then what bliss divine will the bosom thrill,  
 As the echo rings, "They love there still!"

### Elias Nason.

Rev. Elias Nason, son of Levi and Sarah (Newton) Nason, was born in Wrentham Centre, Mass., Apr. 21, 1811; graduated at Brown University in 1835; spent nearly ten years as a teacher in Newburyport, where he was licensed to preach, July 11, 1839. He was settled as a pastor at Natick, May 5, 1852, at Medford, Mass., 1858 and at Exeter, 1860, where he continued until May 29, 1865. He took an active part in the war, and removed to North Billerica, Mass., in 1865. He spent parts of the years 1874 and 5 in visiting the various cities of Europe, and resided about half a year at Rome. He has written many books, among others "The Life of Henry Wilson" an intimate friend, "Life of Charles Sumner," and a "Gazetteer of the State of Massachusetts." He has published five different hymn books, and has lectured over one thousand times before lyceums and similar societies. He is now pastor of the Pawtucket church of Lowell. He married Miss Mira Anna Bigelow in 1837. She is a native of New Marlborough, N. H. Two of their sons are ministers.

### A MORNING HYMN.

Through the shades of night, O my God, thou hast kept  
 Watch and ward o'er my bed, and I've peacefully slept;

In health now arising, I hail the new day,  
And my tribute of praise to Thee gratefully pay.

Though ruling in power and splendor above,  
Thou visitest man with the light of thy love :  
Thou openest the gates of the East that the sun,  
As a giant, his course o'er the nations may run.

But yet by the cross in redemption is given  
Effulgence more bright from the portals of heaven :  
And with myriads adoring, I bend to confess  
The Prince thus descending his people to bless.

His was the pity, the love and the grace  
That exhausted the chalice our sins to efface,  
And through Him, O my God, who such pangs underwent,  
To thee this petition I humbly present :—

O feed me to-day from thy bountiful store,  
And heavenward incline all my wishes to soar :  
Be near me when tempted, from without and within,  
And deliver my soul from the empire of sin.

Help me to be lowly, forgiving and true,  
All alive to the work that my hands find to do :—  
With radiance celestial my dark spirit fill,  
And make every thought correspond with thy will.

In mercy forgive me the ills I have done :  
My transgressions remit in the name of thy Son :  
Keep, O keep me from wandering away from thy fold,  
And inscribe my poor name in thy record of gold.

Then peacefully hour after hour shall roll by,  
And pursuing my course under light from on high,  
Every step shall still bring me, where'er I may roam,  
But nearer to thee, O my God, and my Home :

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ring, O bells, from tower and steeple :  
Wake from slumber, O ye people :  
Christ is born : our consolator,  
King of kings and Mediator.

Ring, O bells, the gladsome story :  
Homage to the Prince of glory :  
Christ is born ! O, bow before Him,  
All ye Kindreds, and adore Him.

Ring, O bells, the royal tidings,  
Bring, O men your richest offerings !  
Christ is born ! Desire of nations ;  
Laud Him, angels, of all stations.

Ring, O bells, this world's great wonder !  
Hush, O, war, thy pealing thunder !  
Christ is born ; low in the manger ;  
Hosts of heaven, hail the stranger.

Ring, O bells, in measured cadence ;  
Eastern Magi, spread your incense ;  
Christ is born, ring bells, again,  
"To God be glory, peace to men !"

Ring, O bells, all music blending  
Into chimes to heaven ascending,  
Christ is born ; ring bells, O ring,  
"Salvation to the new-born King !"

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#### JESUS ONLY.

Jesus only ; when the morning  
Beams upon the paths I tread ;  
Jesus only ; when the darkness  
Gathers round my weary head.

Jesus only ; when the billows  
Cold and sullen o'er me roll ;  
Jesus only ; when the tempest,  
Rends the tomb, and wakes the soul.


Jesus only ; when the judgment  
Boding fears my heart appall,  
Jesus only ; when the wretched,  
On the rocks and mountains call.

Jesus only ; when adoring  
Saints their crowns before him bring ;  
Jesus only ; I will joyous,  
Through eternal ages sing.

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#### THE POOR MAN AT THE GATE OF PARADISE. A DREAM.

A poor old man died on one bitter cold day,  
And directly to Paradise wended his way ;



Saint Peter he met,—'tis a dream I relate,—  
With his great shining keys, keeping ward at the gate.

Now while standing here, with the Apostle conversing,  
The events of his journey to heaven rehearsing,  
He sees a rich townsman,—the gate is ajar,—  
Slip quietly by them, and in through the bar.

He listens ; he hears peals of music arise  
To welcome this man to his home in the skies ;  
But on entering himself, though bright visions fill  
His fancy with rapture, all is silent and still.

"How is this?" turning back to Saint Peter, his guide,  
In accents of wonder, the poor man then cried ;—  
"When my neighbor went in, sweetest music I heard,  
Why is not the same honor on me now conferred?

D'ye keep up the distinctions here, please let me know,  
Twixt the rich and the poor that we had down below?  
"Not at all", said Saint Peter, "O no, not at all,—  
Just as brothers we live in this banqueting hall ;

But poor folks like you, I am happy to say,  
By thousands pass through the gate every day ;  
About once in a year comes a rich man along,  
Then all Paradise breaks into general song !"

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#### THE LORD'S PRAYER, PHARAPHRASED.

Be hallowed, our Father in heaven, thy name ;—  
Thy kingdom of glory let all tongues proclaim ;  
Be done here below, thine adorable will,  
As spirits celestial its mandates fulfil !

From thy bountiful hand by which all men are fed,  
We crave for this day our allotment of bread ;—  
For sins without number, O, may we receive  
Thy pardon, as we others freely forgive.

From the wiles of the tempter our spirits defend ;  
Keep, O keep us from perils that ever impend,  
And the kingdom, the power, the glory be given !  
To thee evermore, our dear Father in heaven.

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#### THE SMILE OF THE KING.

Mid sorrows and dangers that darken my way,  
As onward through life's tangled mazes I stray,



I turn from the scenes that surround me and sing ;—  
 "There is peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King!"

When o'er the lone ocean the wild surges roll,  
 And tempests tremendous descend from the pole,—  
 Through the conflict I hear the sweet harmony spring ;—  
 "There is peace, O my Soul, in the smile of the King!"

Unseen, he still tenderly leads me along  
 In ways that I know not, and gives me the song,  
 As my heart's dearest treasure before Him I bring ;—  
 "There is peace, O my Soul, in the smile of the King!"

Inconstant and wayward, I grieve that I am ;  
 But hid in my heart is the power of the Lamb ;  
 And whate'er be the anguish the echoes still ring ;—  
 "There is peace, O my Soul, in the smile of the King!"

And O, when I pass through the shade that shall close,  
 In silence profound o'er these brief mortal woes,  
 Be this my last song, to my God as I cling ;—  
 "There is peace, O my Soul, in the smile of the King!"

Then rising in splendor, the hosts to behold,  
 Who sound his high praises on viols of gold,—  
 Exultant, my tongue in his presence shall sing ;  
 "There is peace, O my Soul, in the smile of the King!"

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#### THE BLUE GENTIAN.

|                         |                               |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A lovely blue gentian,  | Sweet flower of the wildwood, |
| In solitude bending,    | Of heaven's own blue,         |
| Once drew my attention, | What dreams of my childhood,  |
| As summer was ending.   | Concentre in you!             |
| In beauty resplendent,  | I stooped this fair flower    |
| It bloomed all alone ;  | From its light stem to sever, |
| To angels attendant,    | And from that blissful hour,  |
| Its charms only known.  | I wear it forever?            |

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#### Charles James Fox.

Charles J. Fox was born in Antrim, October 11, 1811. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1831, and afterwards became a lawyer in Nashua. He died February 17, 1848. A tribute to his memory by John H. Warland is found elsewhere in this volume. He compiled in part the "New Hampshire Book of Prose and Poetry."

## THE CHRISTIAN PROMISE.

When he who spake as never man hath spoken,  
 Came to our earth to elevate and bless,  
 He lifted the down-trodden and heart-broken,  
 And cheered the widow and the fatherless.

He taught the glorious truth, "ye are all brothers!"  
 That love and justice unto all are due;  
 That in life's business "ye should do to others  
 Even as ye would that they should do to you."

Glad tidings of great joy! Earth's groaning masses,  
 Enslaved and burdened by some regal line,  
 Now learn that God hath made no "better classes"  
 To tyrannize o'er them by right divine.

"Our Father!" what a glorious revelation,  
 Linking our birth-right with the infinite whole;  
 Bidding man live as fits his noble station,  
 Teaching the priceless value of the soul!

Blessed be God for this sublime ideal,  
 Which would transform this earth to paradise!  
 Blessed are they who strive to make it real,  
 In thought and life, by toil and sacrifice!

Blessed are they who, with a strong endeavor,  
 And faith undoubting and true Christian heart,  
 Seek for the true, the right, the equal ever,  
 And in no wrong and selfishness have part.

And there are signs that brighter light is breaking,  
 Through the thick clouds of eighteen hundred years;  
 That love and truth shall in new power be waking,  
 And earth be gladdened with millennial years.

Man in God's image and God's temple glorious  
 With all his upward tendencies we hail,  
 For God hath said that love shall be victorious,  
 And "truth is mighty and will yet prevail."

---

 John Nelson Moses.

John N. Moses, a brother of Thomas P. Moses, was born in Portsmouth, December 29, 1811. He was a printer, and gave evidence of the possession of poetical talent of a high order, which would undoubtedly have made him distinguished but for his early death, at Fort Foster, Florida, near Tampa Bay, December 17, 1857.

STANZAS.

Vain man ! dare ye presume to be—  
 All sinful thus—more wise than God?  
 More mighty, holy, just than He  
 Who holds the eternal judgment-rod?  
 That haughty brow all crimsoned o'er  
 With deep-felt guilt and shame must be,  
 And that proud heart must learn to pour  
 Its gushings of humility !

A single link in that vast chain  
 Of wisdom, reaching where the eye  
 Of mortal strives to gaze in vain,  
 Would ye subvert God's harmony?  
 It cannot be ! ye may not scan  
 What angels long in vain to see,  
 Why, in his dealings, God to man  
 Should wrap his wand in mystery.

O be content that he has spread  
 The hills with bounties, fields with food ;  
 That all earth's fruits for thee are shed,—  
 Earth's every blessing for thy good :  
 And though thy heart has now been crushed  
 While basking in Hope's sunny ray,  
 Peace !—let thy murmurings be hushed :  
 Shall He who gave not take away?

He who is infinite in love ;  
 Who fills the earth with bliss for you,  
 And spreads that glorious arch above  
 To cheer thy path in mercy too,—  
 A hope of richer bliss hath given  
 Beyond the uncertain bounds of time ;  
 And hearts, by sorrow worn and riven,  
 Shall find a balsam in that clime !

George Mather Champney.

George M. Champney was born in New Ipswich, March 6, 1813. At the age of fourteen years he went to Boston and was employed in a store. After remaining there a few years he went to New Jersey and attended an academy. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business in that state. He returned to Boston and settled in the dry goods trade, and continued there in business forty years, making his home in Woburn. He suffered much loss of property by the great fire in 1872. His death occurred January 4, 1882.

LINES TO SOUHEGAN RIVER.

Quiet Souhegan ! thy curling waves  
 Flow through the meadows green ;



Thy crystal bed and daisied banks  
In placid depths are seen.

Come, stand upon the bridge with me  
That spans the moving tide;  
No object intercepts the view  
That opens far and wide.

The pebbled road comes winding down  
To where it meets the stream;  
Its rugged path then mounts the hill  
Towards sunlight's earliest beam.

The rude stone walls that bound it in,  
By hard worn hands were laid,  
Moved to the toil by honest hearts  
That heaven's will obeyed.

Scattered along the varied banks  
That hedge the travelled way,  
The moss-grown stones and herbage wild  
Their roughest charms display.

Now gaze we on thy face, fair stream,  
As up the vale we look;  
More tranquil waters never flowed,  
Or bubbling spring forsook.

How gracefully the "Elbow" curls  
Just where a brook unites  
Its mingling drops, that rippling come  
Adown from woody heights.

Beyond, those alder's bushy ranks  
Skirt thick the farther side,  
And form a shady, quiet haunt  
So sweet at eventide.

Onward the eye pursues its glance  
To where the forest frowns  
Which in its cool and dusky groves  
The gleaming sunlight drowns.

Near where the waters meet the wood  
A covert nook is found,  
That echoes still the merry laugh  
Of voices all around.

How through the frame the pulses thrill  
As days come rushing on,

And the ebbing tides of memory fill  
With mirth and dance and song.

The boat is moored, the shore is gained,  
All hearts are happy now ;  
The mazy dance is threaded quick,  
And pendant branches bow.

With sport fatigued, the chowder comes,  
Then added viands grace  
The rustic board : the toast goes round  
And joy fills every face.

Again the merry shout goes up :  
The jocund glee is heard,  
The tangled copse that spreads around  
With gayest life is stirred.

Gray twilight comes, now ply the oar  
And homeward move the boat,  
How calmly down the silver tide  
The freighted bark doth float !

The noise of rude-tongued mirth is hushed,  
As suits the evening hour,  
And mellow voices blending sweet  
Some vesper music pour.

I see them now ! I hear their tones  
Melting on memory's ear,  
Although the softened cadence comes  
O'er many a passing year.

Now turn we down the flowing stream  
How stately on it goes !  
Its deep'ning current gathers strength  
Till o'er the "dam" it flows.

Here first the hand of art has thrown  
A stony barrier o'er  
Thy water's bed ! here first is heard  
Niagara's mimic roar.

"Waterloom's" wheels with busy hum  
Are moved at thy command,  
And spindles fly with rapid whirl  
Guided by woman's hand.

Among New Hampshire's mountain streams  
This boasts the primal claim

Of giving power at man's behest  
 To turn a spinning frame.  
 The plunging waters now move on  
 Dashing from rock to rock.  
 Till curbed again by art's bold hand  
 Repeat the thunder shock.  
 How changed the scene from which we turned  
 Where banks were smooth and green,  
 And shading bush and nodding grass  
 Were mirrored in the sheen.  
 A shelving bluff of giddy height  
 Walls up the river's way.  
 And ledges rough and woody steep  
 Hold timid feet at bay.  
 But here the might of man has built  
 A bold and spanning arch.  
 Between whose buttments strong and high  
 The narrowed waters march.  
 The traveller looks with awe adown  
 The fissure drear and wild:  
 The mother hastes with fearful steps  
 When passing with her child.  
 Flow on thou stream! although beyond  
 My vision's farthest ken:  
 I'm with you there in meadows green  
 By wood and rocky glen.  
 Thy many windings cluster round  
 The childhood of my heart.  
 And clinging there shall never cease  
 Their image to impart.

### James Churchill Bryant.

Rev. J. C. Bryant was born in New Boston, April 8, 1821. He studied for college at Kimball Union Academy and graduated at Amherst College in 1848, and subsequently at Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained and settled as pastor of the Congregational church in Littleton, N. H., in 1849. In 1858 he went to South Africa as a missionary, where he died December 22, 1888.

#### SABBATH MORNING.

Hail delightful Sabbath morn!  
 Brightest hopes of mine are born:  
 Thankful for my Father's care,  
 Turns my soul to Him in prayer.

Bounteous Source of life and light,  
Thou hast kept me through the night ;  
Me from every sin defend,  
Till these holy hours shall end.

Keep me, Saviour, near thy side,  
Kindly for my wants provide ;  
Purge away each sinful stain  
In His blood for sinners slain.

To thy courts when I repair,  
Heavenly Father, meet me there ;  
Pour rich blessing on my soul,  
Make my wounded spirit whole.

May thine earthly sabbaths prove  
Foretaste sweet of rest above,  
Bear my thoughts from earth away,  
Guide me to the realms of day.

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IN SICKNESS.

Great God, I bow before thy power,  
Yet still thy goodness trust ;  
While storms of sorrow round me lower,  
And press me to the dust.


Ah ! what is man, frail, dying man,  
Though in thine image made ;  
How soon he measures out his span,  
How soon in death is laid.

The brilliant hopes that year by year  
On youth's bright pathway bloom,  
In death's cold shadows disappear,  
And lo, an open tomb !

Throbs painfully the aching heart,  
Tears oft bedim the eye ;  
No solace can the earth impart  
To check the rising sigh.

Yet, gracious God, to thee is known  
Each piercing pang of grief,  
Thou hearest each extorted groan,  
And thou canst give relief.

Around the couch where lone I lie,  
No mother may attend



To cheer me with love's beaming eye,  
But thou art still my friend.

Far from the scenes of early years,  
Far from the friends I love,  
Dreary and cold the world appears,  
And false its friendships prove.

But cease, my soul, nor thus complain,  
Soon brighter days will come ;  
Thou wilt not long on earth remain  
For earth is not thy home.

There is a land of peace and love ;  
There shall the weary rest :  
Arise, secure a home above  
And be forever blest.

### Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber.

B. P. Shillaber was born in Portsmouth, July 12, 1812. In 1829 he commenced his career as a printer in the office of the *Palladium* in Dover. He went to Boston in 1833, and soon after made a voyage to Demarara for his health, having had an attack of bleeding at the lungs. There he worked on the *Royal Gazette* for twenty months. Returning home in 1838, he became connected with the *Boston Post*, where he worked upon the case. In 1847 he first produced the *Partington Sayings* and commenced his poetical career about that time. In 1850 he left the *Post*, and, in conjunction with two other men, started the *Carpet Bag*, a humorous paper, which enjoyed an existence of two years, and was withdrawn to make room for more successful journals. He returned to the *Post* in 1852 as local reporter. In 1856 he commenced himself with the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. About that time he began lecturing. He also produced a vigorous poem, "The Press," which he delivered in many places, every where to the satisfaction of his audience. He lectured somewhat extensively through the country for several years, with success. But his heart was in the printing office, and he abandoned the rostrum. Mr. Shillaber has been author of several volumes which have had a wide circulation: "Rhymes with Reason and Without," "The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington," "Knitting Work, a Book of Many Patterns," "Partingtonian Patchwork," "Lines in Pleasant Places," and the "Partington Series of four books." In 1871 he delivered a poem before the literary societies of Dartmouth College, and was made honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that college. He resides in Chelsea, Mass.

### A COUNTRY SUMMER SUNDAY.

Sweet season of repose! thy influence blest  
Pervades creation with a calm delight;  
All nature exults the beauty of thy rest,  
And e'en that hell dominion takes its flight.

No sounds dissonant invade the ear—  
In tranquil beauty 's the landscape wild;—  
"To Phoebe! To Phoebe!" our sweet spirits bear,  
As if an angel spoke from every side.

The sun, abroad, o'er meadow, wood and stream,  
A brighter, holier radiance seems to fling;  
The birds inspired with sweeter music seem,  
And breathless breezes wait to hear them sing.

Anon, awakening with a murmuring note,  
The soft winds harp on instrumental trees,  
While perfumes from a myriad blossoms float,  
Borne on the pinions of the joyous breeze.

The cattle in the field, released from stall,  
Graze gratefully upon the grasses cool,  
Where the refreshing shadows darkly fall,  
Or stand as studying in some pleasant pool.

The rustling corn in tasseled pride outflings  
Its banners in the gleaming sun to dance,  
And every spire in golden triumph swings  
In plenitude of rich luxuriance.

The farmer listless leans upon the wall,  
And looks with calm contentment o'er his fields,  
While glad emotions all his heart enthrall,  
And thankfulness that here its tribute yields.


But hark! amid the charms that rest around,  
Comes to our ears the warning sabbath-bell;  
The listening hills return the sacred sound,  
Which wakens echoes in the vales that dwell.

And now, sedately from each cottage home,  
The village fathers, sabbathly arrayed,  
And village mothers, dignifiedly come,  
And village maidens with their "best" displayed;

The dusty chaise rolls down the dusty hill,  
A relic saved from generations past,  
A pride of station clinging to it still,  
And deferential looks are on it cast!

And loving pairs lag loiteringly along  
Beneath the shadows of the elm trees, tall,  
And themes are there for story or for song  
Poured out 'neath many a faded parasol.

All take the path to where, each holy day,  
The reverend pastor doth his accents raise,  
And strives to draw his hearers' minds away,  
By urgings gentle, to a godly praise;



To where the anthem unassisted springs,  
 And melody appalled turns pale to hear,  
 Gathering for flight her silver-plumaged wings,  
 To seek elsewhere some more harmonious sphere!

Yet much of soul dwells in the simple song,  
 Where fervor takes the place of studied art,  
 As on the air it pours itself along,  
 Freight with feeling of the fervent heart.

Methinks that God looks more benignly down  
 Upon the day His lovingness hath lent,  
 When, amid scenes like this its hours we crown  
 By offerings with joy and homage blent.

Ascetic gloom should find no biding place  
 To cloud the current of our bosom's rest;  
 The sabbath sun with joy should gild the face,  
 As in the heart its presence is confest.

#### PISCATAQUA.

My heart and soul go out to thee, blue stream,  
 Sparkling with pleasant memories of yore,—  
 Of days when youth flowed on, as flows a dream,  
 As careless as thy wave that kissed the shore,  
 Unheeding, and demanding nothing more  
 Than thy fraternity and kindred joy,  
 Mid scenes of loveliness then gloated o'er  
 With the fond admiration of the boy,  
 Which knew no limitation, knew no base alloy.

Thou art still young and fair, Piscataqua,  
 Thy voice as sweet and tuneful to my ear  
 As when, in early boyhood's holiday,  
 It gave me fervent happiness to hear:  
 My neighbor, playmate and companion dear,  
 Sportive and wild with turbulent unrest,  
 That gave no ripple of obtrusive fear  
 To check the cheerful current of my breast,  
 When held within thine arms or by thy side at rest.

Thou speakst of those, who in the vortex lost  
 Of life's endeavor, long have lain to sleep,  
 Or those who are upon time's billows tost,  
 For whose returning vainly watch we keep;  
 Reminders rise, like phantoms, from thy deep,  
 Of boyish striving, with abandon free

As thine own sparkling billows, that did leap  
In the glad sunshine, with exuberant glee,  
And thrilled me with the thought that I should sometime be.


Oh, rushing river, fierce, resistless, strong!—  
Staying no moment welcome to extend  
To him who's loved and treasured thee so long  
With more than the affection of a friend;  
But yet thou dost thy dimpling eddies send,  
That, swirling at my feet, smile back the sun,  
Loitering where shore and water sweetly blend,  
While on thy mission thou keepst sternly on,  
Turning aside for naught until the goal is won.

Yon fisher's boat, that at her killock swings,  
Speaks to my consciousness most palpably  
How near the spectacle remembrance brings  
Of what was once a rare delight to me;  
Can that be mine, the form which there I see  
In youth's habiliments, his sinkered line  
Dropt neath the tide to catch what there may be  
That to his near acquaintance doth incline?  
See there, upon his hook, the struggling victim shine!

Piscataqua! no better wish I'd have,  
When life was young, than thus to idly swing  
Upon the buoyant bosom of thy wave,  
And o'er the side my line seductive fling:  
To hear the plover flit on hasty wing,  
To mark the clouds reflected on thy stream,  
To catch glad voices which the airs did bring  
From the far shore, lit by the sun's bright beam,  
And swinging, listening, loafing—fish and fondly dream.

How far, Piscataqua, thy shores expand,  
With beauties manifold on every side!  
And all the loyal glories of the land  
Smile in the mirror of thy glassy tide.  
There Agamenticus, in solemn pride,  
Lifts his grand dome above the distant pines,  
There groves sweep downward to thy loving side,  
And fair Cocheco in the distance twines,  
Amid the winding banks, till with thee she combines.

The curving shore, the orchard and the field  
Yet hold their places, and the river road  
Winds through yon village, half by trees concealed,  
Where peace has its beneficent abode;





Beyond, the white church, on the upland showed,  
Lifts its fair turret, and each sylvan nook  
Glow in the landscape as it e'er has glowed  
Since memory its fond departure took,  
To dwell upon the past as 'twere an open book.

Unchanged, unchanging, shore and rock and wave:  
But I, alas! what changes dwell in me,  
As here I sit, where youth's bright seasons gave  
Their choicest keepsakes to my custody!  
Nor faithless I, though my dim eyes may see  
But faintly what is in my heart retained,  
With rare distinctness of that by-gone day,  
Which its beatitudes about me rained.  
Within that temple new, by care yet unprofaned.

Farewell, bright stream! my eyes may ne'er again  
Behold thy beauties, but I hear from thee  
A love renewed, which, like some heavenly strain  
Amid earth's discords, will give ecstasy  
In hours remaining of the yet to be,  
And I shall fancy often that I hear  
Thy voice, as here of late it greeted me,  
Speaking in parting tones of love and cheer,  
And giving gladness unto my failing ear.  
Newington on Piscataqua, Aug. 31, 1879.

#### THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

John Wentworth, Royal Governor, the last  
That in New Hampshire bore vice-regal sway,  
Held court at Wolfborough, by a lake, remote  
From care of office, then made onerous  
By the fierce restlessness of those he ruled,  
Who caught the living spirit of the hour  
And threatened in the mood of discontent,  
Portsmouth, was turbulent, although respect  
Checked violence against harm to genial John,  
For all owed kindly fealty to him,  
Although detesting his authority.  
He was of Boston lineage and Harvard brand,  
A generous, courtly, cultivated man,  
Of tastes refined, with every wish awake  
The people of his care to benefit.  
Broad roads he builded and new ways devised  
To give New Hampshire her pre-destined rank;  
And Dartmouth felt the kindness of his heart

In many offices of generous care.  
But "Royal Governor!" his title, chafed  
The temper of his people, and he flew  
To this, his sylvan realm, for peace and rest.  
He haply found it, did his buxom dame,—  
Widow of Atkinson, in ten days wed,  
*Post nubila* at Atkinson's demise,  
(What time, in going from the nuptial rites,  
Did Arthur Brown, the rector, fall down stairs,  
And, tributary to the season, break an arm,) —  
Admit of peace domestic, breach of which  
Were worse than din of direst politics.  
His stately manse stood smiling by the shore,  
A pile of goodly station, since destroyed  
By fire, which licked it to its cellar walls.  
Broad avenues connected with the road,  
O'erarched by sturdy trees, while, back of all,  
And far on every side, stretched hill o'er hill,  
Giving incentive to the lively chase,  
Where game abounded and adventure becked  
The daring huntsman to his best essay,  
A hospitable, cheerful home it was.  
Amenities of old-time neighborhood  
Existed thereabout without a check,  
And one could scarcely dream the cloud suspent  
So soon to merge the land in hostile flood!  
'Twas springtime, and the glory of the year  
Was seen on verdant upland, vale and mead.  
When murmurs came, at first, of Lexington,  
And the bold stand the yeomanry had made  
'Gainst that prerogative which Wentworth held,  
And then the full-toned clarion's fearful breath  
Proclaiming that the hour of strife had come!  
The land was rising, kingly rule was broke,  
And gloomy eyes were bent on courtly John,  
Though well content that he should e'er remain,  
Could he of his commission be divest.  
Then came the secret order to depart.  
The Governor, too far from Barclay's ships,  
Packed bag and baggage for a speedy flight.  
The coach of state, rolled to the mansion door,  
Hid by the night, received a weighty load;  
Gay Lady Wentworth and the precious plate,  
With its armorial bearing, and such cash  
As then in argent sheen the coffers lined,  
The Governor the last, who backed himself,

In stately silence, by my lady's side.  
 Mount quickly, coachman! Footman, take your place!  
 On rolls the coach in cumbrous tardiness,  
 And from the window Wentworth looks his last  
 On his broad acres, with a painful sigh,  
 While Lady Wentworth dreams of ball and rout  
 'Neath better auspices and loyal skies.  
 But heavy grew the way, the horses strove  
 And foamed with wearying efforts to advance,  
 Until, quite failing, they no effort made.  
 The treasure must be left, or else the dame,  
 Its half equivalent—forbid the thought!—  
 And there beneath the solemn midnight stars  
 The earth received in trust the precious store.  
 No more delay. The harborage was gained.  
 In Portsmouth, safe beneath the royal guns,  
 Did Wentworth tarry till rebellion took  
 Such sturdy presence that it was not safe  
 For royal governor to linger there;  
 And so he passed forever from the scene.  
 He ne'er regained the treasure hid in earth,  
 And no man knoweth whereabouts 'twas hid.  
 The path he went, traditional alone,  
 Affords no clew to its dark resting-place,  
 Though many seekers have essayed the task  
 —Running down through the century of years—  
 Of finding the so-much-desired prize.  
 And even now, at times, dim lights are seen  
 At night, when honest folks should be in bed,  
 Dancing about the meadow and the wood,  
 In hands of seekers for the buried pelf,  
 Led on by those who claim that they can see  
 Through all the mysteries of heaven and earth.  
 The earth is honeycombed with punctures made  
 By prodding iron bars, but over all  
 A monumental disappointment reigns.  
 Perhaps John Wentworth guards the spot himself,  
 Not yet selected his adopted heir.

### Woodbury Melcher Fernald.

Woodbury M. Fernald was born in Portsmouth, Mar. 21, 1813. He was educated in the schools of his native place. He became a minister of the Universalist denomination, and began preaching in Nashua, in 1835. He subsequently preached acceptably in Springfield, Newburyport, and Stoneham, Mass. He removed to Boston in 1845 and was there settled as a minister. Soon after he became a Swedenborgian, and received a call to the New Church Society in New York where he remained a year. He preached also in Chicago and in Laporte, Ind., and in other western cities. He returned to Boston in 1870, where he remained until his death, Dec. 10, 1873.

MY DAUGHTER'S HOME.

Written while she is away from it, Aug. 10, 1873.

While travellers roam abroad to find  
The rustic life of needful change,  
And linger where they roam ;  
Lo ! unto deeper joys inclined,  
Through feeling's realm and fancy's range,  
I sing my daughter's home !

This teeming field of living green,  
Sloping so gently from my feet ;  
The broad expanse beyond  
Of lengthened woods, with rifts between,  
Where other homes the vision greet,  
Linked in the social bond ;

The church's spire, the sacred throng  
Of birds mid Summer's golden sheen ;—  
Ah ! what a glory's here !  
'Tis for no distant scenes I long,  
In humble thankfulness, I ween,  
The blessings still are near !

I travel not o'er mountain heights,  
I see no crystal cascades run,  
No river's limpid stream ;  
But grander views and higher lights,  
Beam from my soul's unsetting sun,  
To gild my waking dream.

Daughter, I tread thy home-like halls,  
I walk around this lovely spot,  
Sacred to thee and thine ;  
No gloom upon my spirit palls,  
The cares of life are all forgot,  
And heaven itself doth shine.

Each room, each dear familiar thing,  
Or work of art, or tree, or flower,  
Seems filled with silent life.  
The mute piano—does it bring  
No secret song to calm the hour,  
And free the soul from strife ?

The spacious parlor's cheerful glow,  
The chamber's sweet memorial air,  
All things within my reach,—

The classic library's rich flow  
Of thought and beauty everywhere,  
Invite to silent speech.

Spirits invisible here come  
To quicken every living book,  
And fill the heart with peace ;  
And thus I roam through thy dear home,  
Daughter of love—the while I look  
To thy sweet self's release.

Away—away ! the hills among.  
Mid laughing waters' grateful sound,  
For health, for life, for cheer ;  
While, sweet as poet ever sung,  
Or happy elf has ever found,  
Thy home awaits thee here !

#### A VISION OF THE ETERNAL GLORY.

O God of glory ! when with eye uplifted,  
Eye of the soul in visioned wonder clear ;  
And when by thine eternal spirit gifted,  
What deep revealings to the soul appear !  
Nature recedes : and in the expanse eternal,  
Spreading and opening to my raptured sight,  
I see the hosts of God, the heights supernal,  
The church triumphant crowned in heaven's own light.

Ah ! there are they who, once among the lowly,  
First trod the paths of patient virtue here ;  
And there are they who, in thy presence holy,  
Trembled for sin, but knew no other fear :

Prophets, reformers,—they who, God revering,  
Battled with hoary wrong and ancient might :  
Behold them now in triumph re-appearing  
On all the hills of God, in glory bright !

In deepening vision, flames a light before them,  
Where a long train of martyrs rise to view :  
And lo ! a central figure bending o'er them,—  
The dear Redeemer crowning them anew.

Victors and heroes all, I see them waving  
Triumphant palms, in robes of purest white :  
No more the terrors of the conflict braving,  
Peace is their lot, and heaven their high delight.

### William B. Marsh.

Wm. B. Marsh, was born in Exeter, in 1813. He commenced the business of a printer in Portsmouth. He went to New York and worked at his trade 3 years. He started the *New Bedford Register*, which he edited for some time. In 1841, he became editor of the *Brooklyn N. Y. Eagle*. He was esteemed for his talents as a writer, and for the many virtues which adorned his character. He died in Brooklyn in 1846.

#### THE BRIGHT SPIRIT LAND.

The bright Spirit Land ! O where doth it lie !  
In the untold depths of the glorious sky,  
Where the clouds are all tinged with a roseate hue,  
And the stars ever float in a sea of blue—  
Is it there, the bright Spirit Land ?

And do flowerets breathe on the passing gale,  
And beings celestial their odors inhale,  
While golden winged birds flit the bowers among,  
And gladden the air with their joyous song ?  
Do broad rivers sweep with resistless tide,  
And whispering rills through the deep valleys glide ;  
Do green forests wave, and huge mountains rise  
Till their snow-covered peaks seem to blend with the skies,  
And the many-toned voices of Nature combined,  
Come like angels of peace to the care-stricken mind—  
Is it thus in the bright Spirit Land ?

Or is it amid the ocean of caves,  
Where mariners sleep in their coral graves,  
As the angry wind howls, and the surge beats high,  
And the storm-spirit chants the lullaby !  
Is it there, where the water-nymph ever is seen,  
As she waves in the caverns her tresses green,  
Or marks the wild billows rise and fall  
As she lightly trips through the sparry hall—  
Is it there, that bright Spirit Land ?

Alas ! who shall fathom His ways, most high ?  
Whose throne is revealed to no mortal eye ;  
Or lift the dim veil and in rapture tell  
The pilgrim of earth where his spirit shall dwell,  
When, freed from its cumbersome load of clay,  
It shall soar to the regions of endless day ;  
Or whether amid the bright lamps of heaven,  
That shine o'er our heads in the silent even ;  
Or the nobler orbs that in grandeur roll,  
Proclaiming His glory from pole to pole ;  
Or in far off climes, where no mortal hath trod ;

The spirit shall live in the presence of God.  
 There the loved and the lost of this earth shall be found,  
 And heaven's high arch with their praises resound,  
 As they join their rapt hearts and in gratitude sing  
 Loud paeans of joy to their Saviour and King.  
 There sin shall be finished and tears cease to flow,  
 And sorrow and parting no more shall we know.  
 But with prophets, and priests, and the martyrs of old,  
 Rejoice evermore as new glories unfold  
 From the God of our being—O, hasten the rest  
 Of Eternity's year 'mong the ransomed and blest;  
 I would fly to that bright Spirit Land.

### ERRA EASTMAN ADAMS.

Rev. E. E. Adams was born in Concord, August 25, 1813. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1836. He was ordained to preach in the autumn of 1839 under the auspices of the Am. Seamen's Friend Society, and went as Chaplain to American seamen at St. Petersburg, Russia, and subsequently to Havre, France. In 1854 he was pastor of Pearl Street Church, Nassau, and in 1860 organized a church in Philadelphia, and caused to be built the North Broad Street church, in that city, where he preached for several years. His health failing, he was appointed Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in Lincoln University, at Oxford, Pa., where he died in 1872. He received the title of D. D. from Dartmouth College. His wife, who survives him, was Miss Frances Stevens, a native of Newport.

#### STEPPING WITH THE STARS.

The coiled elastic spring of steel  
 Imprisoned in its brazen bars,  
 Moving each ruby-balanced wheel  
 Measures its motion with the stars;  
  
 The heart's low pulse, and firmer beat,  
 The throbbing of the burdened brain,  
 The music of a million feet  
 On hill-top and in grassy plain;  
  
 The sea's majestic ebb and flow,  
 The ripple on the tender rill,  
 The gentle falling of the snow,  
 The bird-note and the viol's trill;  
  
 With these, and in the march of thought  
 'Mid passions ripened into wars,  
 'Mid the many things which time has wrought  
 Our life is stepping with the stars!  
  
 It is not peace that reigns alone  
 In those stupendous orbs of fire,  
 But rent and scarred from zone to zone  
 They melt, and crumble, and expire.

Nay, discord is but harmony  
Which mortals do not understand,  
The tear, the laughter and the sigh  
Touch in one note the immortal strand.

A rhythm pervades the universe,  
All things to one grand measure march ;  
The words and letters of our verse  
Are worlds in yonder jeweled arch !

We rotate in our little cell  
And touch each other through the bars,  
But God has ordered all things well,  
He keeps us stepping with the stars.

And from our grander height we see  
Creation groaning 'neath its bars,  
And our own lives in turn to be  
Goals for the steppings of the stars.

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#### I MOVE INTO THE LIGHT.


Out of the shadows that shroud the soul,  
Out of the seas where the sad waves roll,  
Far from the whirl of each mundane pole,  
"I move into the light."

Out of the region of cloud and rain,  
Out of the cares that oppress the brain,  
Out of the body of sin and pain,  
"I move into the light."

Out of the struggles of Church and State,  
Out of the empire of pride and hate,  
Up through the beautiful sapphire gate,  
"I move into the light !"

Beyond the noise of creation's jars,  
Higher than all the worlds and stars,  
Higher than limits of reason's bars,  
"I move into the light."

We follow after to those high spheres ;  
Notes of thy rapture fall on our ears ;  
Out of our darkness our sins and our fears,  
"We move into the light."





## GROWING OLD.

I cannot labor as of yore,  
 My hands are heavy, pulses slow ;  
 The fires that warmed me at two score  
 Now smoulder where they used to glow.

I've lost the fervor of desire,  
 The sense of being full and free ;  
 No longer do my thoughts aspire  
 To what I may not know and be.

I've lost my sympathy with man,  
 The low ambitions, boasted deeds  
 Which fill his sublunary span,  
 His schemes of empire and his creeds.

I've lost the faith that once reposed  
 In human promise, purpose, power,  
 I gaze—and lo, the scene is closed  
 The fruitless vision of an hour.

Nor is my faith in things unseen  
 Less potent than in manhood's prime,  
 Though oft the tempter comes between  
 My hopes of heaven and joys of time.

Waiting and watching still I stand  
 Upon the calm and solemn shore,  
 And look into the promised land  
 Till shining ones shall take me o'er.

## WHAT MAY WE CARRY TO THE VAST FOREVER.

What may we carry to the Vast Forever !  
 The mystic stair  
 Admits not gold, nor whatsoever  
 In pomp and pride we wear,—  
 These pass not there.

Our friends we may not take within the Portal ;  
 Nor books, nor art,  
 Unto the glorious life immortal ;  
 Nor idols of the heart,—  
 From these we part.

Nor may we carry to the home eternal  
 Our boasted creeds ;

These drop and disappear as blossoms vernal;  
And, wanting faith, our deeds  
Are poor as weeds.

But to the realm of light and beauty  
Shall with us go  
A holy love of duty,—  
Whate'er we feel and know  
Of God below.

Our character and conscience shall attend us;  
The genial flow,  
Of sympathizing hearts, and sense stupendous  
Of happiness or woe  
Shall with us go.

For Charity's fair form is ever parted  
The pearly door;  
For all the sanctified and holy hearted  
Is spread the golden floor—  
Forever more!

### Edward D. Boylston.

Edward D. Boylston, (Son of Richard, grandson of Edward, of Springfield, Mass.) born in Amherst, January 26, 1814. He was educated at Francestown and Deracadmies, and he served an apprenticeship to the printing business with his father, in the office of the *Farmers' Cabinet*. At the age of twenty-one he entered on a course of study preparatory to the gospel ministry, spending two years at Ipswich academy and one at Gilmanton Theological Seminary, when from want of health he relinquished his intentions and became associated with his father as a junior editor of the *Cabinet*. In 1842 he established the *Transcript* weekly, the *N. H. Magazine*, monthly, at Manchester. In 1843 he removed the former to Great Falls, and established the *Straford Transcript*, weekly. In 1848 he returned to Amherst, and became proprietor of his father's newspaper, which is published by him. His poetical productions have been largely of a textual and editorial character. He has published "Fragrant Memories, or the Dead of a Hundred Years," a poem of forty pages, read at the Centennial of his native town 1860, and in 1862 a poem of the same length, "The Cross of Christ."

### BRIDAL OF THE GRANITE AND PINE.

Read at the meeting of the Maine Press Association, in 1869, (at Little Chequamegon, Portland Harbor,) and sung by Barnabee's Troupe, in music composed by Keller, at the Joint Convention of the Maine and New Hampshire Associations at Rye Beach, in 1870 as a surprise to the author.]

The hills of New Hampshire to the valleys of Maine  
Repeat their kind greetings, again and again;  
Delighted its Press-gang with yours to combine  
The Granite appeareth to honor the Pine.

When morning's bright-dawning peers in o'er the sea,  
Dispelling the darkness that rests on the lee,



Its beautiful rays, like their Author divine,  
Gild at the same moment the Granite and Pine.

Old Ocean's proud billows, wide-rolling in state,  
On both our shores foaming, in service await ;  
While the sweet winds of heaven know of no line,  
But blow alike sweetly o'er the Granite and Pine.

The fleecy clouds gather far up on the hills,  
With vapors of amber, exhaled from the rills,  
And, guided by Wisdom, all-loving, divine,  
Pour showers of blessing o'er the Granite and Pine.

The rills of our mountains, to wild streamlets grown,  
Proud rivers of beauty in the valleys are known :  
Androscoggin and Saco, first mine, and then thine,  
Born each of the Granite and blessing the Pine.

Ties, firm and well-bedded, our States each to each  
Bind firmly, and lessons of friendship well teach ;  
While the Telegraph-line and our art combine  
To record the warm love of the Granite and Pine.

Your lands join the lands of no other State,  
Though others, as worthy, your service await ;  
Yet thus the Great Father would seem to design  
To speak of the love of the Granite and Pine.


Accepting these teachings of nature and art,  
We give and we take the warm hand and heart ;  
Plighting, in our true love, at Chebeague's fair shrine,  
Forever to cherish the Granite and Pine.

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#### THE PEMIGEWASSET.

Pemigewasset, Pemigewasset,  
Pride of the hills, and the vale that has it !  
Born of the clouds, on top of the mountains ;  
Fed from a thousand snow-fed fountains ;  
Rushing down from Wambeck Methna,  
With waters pure as the mountain air,  
Over a rock-bound, rock-worn bed,  
To the vale below, with an angry tread.

Pemigewasset, Pemigewasset,  
Pride of the hills, and the vale that has it !  
As "child of the crooked-pine place" known  
By red-men who called thee once their own.



Companion in birth of the tiny brook  
That far adown forms the wild Amonoosuck,  
And the little ripples that dancing grow  
To the Androscoggin and broad Saco.

Pemigewasset, Pemigewasset,  
Pride of the hills, and the vale that has it !  
What cheer in thy waters as onward they flow  
O'er the "Great Falls," through "Fairy Grotto ;"  
Spreading out in a lake, around Lafayette,  
As an "apple of gold" in silver set—  
Where mountain-storm king in madness or mirth  
Has spread the tall forests aslant o'er the earth.

Pemigewasset, Pemigewasset,  
Pride of the hills, and the vale that has it !  
The white foaming Flume, and the Echo Lake,  
Are born of thy waters, of thy beauty partake ;  
And the famed "Old Man" from his dizzy height,  
Looks down on thy waters with ever delight.

Pemigewasset, Pemigewasset,  
Pride of the hills, and the vale that has it !  
Grafton's sweet villas and valleys rejoice  
As by them ye flow with musical voice,  
And Plymouth and Ashland, and whoever has it,  
Sings pæans, delighted, to the Pemigewasset.

### THE "GREAT LIGHT."

Light of my soul ! O Saviour dear,  
How I delight to call thee mine,  
With fond assurance, sweetly clear,  
That I shall be forever thine !

O brightness of the Father's face,—  
All holiness conjoins in Thee !  
All, all find family embrace,  
In "I in them and Thou in me."

Blest those who know thy shining clear,  
"Children of day," they know no night !  
They walk secure, devoid of fear,  
For they are "children of the light."

Shine on my soul, Saviour divine ;  
Thou, thou art Light—all else is shade !

May thy sweet rays my steps entwine,  
The blessed light that cannot fade.

O glorious Sun, mount up on high !  
Benighted nations wait for thee !  
Haste, haste to thy meridian sky !  
Bring in earth's promised jubilee !

---

“NEARER THEE.”

|                                   |                                       |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Jesus, Jesus, let us be           | Nearer in the Emman's walk.           |
| Nearer, nearer, nearer thee :     | Hearts aglowing as we talk.           |
| Nearer to the spear-pierced side  |                                       |
| Of our Love, the Crucified.       | Nearer when in house of pray-<br>er.— |
| Nearer, nearer in our love        | Thou art ever with us there :         |
| That which drew thee from         | In our place of secrecy               |
| above :                           | Nearer let us be to thee.             |
| Nearer thine our walk with foes ; |                                       |
| Nearer ever mid life's woes.      | Nearer thine, O Lamb of God.          |
|                                   | Be our path of duty trod.             |
| Nearer in communion sweet.        | Though it lead, as it led thee.       |
| Mary-like, at thy dear feet :     | “O'er the brook”—up Calvary.          |

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“WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.”

EPHESIANS II. : XII.

O God ! how brightly overhead  
Thy glory and thy power are read ;  
The sun reflects thy light and might,  
As doth each diadem of night.

Where'er on earth we turn our eyes  
Thy glorious shadow o'er it lies ;  
And all thy works, from field to flower,  
Attest thy beauty and thy power.

The waving forest speaks of thee.  
Yea, praise ascends from every tree !  
And rolling seas confess their joy,  
And in thy service find employ.

The cattle on a thousand hills,  
The dew that on them sweet distils,  
And singing birds and humming bee,  
All sweetly join in praise to thee.

The verdure fragrant, blossoms sweet,  
 Decking the footstool of thy feet,  
 And tiniest life that knows the sod,  
 Bear attestation to a God.

Blush then, ye heavens and earth, that man,  
 The crowning glory of God's plan,  
 Alone of all made by His hand,  
 Godless within the world should stand !

#### THE BLESSED SABBATH.

O, Sabbath day ! conception sweet,  
 The needs of weary souls to meet !  
 A gleam of glory from the throne,  
 Of radiant brightness all its own !

Thy dawning is my heart's delight ;  
 Thine every hour, from morn till night,  
 So fragrant, and with grace so blest,  
 Foreshadows the eternal rest.

When dawns the sacred day, in peace,  
 From earth the soul finds sweet release,  
 And revels in a realm of bliss,  
 Forgetful of the ills of this.

O, Sabbath day ! thy stay too short,  
 When with such heav'nly sweetness fraught ;  
 Would that the fragrance to thee given  
 Might grace, as sweetly, all the seven.

O, Sabbath day ! O, Sabbath day !  
 Light, fragrance on earth's dreary way !  
 Promise of coming rest—yea, more,  
 Heaven's sweet shadow cast before !

#### Charles W. Upham.

Charles W. Upham was the son of Gen. Timothy Upham of Portsmouth. He was  
 in that town, September 9, 1814. He died in December, 1834.

#### JACOB'S FUNERAL.

A train came forth from Egypt's land,  
 Mournful and slow their tread ;  
 And sad the leader of that band,  
 The bearers of the dead.

His father's bones they bore away,  
 To lay them in the grave

Where Abraham and Isaac lay,  
Macpelah's sacred cave.

A stately train, dark Egypt's pride,  
Chariot and horse are there ;  
And silently in sorrow ride  
Old men of hoary hair.  
For many days they passed along  
To Atad's threshing floor,  
And sang their last and saddest song  
Upon the Jordan's shore.

And Atad saw the strangers mourn,  
That silent, woe-clad band,  
And wondered much whose bones were borne,  
Thus far from Pharaoh's land.  
They saw the chieftain's grief was sore,  
He wept with manly grace ;  
They called that spot forevermore  
Misraim's mourning place.

They passed the wave that Jacob passed,  
His good staff in his hands,  
They passed the wave that Jacob passed  
With his returning bands.  
'Twas when he met upon his path  
His brother's wild array,  
And fled, for fear his ancient wrath  
Might fall on him that day.

### Matthew Harvey.

Mr. Harvey, born in Sutton, January 14, 1815, and is descended from one of the early and well known families of that town. His grandfather—whose Christian name he bears—came from Nottingham to Sutton, (then Perrystown) about the year 1774, where, in a log house of his own construction, his two eldest sons, Jonathan and Matthew, were born. Deacon Harvey was a public spirited and enterprising citizen, well known as a civil magistrate, legislator and churchman; and at the time of his death in 1799, he was an extensive landholder and a man of wealth. Both of the sons mentioned above subsequently became members of congress, and the latter was elected Governor of N. H. in 1830. Mr. Harvey is the only brother of Mrs. Augusta H. Worthen, of Lynn, Mass., a well known writer of both prose and verse—selections from whose sparkling poems appear in this collection. In 1831, he entered the printing office of the *Argus and Spectator*, at Newport, as an apprentice; and in 1840, with his cousin, H. G. Carleton, purchased the establishment, and the paper was edited and published by Messrs. Carleton & Harvey through an unbroken period of forty years. Political journalism is not a good field for the cultivation of poetic sentiments; but still, Mr. Harvey's occasional poems evince rare talent in that direction, as the following selections will show.

#### THE OLD HEARTH-STONE.

I sing of the old hearth-stone that quietly lay  
'Neath my own native roof near the side of the way,

Where the bright glowing embers, all cheerful and warm,  
 Looked out on the darkness and laughed at the storm.  
 The music, the mirth, and the songs that resound  
 O'er *this* smooth marble hearth, ring not with the sound  
 Of joy and true gladness that was kindled alone  
 With the fire that once blazed on the old hearth-stone.

It speaks of a mother who used to sit there,  
 Plying her needles in the old arm-chair,  
 Ere time dimmed her eye, and fringed her fair brow  
 With wrinkles of age and silver as now.  
 It speaks of a father who sat by her side,  
 Watching his children as gaily they glide  
 Round the lap of affection, in the light that was thrown  
 From the oaken back-log on the old hearth-stone.

'Twas there that five sisters, at close of the day,  
 Were joined by a brother in health-giving play,  
 Till the music of angels was echo'd from earth  
 By juvenile tongues round the old stone hearth.  
 That house is now silent! Joy reigns there no more!  
 Decay'd is the threshold and closed is the door!  
 The latch-string is broken, the warblers all flown,  
 Save the cricket that sings 'neath the old hearth-stone.

I've since wander'd long mid fashion and pleasure,  
 Searching in vain for the priceless treasure  
 That once was my own—but I knew not its worth,  
 Till driven by fate from the old stone hearth.  
 'Tis thus that a thought of this relic of yore  
 Carries me back to my childhood once more;  
 Then lay me away, when life's work is done,  
 And cover my grave with the old hearth-stone!

Sink my epitaph deep in its foot-worn face,  
 And there let the names of lov'd sisters have place—  
 That when the old homestead is lost in decay,  
 And the circle, now broken, has vanished away,  
 Some student of art may pause and restore  
 To the moss-covered names their freshness once more;  
 And read from the tablet, forsaken and lone,  
 Our Family Record on the old hearth-stone.

#### A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Written with the author's left hand, and inscribed to his broken right arm.

"How now? pray tell, my Good Right Arm,  
 Why bone and muscle swing,





Incapable of good or harm,  
Like culprit in a sling?

Why clothed like mummy, weird and old,  
In rags from elbow down,  
And all wrapp'd up in linen fold,  
Like Bishop in his gown?

Full three-score years and five, I trow,  
Thou'st been my servant true;  
That thou should thus forsake me now,  
I little thought of you."

A twinge of pain, in stifling moan,  
Precedes this quaint reply:—  
"Since you, it seems, have stupid grown,  
I'll frankly tell you why.

First know that my anatomy  
Has strangely been upset:  
That few I find to pity me  
Is reason why I fret.

They say I was a foolish doit—  
And this they cite for proof:  
That if I'd wisely led my coit  
I'd haply 'scaped her hoof.

Of this mistake I did repent  
And said, "Now, brute, I pray,  
Do not your steel-clad heels relent?  
Alas! she answered *Nee-jah!*

Yet why she thus has smote me sore,  
I'd kind o' like to know:  
For I've stood many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow.

But still in charity I beg  
To hope she meant no harm—  
That when she *reared* a lively leg,  
She chanced to *over* an arm.

You'd now confess that in my time  
I've done some little good;  
And here I'll put it into rhyme—  
Just as a poet should.

Those minutes and e'en now are glad  
Themselves to only hurt:

The naked I have always clad—  
When I've put on your shirt.

The hungry I've as often fed  
(And fed, alas ! a sinner,)  
Whene'er I've been, by pity led,  
To cook or serve your dinner.

And yet these bones, by instinct led,  
Would gladly guide the plough ;  
And by industrious habits fed,  
Are knitting even now.

Abandon your ancestral fame—  
Henceforth 'twill have no charms  
For one who now can only claim  
But half a Coat-of-Arms.

And while one limb's of life bereft  
Just utilize the other ;  
I mean, of course, the one that's *Left*—  
My stupid, twin-born brother.

But don't expect the awkward fool  
Can often 'come to time ;'  
He could'nt write e'en prose at school—  
Much less a decent rhyme."

#### STANZAS.

my beloved wife on the fifth anniversary of our marriage, Nov. 26, 1881.

'Tis strange how hours to moments sink  
When pleasure rules our days ;  
'Tis strange how months like hours appear  
'Neath summer's genial rays ;  
But stranger still how *years* roll by,  
When most we'd bid them stay—  
Such years I mean as *we* have seen,  
Five wedded years to-day.

I bless the hour, my own lov'd wife,  
When first I called you mine ;  
The hand I then did give to thee  
Was gently clasp'd in thine.  
And here again, with vows renewed,  
I pledge what's left of life,  
To her whose smiles have sweetened it,—  
My own, my darling wife.

Her gentle tongue a sword doth wield,  
 All-potent in its sway,  
 To conquer e'en my stubborn will,  
 And point "the better way."  
 When eyes of black meet hers of blue,  
 Fresh life this bosom stirs;  
 I know my heart was purified  
 By melting it with hers.

And thus my dove I seek thy love;  
 'Tis half I hope of Heaven!  
 Oh cherish mine as part of thine!  
 And may it ne'er be riven  
 By sorrow's tears in future years,  
 As we march hand in hand  
 By twilight rays from Wisdom's ways,  
 Up to the "Better Land."

### Augusta Harbey Worthen.

Mrs. Worthen, a sister of Matthew Harvey, was born in Sutton, Septen-ber 27, 1823. She was educated at Andover Academy, and was subsequently a teacher in that institution. In 1855 she became the wife of Mr. Charles F. Worthen, now de-ceased. Her home is in Lynn, Mass. She has been author of a history of the town, and is a constant contributor, in both prose and verse, to newspapers and magazines. Her poems are full of original fancy, tender thought, and true sentiment.

#### THE LILY'S STORY.

(On finding, in the month of October, a Lily growing in the dry bed of a pond.)

Linger not within the shadow  
 Of the lonely forest pines;  
 See on yonder hill and meadow,  
 Bright October sunlight shines?  
 Come, for bright must fall its radiance,  
 On the pond where lilies grew,  
 Still, perchance, some breath of fragrance  
 Hovers o'er its waters blue.  
 O'er the rocks the wild vines creeping,  
 Flushed with autumn's crimson glow,  
 Wondering, see the clouds lie sleeping  
 In the mirror depths below.  
 We, with such sweet fancies haunted,  
 Seek the spot last year so fair,  
 Painfully are disenchanted,  
 For no pretty pond is there.  
 Coarse and rank the weeds are growing  
 O'er its dark and oozy bed,

But no murmuring brook is flowing  
'Neath the alder-berries red.  
Yet, in yon low quagmire gleaming,  
Something pure and white I see!  
But, I'm only fondly dreaming—  
Can the flower a *Lily* be?  
Yes, all fragrant, fresh and smiling  
In October's mellow light,  
Me of all sad thoughts beguiling,  
'Twas a *Lily* met my sight.  
None can tell my heart's deep pleasure,  
Half the foolish things it said,  
As I sought the precious treasure—  
Bent me o'er its beauteous head.  
Had my loving admiration  
Waked some sweet responsive thrill?  
Saw I not a faint pulsation  
All its slender stamens fill?  
Why did every petal tremble  
'Neath my warm admiring gaze?  
Might it not its joy dissemble  
At my words of earnest praise!  
Had it, like the human spirit,  
Longed for recognition too?  
Strong desire did it inherit  
For appreciation true!  
Wilt thou credit this sweet marvel  
That, within my spirit's ear,  
Words of hopeful, earnest counsel  
From the *Lily* I should hear?  
Sweet the tale of joy and sorrow  
Which the *Lily* told to me;  
Would I might its accents borrow  
While I tell it unto thee.

Spring was young (thus ran the story)  
When the tiny bud had birth;  
Came and went the summer's glory  
Ere she bloomed in beauty forth.  
Never on the clear bright billow,  
Lifted from her lowly bed,  
Never on a wavelet pillow  
Rested she her gentle head.  
Still, the torturing, upward-yearning  
Instincts of her dainty race.  
Bade her from the dull earth turning,

Rise in purity and grace.  
 "Mockery every aspiration,  
 Prone and helpless here I lie."  
 This in hours of dark temptation  
 Was her spirit's anguish cry.  
 "Vain the hopes, the longings endless,  
 For a freer, brighter life,  
 Making me more lone and friendless,  
 Wearing me with useless strife.  
 Let my better nature perish ;  
 Nevermore will I aspire,  
 Nevermore will seek to cherish  
 Higher instinct, pure desire :  
 On these weeds will gaze admiring  
 Nodding in this earth-born breeze ;  
 Coarse, contented, unaspiring.  
 Would I were like one of these."

But the sunbeams on her falling,  
 Roused from that despairing chill,  
 And the voice within her calling,  
 Bade her be a *Lily* still.  
 Wind-borne, from some purer region,  
 Came this testimony free :  
 "Fear not, for their name is Legion,  
 Who have hoped and toiled like thee.  
 Slowly, painfully, thou learnest  
 What thy destiny must be ;  
 All thine inner promptings earnest  
 Are but glorious prophecy.  
 Faithful to thy highest duty,  
 Hope, yet work with heart and will ;  
 Thou shalt yet arise in beauty,  
 Thou shalt be a *Lily* still."

Then, as to some touch mysterious,  
 Every inmost heart-string thrilled,  
 While her spirit, thoughtful, serious,  
 With a wondrous joy was filled.  
 Blessed hours of exaltation !


Memories of such rapture rare,  
 Saved her from her dark temptation,  
 Strengthened her against despair.  
 Though no partial friends beholding  
 Cheered her with delicious praise,  
 All unmarked her slow unfolding  
 Through the long, long summer days :

Though half doubtful of her mission,  
Dreading lest her power might fail,  
Musing on that dream Elysian,  
Hopeful grew the Lily pale.  
All its meaning scarce divining,  
Still new efforts she put forth :  
For the vital moistures pining  
Deeper struck her roots in earth.  
Gratefully, her thirst allaying,  
Every dew-drop gathered up ;  
Choice perfumes from zephyrs straying,  
Hoarded in her pearly cup.  
Once, to let the sunbeams enter,  
Dared to ope that chalice white ;  
Instantly her heart's deep centre  
Caught their golden radiance bright.  
So she kept her pure corolla  
Free from earthly soil or stain,  
Till the autumn winds blew hollow—  
Fell the welcome autumn rain.  
Then a little pool collected—  
Raised her on her slender stem,  
Then a LILY was perfected  
Fairer than the fairest gem.  
  
Toiler, thinker, dreaming poet,  
Doubtful of your highest powers,  
Work in hope, for, ere you know it,  
Help shall come like autumn showers.

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#### KEARSARGE TO ITS NAMESAKE.

A monarch old, my court I hold  
A hundred miles away,  
But I look afar as a ship of war  
Comes proudly up the bay.  
  
I hear the fort, with loud report  
Of cannon's swift discharge,  
Though autumn air shout welcome fair,  
Shout welcome to Kearsarge.  
  
Glad tremor thrills the rock-ribbed hills  
That in my presence wait,  
From lips of fame they catch the name  
Dear to the Granite State.



O! Godson brave, thy name *I* gave,  
 For thee I sponsor stood,  
 With earnest voice I pledged thy choice  
 To seek thy country's good.

I hear her tell "thou hast done well!  
 For nations that defied,  
 Saw thy fierce blows sink traitor foes  
 Beneath a foreign tide."

My thanks, namesake, now freely take,  
 Thanks and my welcome too—  
 Thou'st brought no shame upon my name,  
 I give thee honor due.

So live and fight for country's right,  
 Be loyal, true and brave,  
 Till foreign hate share treason's fate,  
 Beneath a foreign wave.

### Mary Whitecher.

Mary Whitecher was born in Lawrence, Otsego Co., N. Y. March 31, 1815. She came to Shaker Village, Canterbury, with her father's family in 1836. Where the Shaker Society is now located was the homestead of her grandfather, Benjamin Whitecher, and the birthplace of her father, Joseph Whitecher. From childhood to the present time she has spent her years in a Shaker community.

### THE SNOW STORM.

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| What kindness of our Father,    | Our weakness and our sin,      |
| To spread a mantle o'er         | If we beneath the covering     |
| All dark and ugly features,     | Of <i>Merry</i> would come in. |
| Which face of nature bore!      | This is the Lord's pavilion;   |
| All draped in lily whiteness,   | <i>It</i> covers all below;    |
| The rocks and mountains'        | As doth the rain and sunshine. |
| side;                           | So doth the mantling snow.     |
| Alike the vales and hill-tops:— | Oh when shall we consider      |
| Thus would our maker hide       | What God for us hath done:     |
| Our darkest wrongs with white-  | And in that loving kindness    |
| ness,                           | Deal kindly with each one?     |

### James Kennard.

James Kennard was born in Portsmouth, Nov. 20, 1815. When sixteen years of age he became lame in his right knee, which compelled him to abandon the business he was engaged in. This leg was subsequently amputated, and the other leg and his arms and fingers became diseased so that his remaining life was spent in great suffering. He became also almost blind, and, for many years, till his death in 1847, was confined to his bed. His writings, both in prose and verse, with a memoir by Prof. A. F. Peabody, were published in a volume after his decease. He was an able writer, and his years of bodily suffering were not passed in gloom, but in great fortitude and Christian resignation.

## FOURTH OF JULY.

A thousand thrilling recollections flash  
From memory's field in vivid colors forth,  
As, starting from my sleep, I hear the crash  
Of pealing cannon, and the noisy mirth  
Of joyous multitudes. The dewy earth  
Is not yet lighted by the rising sun,  
Yet doth the welkin ring, from south to north,  
With cracker, pistol, blunderbus, and gun,  
Proclaiming that the boys have just commenced their fun.

Memory is busy, and I feel almost  
A boy again; I seem to be once more  
Just springing from my bed, counting as lost  
The time there spent beyond the hour of four.  
Short was my prayer just then, my toilet o'er  
In half the usual time,—I grappled quick  
My powder flask and gun,—stole to the door  
All silently. Ah! then my heart beat thick,  
Lest I betrayed myself by some untimely creak!

In vain may parents try to keep their children  
In bed till sunrise on a morn like this,—  
The sounds are so exciting and bewildering,—  
It is a pity thus to mar their bliss;  
What's more, unless they tie them, they will miss  
The little urchins, if into their bed  
They take a peep, long ere the sun shall kiss  
The hill-tops with his rays. Oft have I fled  
Thus, through the old back window which hangs o'er the shed.

And when my mother (bless her!) thought me close  
And safe in bed, well out of danger's way,  
Around me then the smoke of powder rose,  
Pealed from my gun loud welcomes to the day,  
And careless I pursued my dangerous play;  
For, on this day of Liberty, I thought  
'Twas quite excusable to disobey  
My parents, (naughty boy!) and, if not caught,  
My conscience scarcely ever spoilt my morning's sport.

Boys will be boys; and now, to tell the truth,  
I wish myself a wild young boy again.  
O, in the thoughtless joyousness of youth,  
How little is there known of care and pain!  
How little felt the storms of fate which rain



So heavily on manhood's hope's, and quench  
 In gloom the flame which strives, but strives in vain,  
 To gather strength,—sinking beneath the drench  
 Of careless sorrows, which oft make the strongest blench.

#### WHAT SHALL I ASK IN PRAYER?

What shall I ask in prayer? Have I not all  
 That fortune can bestow of earthly gifts,—  
 Health, riches, friends? What shall I ask in prayer?  
 That God continue to pour out on me  
 Thus bountifully all earth's choicest blessings?  
 Shall I kneel down, and pray that he will still  
 Preserve my health inviolate, sustain  
 In all its robust strength this wondrous frame?  
 That he will still pour wealth into my coffers,  
 Nor leave a single wish ungratified  
 Which luxury can prompt? Or shall I ask  
 That friends may yet be true; that time may not  
 Estrange their hearts from me, nor death destroy?  
 Shall I pray thus? No! let me rather bend  
 In fearful, trembling meekness at the shrine:  
 Father in heaven! oh, give me strength to use  
 Aright those talents which in wisdom thou  
 Committedst to my care! I am thy steward;  
 And, when the final day of reckoning comes,  
 May I then render in a good account!  
 I pray not that thou wouldst continue all  
 These earthly blessings; for thou knowest what  
 Is best for me. Should sickness, sorrow, want,  
 E'er come upon me, all I ask, O God!  
 Is *resignation to thy holy will.*


What shall I ask in prayer? Misfortune sweeps  
 Resistless over all my earthly hopes.  
 Storm after storm has beat upon my head;  
 Broken and scattered to the winds the fabric  
 Of all my worldly greatness. One by one  
 My plans have failed; and, striving to regain  
 The ground which I had lost, and seat myself  
 Again on Fortune's highest pinnacle,  
 I have but overwhelmed myself the more,  
 And made my fall the greater. All is gone!  
 Riches have fled; and deep, corroding care  
 Has preyed upon my very life; this frame,

Erect in health and manly vigor once,  
Which scarcely knew what illness was, is bowed  
By sickness,—tottering and feeble now  
The once elastic step. Pale is the cheek  
Which once did wear the ruddy glow of health,  
And dim the eye which shone with joy and hope.  
One comfort only yet remains to me,—  
A gentle friend, true as in former days,  
More kind and more affectionate than ever.  
She watches by my bed, and soothes my pain,  
And droops not, though my spirit sinks within me.

Adversity's thine element, O woman!—  
What shall I ask in prayer? Shall I send up  
To heaven's gate complaining notes of woe,  
And supplicate Jehovah to give back  
The riches and the health of former days?  
Doth not the Lord know what is best for me?  
Father above! I bow beneath the rod:  
Amid the desolation of my hopes  
I ask but *resignation to thy will*.

What shall I ask in prayer? I have no friend!  
Misfortune robbed me of my wealth; and then  
I saw, alas! the ties which bound my *friends*  
To me were golden strings; they snapped in twain;  
My riches fled; and *friendship* was no more!  
Death snatched away my last, true, only friend.  
She died! and I am left alone to drag  
In misery the burden of my life along.  
Grim famine stares; and sickness eats into  
My very vitals, nor permits repose.  
Poor, friendless, sick,—I raise my thoughts to heaven.

What shall I ask in prayer? Shall I besiege  
God's throne with lamentations? Shall I pray  
That he restore to me health, riches, friends?  
Then would my sorrows have been all in vain.  
Health makes us thoughtless that a time will come  
When "dust returns to dust;" and riches are  
Too prone to keep our thoughts from higher things;  
And friends do often fill the heart so wholly  
That not one thought of God can gain admittance.  
"Tis good for me that I have been afflicted."  
I thank thee, God! and, should there be in store  
Yet further trials, strengthen me, I pray,  
And give me spiritual health, and let



My riches be laid up in heaven above !  
 My everlasting Friend, thou God of mercy !  
 In earthly troubles, Lord ! I only ask  
 For *resignation to thy holy will.*

### Michael Wentworth Beck.

Michael W. Beck was born in Portsmouth, November 29, 1815. His father was Samuel Beck, brother to Gideon Beck, editor and publisher of the *New Hampshire Gazette*. After the death of Michael's father he was adopted by his uncle Gideon. At an early age he began an active business life as a practical printer. Soon after completing his apprenticeship in the office of the Gazette, in 1832, he went to Boston, and worked in the office of Tuttle & Weeks, printers. While at work there he often contributed poetry to the columns of the *Boston Post*. In 1837 Mr. Beck went to Saco, Maine. He purchased, in company with another, the *Maine Democrat*. In the management of this paper he was both printer and editor, and so intense was his application to the business of the establishment, that his physical constitution became affected, by a disease, which early terminated his earthly career. His intellectual powers were strong and active, and, for one of his years, well matured. His reputation as a political writer stood deservedly high. He died at Portsmouth, March 2, 1843.

#### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

This world is not so bad a world  
 As some would wish to make it ;  
 Though whether good, or whether bad,  
 Depends on how we take it.  
 For if we scold and fret all day,  
 From dewy morn till even,  
 This world will ne'er afford to man  
 A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world  
 As e'er was known to any  
 Who have not seen another yet  
 (And these are very many ;)  
 And if the men and women too  
 Have plenty of employment,  
 Those surely must be hard to please,  
 Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world  
 In rain, or pleasant weather,  
 If people would but learn to live  
 In harmony together ;  
 Nor seek to break the kindly bond  
 By love and peace cemented,  
 And learn that best of lessons yet,  
 To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
 And pleasant folks were in it :

The day would pass most pleasantly  
 To those who thus begin it;  
 And all the nameless grievances  
 Brought on by borrowed troubles  
 Would prove, as certainly they are,  
 A mass of empty bubbles!

### THE SOUL.

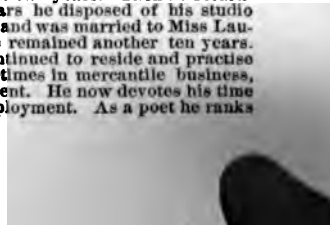
Whence came the intellectual ray  
 That lights the eye with fire,  
 That earthward will not bide its stay,  
 But heavenward bids aspire?  
 Is it a spark from God's high throne,  
 Given with our earliest breath?  
 And will he claim it as his own,  
 When we are chilled in death?

Oh, precious faith! cling to my breast,  
 A hallowed pilgrim there:  
 When to my bosom thou art pressed,  
 How free am I from care!  
 Let sickness rage, let pain invade  
 My vitals for its food,  
 No doubt my faith shall make afraid,  
 Nor aught be mine but good.

Through death's dark valley I must tread,  
 Ere youth's fair sun is set:  
 Calmly resigned, I bow my head,  
 And earth's vain joys forget.  
 The spark that gleams, the jewelled soul,  
 The casket thrown away,  
 Shall mingle with that perfect whole  
 That forms God's brightest day!

### Leander Clark.

Leander Clark was born in Townsend, Mass., March, 17, 1816. He came with his father to New Ipswich when eight years of age, and was educated at the Appleton Academy. He went to Boston in 1839 and became a portrait painter. After a short time he came to Nashua and practised his profession for a year or more, when he removed to Bedford, Mass., where he remained about two years. Then he returned to Boston, still busy at painting. After some years he disposed of his studio and returned to Bedford where he resided ten years, and was married to Miss Lauder. He then went to New Ipswich where he remained another ten years. He removed to Washington, D. C., where he continued to reside and practise his profession. Besides painting he has been engaged sometimes in mercantile business, and in 1865 had a clerkship in the Treasury Department. He now devotes his time to writing, which he likes better than any other employment. As a poet he ranks as will be seen by his poems here given.



## SONG.

When hearth and hall were lighted  
To Evening silent guest  
And ruddy fires were paling,  
In the chambers of the west,  
I met her at the garden gate,  
The maiden I love best,  
While dusk and gray,  
Departing day

Sank to the isles of rest.

We loitered with the streamlets,  
The yellow sheaves between,  
Or stood above the torrent.  
Where the silver birches lean ;  
Far on the shining stubble  
Shone the reaper's nightly beam,  
Beneath whose glow,  
On fallows low,  
The ploughman drove his team.

She leaned upon my bosom.  
And her locks were wet with dew,  
And speechless was the rapture,  
As our lips together grew ;  
O fragrant with the harvest,  
Were the airs that o'er us blew,  
Till Dian queen,  
From o'er the scene,  
Her silent orb withdrew.

Her foot is like the zephyr,  
Her voice is low and sweet,  
Her laugh is like the ripple,  
When the woodland fountains meet ;  
And like reflected glimpses,  
Where the waves run wide and fleet,  
Her glances bright,  
With azure light,  
The golden spell complete.

## A DIRGE.

Where the whispering cypress glooms,  
Daphney she lies cold and low ;  
Bring to her all fragrant blooms  
Of the fairest flowers that blow.

There let babbling runnels break,  
Westering winds blow in your stops,  
And with songful dirges make  
Verberant the cedar tops.

Joy shall now no more attend  
In the walks where she has been ;  
Weeping memory must bend  
O'er the melancholy scene.

Viewless Echo like a voice  
From each cliff shall wail and cry ;  
Birds shall sorrow that rejoice,  
Making mournful melody.

Dreary visions now embrace  
All the dreamful hours of rest ;  
Melancholy bends her mace  
O'er the sorrow-stricken breast.

Daphney she is dead and gone  
Where the whispering cypress glooms ;  
Night or morning she sleeps on  
In the silent place of tombs.

---

#### LINES.


Like as a roll of carded wool,  
That many a careful wife doth pull,  
And off her spindle quickly run,  
So soon our thread of life is spun.

Like as a weaver's shuttle plays,  
From hand to hand, even so our days,  
From morn to evening swiftly run,  
Until the web of life is done.

---

#### FAITH AND HOPE.

When the mind, oppressed with sadness,  
Drapes the outer world in gloom,  
Faith, that brings the dawn of gladness,  
Can that seeming night relume.



Such is Hope unto the sainted,  
 When in life's serene decay,  
 All the threatening clouds are painted  
 With the magic of her ray.

---

SONNET.

I would not crave an unction of the high,  
 Nor blessings from the low, the heart can keep  
 The council of its sorrow, can put by  
 The tender solace of a frequent sigh,  
 And turn its tears to ashes but not weep.  
 When I am dead I prithee let me sleep,  
 Nor bring such gifts as willing hands bestow,  
 On many a ridged and grass betufted heap ;—  
 But let the sun shine and the west winds blow,  
 Upon the green roof of my mansion low—  
 And the leaves rustle, and the moonbeams dwell,  
 And the rude night winds whistle as they go,  
 And on the deaf ear of the dead shall swell,  
 The dirges of the deep and the far billows' knell.—

---

SONNET.

Bird of the wild, why art thou still so sad—  
 To set thy full throat trembling at a lay?  
 Is it that I in mournful weeds am clad,  
 Or dost thou chant the dirgeful knell of day?  
 The somber aspect of the twilight gray,  
 The silent moon, that silvers o'er each height,  
 The glow-worm's lamp, that glimmers far away,  
 In grassy glades, O wakeful bird of night!  
 Are they not leaves, from whence thou dost indite  
 That wild melodious clamor? If for mine,  
 Or any mortal sorrow, is the plight  
 In which, sweet bird, thou nightly dost repine ;  
 O, take thy bosom from such cruel thorn,  
 And leave to earthly man his grief forlorn.

---

HESTER MORELAND.

Sweet Hester Moreland, how I love the name,  
 The very door she enters I adore.  
 I've seen some belles and beauties known to fame,

And, though I cheerfully admit their claim,  
They're not so fair a mark for Cupid's aim  
As Hester Moreland, whom I named before.

'Twas rather foolish, but we took a miff  
At some unguarded words we both deplore,  
That when we met at church, or Cedar Cliff,  
To see the cattle show, we bowed as if  
Our heads and shoulders had been getting stiff—  
'Twas very foolish, as I said before.

At length I wrote her, saying I would call ;  
That "this estrangement I must needs deplore."  
She wrote in answer, "do indeed by all  
That's sweet and sacred, trust these tears and call,  
For where love enters pride must have a fall.  
Yes, call indeed, love, as I said before."

The bats were stirring, and the stars began  
To twinkle as she met me at the door,  
For love is sweetest in the silent van  
Of coming shadows, when no eye may scan,  
And bats are stirring, as I said before.

"Let's walk, dear Sandy, and before you go  
We'll make it up," she said, "and frown no more ;  
I know you love me, for you told me so ;  
That I love you as well, I know you know,  
So let us walk, love, as I said before."

"Then kiss me, Hester, sweet as blossomed peas,  
And press to mine the lips that I adore ;  
For only kisses can the heart appease  
And of its sore regrets the bosom ease ;  
O, kiss me, dearest, as I said before."

'Twas what we needed, so we kissed and kissed,  
And when we'd kissed awhile we kissed some more.  
In love as we were how could we resist  
The panacea we so long had missed,  
And so much needed, as I said before.

Few words suffice for lovers to explain ;  
Young hearts are tender to the very core ;  
Though oft perverse and eager for the pain  
That frowns impart, we soon make up again,  
And hope to kiss and kiss forevermore.



## INTRAMUROS.

At the dead middle of a moonless night  
Something awoke me, and there shone a light  
    Within my room ;  
I looked and listened for some token near,  
When these just words of wisdom smote my ear  
    From out the gloom.

“He that would shun the stroke of fate  
Let wisdom show him his estate  
    Before he fall.  
Life is beset with gins and snares,  
And wicked ways and guilty stairs  
    Mislead us all.

Then dream not Pleasure’s flickering light  
Will lead thy erring steps aright.  
    Delusive beam !  
It shines o’er sepulchres and tombs,  
Gilding the horror of their glooms  
    More than a dream.

Pursue nor Chance, her barge of fate,  
Nor chartless Fortune with the freight  
    That doth betray,  
For in the perils of their wake  
Thy phantom-chasing sail shall make  
    Nor port nor bay.

Regard not wealth, who ties the marts  
In masonry of sordid arts  
    That men employ ;  
Her dust the idle palm may fee  
But in the free soul’s treasury  
    ’Tis base alloy.

O trust not Love : ’tis like the brook  
That through thy garden’s flowery nook  
    Soft murmuring flows,  
But in its windings to the sea  
It laughs and ripples fancy-free  
    Where e’er it goes.

Trust not the seeming friend, for he  
Is like the shadow of a tree  
    That steals away,  
At first slow gliding from its place  
But ere its distant point ye trace  
    ’Tis gone for aye.

Esteem not Honor, Glory, Fame,  
 The noise, the blazon, of a name,—  
     They pass away ;  
 They are the world's prerogative,  
 But to th' aspiring soul can give  
     Nor help nor stay.

Search not the guilds for stamps of birth,  
 Through pedigrees of dubious worth  
     And doubtful claim,  
 Let thine own deeds emboss the field  
 Of that escutcheon thou mayst wield  
     For praise or blame.

Think not the fault in thee removed,  
 But know that all thy ways are grooved  
     Of ancient use ;  
 He who himself hath justly scanned  
 And knows his fault,—he can command  
     Of Death a truce."

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### Mary B. Hosmer.

Mrs. Hosmer, a daughter of Benjamin A. and Martha Clark, of New Ipswich, sister of the preceding poet, was born October, 30, 1820. She received her education at the Appleton Academy, in that town, and at Miss Catharine Fluke's Seminary in Keene. In 1841 she was married to Castallo Hosmer of Nashua, where they resided till 1844, when they removed to Roxbury, Mass. In 1848, she went to Kankakee City, Ill. In 1861 Mr. Hosmer was appointed to office by President Lincoln, and removed to Washington, D. C., where they now reside. Mrs. Hosmer is well known in literary circles and is a writer of genuine poetry.

#### THE BEGGAR'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

What ails the night that it moans so loud,  
 Moans so loud and drearily?  
 Doth it moan for the homeless and famished ones  
 That roam the street so wearily?  
 While close to this doorway I shivering creep,  
 Wail on, oh! night, there is cause to weep,  
 When half God's children are starving and cold,  
 With never a bed but the earth's brown mold.  
 "Peace on earth and good will to men,"  
 This was the song of angels when  
 They sang of old on Judea's plains ;  
 Yet still the rich want all their gains,  
 Forgetting that peace can never be  
 'Mid squalor and hunger and poverty.  
 How long would this doorway a shelter be  
 If they knew within that it sheltered me?

Oh! ye that prate of "Christian graces,"  
 And school your sanctimonious faces,  
 And look on the poor with cold disdain,  
 "Giving your alms to be seen of men;"  
 Do ye follow the "gentle Nazarene?"  
 In poverty's haunts are ye often seen?  
 No; you gather your skirts and pass us by,  
 And look with scorn on such as I.

In yonder princely hall I see  
 The bending boughs of a Christmas tree;  
 There all is bright and warm as the sun,  
 While here I sit on this cold door-stone,  
 And think myself lucky if those within  
 Hear not my wail through the wild night's din,  
 "Peace on earth and good will" were sent;  
 Was this the "peace" the angels meant?

"Good will to men!" doth it come in rags,  
 Or "Peace on earth" to the foot that drags  
 Its weary way through the filth and dirt  
 Which sticks not alone to poverty's skirts?  
 Yes, "Peace on earth," it is coming now,  
 I feel its touch on my icy brow;  
 The only peace to poverty given,  
 That peace which opens the gates of heaven.

They are opening wide! my soul pass in,  
 Out from these rags so worn and thin,  
 Into the light and warmth of heaven,  
 There shall the peace which I ask be given;  
 While this poor body so worn with woe,  
 They shall find in the morn 'neath the Christmas e

#### AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS

I'm nearing home! the mountain's breath  
 Blows o'er my cheek and softly saith;  
 "Come thou long-wanderer to my breast.  
 Here let thy feet awhile find rest."

I'm nearing home, a few green hills  
 Lie 'tween me and the spot that thrills  
 The sweetest memories of my soul,—  
 My childhood's home, that longed-for goal.

I'm nearing home, the steam-fed horse  
 Bellows his presence loud and hoarse,

Swiftly he glided past town and hill,  
Slowly he stops ; the monster's still.

I step out in the twilight grey,  
September eve as soft as May ;  
The rich, ripe air alone may tell  
How gathered fruits their garner's swell.

Adown the old familiar wold  
Where oft my childish feet have strolled,  
The trees are fairer, taller, grown,  
The same old brook goes murmuring on.

The hale old elm with verdant crown  
Reaches its arms with welcome down,  
And the soft greensward neath my feet  
Seemeth to give me welcome sweet.

In at the window now I peer ;  
Thanks, Time ! though'st wrought no changes here,  
The evening lamp with cheerful glow,  
Seemeth to say, come ! enter now.

I lift the latch ! a solemn thrill  
Sweeps o'er my soul, my heart stands still,  
Hark ! well-known voices greet my ear,  
I listening pause almost in fear.

Across the floor with noiseless tread  
I steal ; do not th' returning dead  
Feel as I feel, when they softly glide,  
And stand close by some loved one's side ?

Two forms I see through joyous tears  
Erect beneath their fourscore years—  
One bound and I am in the arms  
That led me safe through childhood's harms.

O Father ! lengthen out their years,  
Save them from pain, from griefs and tears,  
And oft may I rejoicing come  
Again to my New England home.

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#### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

*After Charlotte Brontë in Shirley, Chap. 18.*

Nature is at her vespers now,  
She is kneeling on the mountain's brow :  
The grand steps of her altar rise  
Up the rough peak to the evening skies.

Her altar fire is burning bright,—  
 Art cannot catch its lovely light,  
 Nor the glowing blush she hides away,  
 From the ardent gaze of the god of day.

The evening star clasps her purple zone,  
 Her misty hair to the breeze is thrown,  
 A white cloud like a vail sweeps down,  
 While lightning plays 'round her star-gemmed crown  
 Her purple robe o'er the valley spreads  
 Where yonder flocks bend low their heads;  
 Darkness awaits with mantle gray,  
 To wrap her from my sight away.

Her steadfast eyes,—like the lake's deep blue,  
 Are lifted in worship,—the evening dew  
 Like tears of faith are trembling there,  
 As she solemnly breathes her evening prayer.  
 Her bosom clothed with purple heath,  
 Her mighty hands clasped underneath,  
 She bends her forehead to the sod,  
 Thus, face to face, she speaks with God.

#### OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Twine lovely wreaths to deck the honored graves  
 Where sleep the ashes of our noble dead;  
 Wreath the dark laurel, green as ocean waves,—  
 With reverence place it o'er each patriot head.

Bring our loved ensign, o'er them let it wave,  
 The dear "old flag," beneath whose folds they fell  
 Long may the nation live they died to save,  
 Bright be their memory who died so well.

For the dear sacrifice so freely given  
 Here let the nation bow itself and weep;  
 Gently let falling tears, like dew of heaven,  
 Water each mound where our brave patriots sleep.

Place a white tablet o'er each noble breast,  
 And let their glowing record there be found;  
 This be our Mecca, where our soldiers rest,  
 Shield we from impious hands each sacred mound.

But not alone to him of high renown  
 Shall pæans rise and words of praise be given.  
 Bring brightest laurels for the dead "unknown,"  
 Whose records, lost to earth, are bright in heaven.

The solemn minute-gun, the warrior's knell,  
 For them is booming over land and sea,  
 While o'er their graves the winds, that sigh and swell,  
 Their soft and mournful requiem shall be.

Rest, savior patriots, in your narrow beds,  
 While all about you Nature's voices ring;  
 Far brighter crowns await your noble heads  
 Than the sweet tributes which we hither bring.

### Harriet N. Donelery.

Donelery, a daughter of Rev. Stephen Farley, is a native of Claremont. an operative in the Lowell mills she started and edited for some years that monthly called the *Lowell Offering or Factory Operatives' Magazine*. She educated at the Atkinson Academy of which her father was principal, after removal from Claremont, where he had been settled as pastor of the Congregational Church from 1806 to 1818. She had nine brothers and sisters, all of whom died of pulmonary disease. She became the wife of John Donelery, Esq., of Philadelphia.

### SUNSET.

Come with me, brother, forth, and view the sun,  
 How he goes down in glory. Brilliant light  
 Is in the air: and brilliance on the waves.  
 Each slight, thin cloud is now irradiate,  
 And, 'neath our feet we tread the only shade.  
 Thou wast not here last eve; and sawest not  
 His other glorious, valedictory suit.  
 Downward he came—down, from the chaos thick  
 Of a wild storm, which, like a troubled deep,  
 Left the dark sky, and sailed into a smooth  
 And golden sea, which shimmered in the west;  
 Then, downward still, behind the riven cloud,  
 Which, like a massive, broken wall, was there  
 Upon the horizon low; and, even like  
 The glowing parapets of heaven, was rich  
 In ruby and in amethystine hues.  
 Like the hot glow of living fire was light  
 Behind that bastion cloud; and then the sun  
 Went down below the earth, while, far away,  
 Gleaming through every rift and broken space,  
 Spread the rich mantling blush, and, upward there,  
 Inverted billows of the deep above  
 Caught on their hanging heads a crimson cap,  
 And hovered like a gay and liveried host,  
 O'er his farewell descent. He grows not old,

Like temples which their ruins strew around  
Us here ; but fresh, unworn, and strong, as in  
That day when set in firmament above.  
Brother, he now has bade us all adieu,  
And left the world to moonlight and to dreams.

---

ORILLA.

Yes, thou art bright and beautiful,  
Though but of lowly birth ;  
Thou takest, with all joyous things,  
Thy place upon the earth ;  
Thy voice is song, thy step a dance,  
Thy childish tasks but play ;  
Thou sportest with the birds and lambs,  
As innocent as they.

But in the future let us look,  
For that which thou may'st hope ;  
It little needs divining skill,  
Or cast of horoscope ;  
Thy simple garb bespeaks a life  
Of ill-requested toil ;  
Thy fate has linked thee to a band  
Who ceaseless delve and toil.

Thy glowing cheek, thy brow so full,  
Thy softly brilliant eye,  
Tell me how deeply thou must share  
Our woman's destiny :  
Thou'lt love and grieve, but still through all  
Thou'lt haplessly live on,  
And learn how life will linger still,  
When all its joys are gone.

Yes, woman's task—a peasant's wife  
I there before thee see,  
To be in some rude hut the drudge,  
Some clown's *divinity* ;  
To rise at morn with early sun,  
With dew and opening flowers,  
But only strive to break thy fast  
In all those glorious hours.

Thy southern sun his radiant warmth  
Above thy cot shall shed,

And thou'lt rejoice, because thy fire  
Need not so oft be fed.  
Thy clear, bright moon, her gentle rays  
At night shall o'er thee throw ;  
Thou'lt bless it as thine only lamp,  
When to thy rest thou'lt go.

And yet, of all that's high and pure,  
Thou shalt not be divest,  
For still shall beat a woman's heart  
Warmly within thy breast,  
Deeming it not unworthy lot  
To live for others' weal,  
For others' sakes to sacrifice,  
To suffer and to feel ;—

To know that through thy toil and care,  
Thy strength, though weak it be,  
Has been support and cheer to him  
Who guides thy destiny ;  
That still, though poor and rude, thou hast  
A share in many a heart ;  
That peasant mourners o'er thy grave  
Will weep when thou depart.

#### SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Read at 2nd N. H. Festival, Boston, Nov. 2, 1863.

Sons of New Hampshire ! like the pilgrims olden,  
Wandering from birth-place to a better home  
Bearing still on the ark, and angels golden,  
In whose pure worship to this feast you come :  
Sons of New Hampshire ! I, a daughter lowly,  
Would lay my "offering" on this shrine so holy.

My orphan mite ! the love that ne'er forgetting  
Those heavens that met at first my wandering eye,  
The broad green vales, and old Ascutney setting  
His glistening brow against the eternal sky,  
The mountains high in the far distance showing,  
The broad Connecticut, in grandeur flowing.

Sons of New Hampshire ! gathered near the ocean,  
Where many lands their luxury combine,  
May it not be another "Boston notion"  
That *this* is better than *those* homes of thine ?  
Than the hard soil, with all its mountain grit,  
For any home your souls and frames could fit.



But from the altar you have raised so beauteous,  
 With shorter speed than sigh, I turn away,  
 Leaving a daughter's heart and greeting duteous,  
 With the strong brothers gathered here to-day;  
 Sons of New Hampshire, each and all, adieu;  
 A sister's benison I leave with you.

### Sarah Shedd.

Miss Shedd was a native of Washington. She was for some years an operative in the mills at Lowell, Mass. At her decease, in 1863, she left, by her will, \$2500, to her native town for the purchase of a free library. The library is a great blessing to the citizens of the town, containing about 3000 valuable books.

### AN INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE SACO.

A maiden came with a queenly air;  
 Her eye was dark, and dark was her hair;  
 On the rocky banks of her own fair stream  
 She sat her down for one final dream.

O strong were the thoughts o'er her bosom that rushed!  
 A moment she spoke, then was silent and hushed;  
 But I caught up the words of her wild, sweet lay  
 Borne on the breeze as they floated away.

O Saco, blessed Saco! my childhood's own river!  
 I've traced all thy streamlets with bow and with quiver.  
 I've tracked the wild deer as he sped to the mountain,  
 And startled the hare as he laved in thy fountain.

I've watched the bright glow of each foam-crested billow,  
 As I sat on thy banks and braided the willow.  
 How bright was the sunshine, how golden its hue,  
 As I danced o'er thy waves in my birchen canoe.

In thy broad flowing mirror I've braided my tresses,  
 And bound my long hair with thy wild water cresses,  
 And painted my cheek with the breeze from thy waters,  
 And joyed that they called me a brave 'mong thy daughters.

How I've hushed my glad heart, and stifled its beating  
 To list the glad anthem thou art ever repeating;  
 I thought the Great Spirit would leave thee, no, never!  
 That I near thy waters should wander forever.

No more, O, no more shall the laugh of my brother  
 Blend in sweet chorus, nor smile of my mother

Light thy dark wave ; my tribe have departed  
And left me a lone one, say not broken hearted.

Like thee, kindred Saco, I sing in my sadness,  
The pale face has wronged me, I yield not to madness ;  
My father a chieftain ! shall I his proud daughter  
Stoop to low carnage, or think now of slaughter ?

I hear thee, obey thee, thou great, mighty Spirit ;  
I haste to the land where my fathers inherit ;  
Farewell thou blest Saco ! I weep and adore thee ;  
I bow to the warning and pass on before thee.

#### OLD DRAPER HILL.

Old Draper Hill ! Old Draper Hill,  
Peace throbbing heart, be still, be still,  
What floods of memory through me thrill  
At thy blest name, Old Draper Hill !

In life's young hours when called to rise,  
When day sped up the eastern skies,  
I turned me to thy forehead fair,  
As morning broke in glory there.

How often since, I've climbed thy height  
With friend so gay, of heart so light,  
To drink the fragrant morning air,  
Grandeur with beauty blending there.

Where e'er I turn with graphic eye,  
Some hidden memory seems to lie,  
The faces fade, the forms are still,  
Thou art the same Old Draper Hill.

A grand old dome there Lovell lies  
Piercing with rocky crest the skies ;  
While sleeping here a Mountain Lake  
With every breeze will start and wake.

From out its breast a silver rill  
Runs rippling round the dear old hill,  
Whose strength and beauty handicraft  
Compels to turn a ponderous shaft ;

Where milk-white cottages appear  
And flowers their tender petals rear.  
While from its bounds the rill is seen,  
Winding along green banks between.

A village here lies at my feet.  
 My native village, O! how sweet!  
 Here my young heart was taught to pray  
 And my young lips what words to say.

I've trod by sea, by mount, and been  
 Familiar in the haunts of men,  
 But dearest find the place and joys  
 Where childhood garnered up its toys.

### Luella J. B. Case.

Mrs. Case was a daughter of the late Levi Bartlett and a grand-daughter of the revolutionary patriot Josiah Bartlett. She was a native of Kingston, and in 1838 was married to E. Case then of Lowell. They removed to Cincinnati, Ohio. Mrs. Case's poems and prose writings have nearly all been published in "Miscellaneous," edited by her friend, the late Mrs. Edgerton Mayo.

#### THE DOOMED RACE.

Ay, time! ye have waned like the phantom hosts  
 Of morn on the misty lea;  
 Your arrow's sharp hurtle hath left our coasts,  
 The plash of your oars our sea;  
 Where Metacom strode in his chieftain pride  
 The wigwam is seen no more;  
 And long, long ago hath the council-fire died  
 On the Old Dominion's shore.

Your trail o'er the green Alleghanian vales  
 Is the track of the evening dew,  
 And the war-whoop that swells on the prairie gales  
 Is the wail of the faint and few.  
 Ye know ye are doomed—a perishing race,  
 Like the leaves of the autumn blast;  
 Ye know that the Saxon is waiting your place,  
 And ye must belong to the past.

The arm of the red chief is weary of blood—  
 His heart is forgetting its hate;  
 Too long hath he striven to baffle the flood  
 Of swift and remediless fate.  
 He bows to the current he may not stem  
 With a spirit all torn and crushed;  
 And he will find pity where men condemn,  
 When his dying moan is hushed.

Alas for ye, people of little light!  
 Your prowess so stern and wild,

Your few simple virtues will pass, and night  
Envelope the forest child ;  
And history alone in some mouldy arch  
Enshrine the lost Indian brave ;  
O, sad is the thought that mind's triumph march  
Must be o'er a nation's grave !

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#### A DEATH SCENE.

'Tis evening's hush : the first faint shades are creeping  
Through the still room, and o'er the curtained bed  
Where lies a weary one, all calmly sleeping,  
Touched with the twilight of the land of dread.

Death's cold gray shadow o'er her features falling,  
Marks her upon the threshold of the tomb ;  
Yet from within no sight nor sound appalling,  
Comes o'er her spirit with a thought of gloom.

See, on her palid lip bright smiles are wreathing,  
While from the tranquil gladness of her breast,  
Sweet, holy words in gentlest tones are breathing :  
" Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Night gathers round—chill, moonless, yet with tender,  
Mild, radiant stars, like countless angel-eyes,  
Bending serenely, from their homes of splendor,  
Above the couch where that meek dreamer lies.

The hours wear on : the shaded lamp burns dimmer,  
And ebbs that sleeper's breath as wanes the night,  
And still with looks of love those soft stars glimmer  
Along their pathways of unchanging light.

She slumbers still, and the pale, wasted fingers  
Are gently raised, as if she dreamed of prayer ;  
And on that lip so wan the same smile lingers,  
And still those trustful words are trembling there.

The night is done ; the cold and solemn dawning  
With stately tread goes up the eastern sky ;  
But vain its power, and vain the pomp of morning  
To lift the darkness from that dying eye.

Yet Heaven's full joy is on that spirit beaming ;  
The soul has found its higher, happier birth,  
And brighter shapes flit through its blessed dreaming  
Than ever gather round the sleep of earth.

The sun is high, but from those pale lips parted,  
 No more those words float on the languid breath,  
 Yet still the expression of the happy-hearted  
 Has triumphed o'er the mournful shades of death.

Through the hushed room the midday ray has wended  
 Its glowing pinion to a pulseless breast :  
 The gentle sleeper's mortal dreams are ended—  
 The soul has gone to Him who gives it rest.

### Harry Hibbard.

Harry Hibbard was born in Concord, Vt., June 1, 1816. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1833; was assistant clerk in the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1839; clerk of the same from 1840 to 1843; speaker of the House in 1844 and 1845; a member of the State Senate from 1846 to 1849 and was President of the body in 1849 and 1849. He was a Representative in Congress from this State from 1849 to 1855. He resided in Lancaster and lastly in Bath, where he died in 1873. The poem here given was originally published in the Democratic Review, April, 1839, and has been extensively read and justly admired.

### FRANCONIA MOUNTAIN NOTCH.

The blackening hills close round : the beetling cliff  
 On either hand towers to the upper sky.  
 I pass the lonely inn ; the yawning rift  
 Grows narrower still, until the passer-by  
 Beholds himself walled in by mountains high,  
 Like everlasting barriers, which frown  
 Around, above, in awful majesty :  
 Still on, the expanding chasm deepens down,  
 Into a vast abyss which circling mountains crown.

The summer air is cooler, fresher, here,  
 The breeze is hushed, and all is calm and still ;  
 Above, a strip of the blue heaven's clear  
 Cerulean is stretched from hill to hill,  
 Through which the sun's short transit can distil  
 No breath of fainting sultriness ; the soul  
 Imbued with love of nature's charms, can fill  
 Itself with meditation here, and hold  
 Communion deep with all that round it doth unfold.

Thou reader of these lines, who dost inherit  
 That love of earth's own loveliness which flings  
 A glow of chastened feeling o'er the spirit,  
 And lends creation half its colorings  
 Of light and beauty ; who from living things  
 Dost love to 'scape to that beatitude  
 Which from converse with secret nature springs,

Fly to this green and shady solitude,  
High hills, clear streams, blue lakes, and everlasting wood.

And as thou musest mid these mountains wild,  
Their grandeur thy rapt soul will penetrate,  
Till with thyself thou wilt be reconciled,  
If not with man ; thy thoughts will emulate  
Their calm sublime, thy little passions, hate,  
Envy and bitterness, if such be found  
Within thy breast, these scenes will dissipate,  
And lend thy mind a tone of joy profound,  
An impress from the grand and mighty scenes around.

Here doth not wake that thrill of awe ; that feeling  
Of stern sublimity, which overpowers  
The mind and sense of him whose foot is scaling  
The near White Mountain Notch's giant towers ;  
Here is less grandeur but more beauty ; bowers  
For milder, varied pleasure ; in the sun  
Blue ponds and streams are glancing, fringed with flowers ;  
There all is vast and overwhelming ; one  
Is Lafayette, the other, matchless Washington !

Great names ! presiding spirits of each scene,  
Which here their mountain namesakes overlook ;  
'Tis well to keep their memories fresh and green  
By thus inscribing them within the book  
Of earth's enduring records, where will look  
Our children's children ; till the crumbling hand  
Of time wastes all things ; every verdant nook  
And every crag of these proud hills shall stand  
Their glory's emblems o'er our proud and happy land !

Where a tall post beside the road displays  
Its lettered arm, pointing the traveller's eye,  
Through the small opening mid the green birch trees,  
Toward yonder mountain summit towering high,  
There pause : what doth thy anxious gaze espy ?  
An abrupt crag hung from the mountain's brow !  
Look closer ! scan that bare, sharp cliff on high ;  
Aha ! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now !  
A perfect human face—neck, chin, mouth, nose and brow !

And full and plain those features are displayed,  
Thus profiled forth against the clear, blue sky,  
As though some sculptor's chisel here had made  
This fragment of colossal imagery,  
The compass of his plastic art to try.

From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair  
That shoots in pine trees from the head on high,  
All, all is perfect; no illusions there  
To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air.

Most wondrous vision! the broad earth hath not  
Through all her bounds an object like to thee,  
That traveller e'er recorded, nor a spot  
More fit to stir the poet's phantasy.  
Gray Old Man of the Mountain, awfully  
There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear  
Those features grand, the same eternally;  
Lone dweller mid the hills! with gaze austere  
Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here!

And curious travellers have descried the trace  
Of the sage Franklin's physiognomy  
In that most grave and philosophic face;  
If it be true, Old Man, that we do see  
Sage Franklin's countenance, thou indeed must be  
A learned philosopher, most wise and staid,  
From all that thou hast had a chance to see,  
Since earth began. Here thou, too, oft hast played  
With lightnings, glancing frequent round thy rugged head

Thou sawest the tawny Indian's light canoe  
Glide o'er the pond that glistens at thy feet,  
And the white hunter first emerge to view  
From up yon ravine where the mountains meet,  
To scare the red man from his ancient seat,  
Where he had roamed for ages, wild and free.  
The motley stream which since from every state  
And clime through this wild vale pours ceaselessly,  
Travellers, gay tourists, all have been a theme to thee.

In thee the simple-minded Indian saw  
The image of his more benignant God,  
And viewed with deep and reverential awe  
The spot where the Great Spirit made abode;  
When storms obscured thee, and red lightnings glowed  
From the dark clouds oft gathered round thy face,  
He saw thy form in anger veiled, nor rowed  
His birchen bark, nor sought the wild deer chase,  
Till thy dark frown had passed, and sunshine filled its place.

Oh! that some bard would rise, true heir of glory,  
With the full power of heavenly poesy,  
To gather up each old romantic story


That lingers round these scenes in memory,  
And consecrate to immortality ;  
Some western Scott, within whose bosom thrills  
That fire which burneth to eternity,  
To pour his spirit o'er these mighty hills,  
And make them classic ground, thrice hallowed by his spells.

But backward turn—the wondrous shape hath gone !  
The round hill towers before thee, smoothly green ;  
Pass but a few short paces farther on,  
Naught but the ragged mountain side is seen.  
Thus oft do earthly things delude, I ween,  
That in prospective glitter bright and fair,  
While time or space or labor intervene.  
Approach them, every charm dissolves to air,  
Each gorgeous hue hath fled, and all is rude and bare.

And trace yon streamlet down the expanding gorge,  
To the famed Basin close beside the way,  
Scooped from the rock by its imprisoned surge,  
For ages whirling in its foamy spray,  
Which, issuing hence, shoots gladly into day,  
Till the broad Merrimack it proudly flows,  
And into ocean pours a rival sea,  
Gladdening fair meadows as it onward goes,  
Where, mid the trees, rich towns their heavenward spires disclose.

And farther down, from Garnsey's lone abode,  
By a rude footpath climb the mountain side,  
Leaving below the traveller's winding road,  
To where the cleft hill yawns abrupt and wide,  
As though some earthquake did its mass divide  
In olden time ; there view the rocky Flume,  
Tremendous chasm ! rising side by side,  
The rocks abrupt wall in the long, high room,  
Echoing the wild stream's roar, and dark with vapory gloom.

But long, too long, I've dwelt as in a dream,  
Amid these scenes of high sublimity :  
Another pen must eternize the theme  
Mine has essayed, though all unworthily.  
Franconia ! thy wild hills are dear to me,  
Would their green woods might be my spirit's home ;  
Oft o'er the stormy waste of memory  
Shall I look back where'er I chance to roam,  
And see their shining peaks rise o'er its angry foam.





### Thomas Russell Crosby.

Thomas R. Crosby was born in Gilmanton, October 22, 1816. In 1841 he was graduated from both the Academical and Medical Departments of Dartmouth College. He was professor in Norwich University from 1854 to 1864; in Milwaukee Medical College from 1864 to 1871; in New Hampshire Agricultural College in 1870, until his death, at Hanover, March 1, 1872.


#### TO THE MERRIMAC RIVER,

#### AT THE FALLS OF THE AM-AUH-NOUR-SKEAG.

Roll on, bright stream!

And ever thus, from earliest time, thou'st leaped  
And played amid these caverned, sounding rocks,  
When the long summer's sun hath tamed thy power  
To gentleness; or, roused from thy long sleep,  
Hast cast thy wintry fetters off, and swept,  
In wild, tumultuous rage, along thy course,  
Flinging the white foam high from out thy path,  
And shaking to their very centre earth's  
Foundation stones. And, in thine awful might,  
When terror rides thy wildly-heaving wave,  
Or in thy soft and gentle flow, when break  
The ripples on thy sandy shore, in sweet,  
Delicious music, as of fairy bells,  
How beautiful art thou! And since that first  
Glad hour, when morning stars together sang,  
Each rising sun, with dewy eye, hath looked  
On thee. Each full-orbed moon hath smiled to see  
Herself thrown back in pencilled loveliness,  
Mirrored a mimic disk of light, beneath  
Thy pure and limpid wave, or broken else  
Into a myriad crystal gems, flung high,  
In sparkling jets or gilded spray, towards heaven.  
And long ere on thy shores the white man trod,  
And wove the magic chain of human will  
Around thy free and graceful flood, and tamed  
Its power to minister to human good,  
The Indian roamed along thy wooded banks,  
And listened to thy mighty voice with awe.  
He, too, untutored in the schoolman's lore,  
And conversant with nature's works alone,  
More deep, true, reverent worship paid to thee  
Than does his fellow-man who boasts a faith  
More pure, an aim more high, a nobler hope—  
Yet, in his soul, is filled with earth-born lusts.  
The Indian loved thee as a gift divine.

To him thou flow'dst from the blest land that smiled  
Behind the sunset hills—the Indian heaven,  
Where, on bright plains, eternal sunlight fell,  
And bathed in gold the hills, and dells, and woods,  
Of the blest hunting-grounds. With joy he drew  
The finny stores from out thy swarming depths,  
Or floated o'er thee in his light canoe,  
And blessed the kindly hand that gave him thee,  
A never-failing good, a fount of life  
And blessing to his race. And thou to him  
Didst image forth the crystal stream that flows  
From "out the throne of God, and of the Lamb,"  
The Christian's "water of the life divine."  
Thy source was in the spirit-peopled clouds,  
And to his untaught fancy thou didst spring  
Fresh from Manitou's hands—the o'erflowing hand  
From which all blessing comes, alike to him  
Whose teaching comes from rude, material things,  
Who worships neath the clear blue dome of heaven,  
As him who in a sculptured temple prays.  
And thou, bright river in thy ceaseless flow,  
Hast mirrored many a passing scene would charm  
The painter's eye, would fire the poet's soul;  
For beauty of the wild, free wood and floods  
Is yet more beautiful when far removed  
From the loud din of toil, that e'er attends  
The civilizing march of Saxon blood,  
And poetry, unversed indeed, and rude,  
But full of soul-wrought, thrilling harmony,  
Hath spoken in thy murmur or thy roar;  
And human hearts, through long, swift-gliding years,  
Have made the valley thou hast blessed their home,  
Where they have lived, and loved, and joyed, and hoped,  
Nay, passed through all that makes the sum of life,  
Of human life, in every clime and age.  
Along thy shaded banks, in grim array,  
Wild bands of "braves," as fearless and as true  
As ever sought a deadly foeman's blade,  
Or battled nobly in a country's cause,  
With step as silent as the grave, have sped,  
In lengthened files, to strife, and blood, and death.  
In that sweet dell, where giant trees o'erhang  
Thy soft, encircling wave, the council-fires  
Have blazed. There silent, stern, grave-visaged men  
Have sat the magic circle round and smoked  
The calumet of peace; or youths, in wild



Exulting dance, with battle songs and shouts,  
With flashing arms, and well-feigned, earnest strife,  
Have suited the sad mimicry of war.  
To gentler sheltered nook, where, still and calm,  
The chafed and wearied waters rest awhile  
Behind a rocky point, on which the waves  
Break ever, with a music soft and sweet,  
And near the shadows of tall, sighing pines,  
That, in the furthest noon, create a soft,  
Cool, clustered light upon the sward beneath.  
The fussy brave, hence now no more, hath stolen  
Off at the twilight hour, and when the young  
New moon hath tipped, with silver, bough, and rock,  
And wave, to murmur into willing ears  
Love's witching story, told full oft, yet new  
As when 'twas whispered in fair Eden's bowers.  
Sweet Merrimac! For ages thus the stream  
Of human life ran on with thine, yet not  
As thine: for thou art as thou wast of old.  
When first the Indian chased along thy banks.  
But where is now the red man, true and brave?  
Alas! where once the child of nature trod,  
Unquestioned monarch of the land and wave,  
The many-towered, busy city stands!  
Hills that threw back the war-whoop's fearful peal—  
When filled was this fair vale with sounds of strife—  
Now echo to the engine's shriller scream.  
As swift and strong it flies, with goodly freight  
Of life and merchandise! By thy fair stream  
The red man roams no more. No more he snares  
The artful trout, or lordly salmon spears:  
No more his swift-winged arrow strikes the deer.  
Toward the setting sun, with faltering limb  
And glaring eye, he seeks a distant home,  
Where withering foot of white man ne'er can come.  
And thy wild water, Merrimac, is tamed,  
And bound in servile chains which mind has forged  
To bind the stubborn earth, the free-winged air,  
The heaving ocean, and the rushing stream,  
Th' obedient servants of a mightier will,  
Even as a spirit caught in earth-born toils.  
As legends tell, and doomed to slave for him  
Who holds the strong, mysterious bond of power.  
And thou art now the wild, free stream no more,  
Playing all idly in thy channels old:  
Thy days of sportive beauty and romance

are gone. Yet, harnessed to thy daily toil,  
and all thy powers controlled by giant mind,  
and right directed, thou'rt a spirit still,  
and workest mightily for human good,  
'hanging, in thine abundant alchemy,  
all baser things to gold.

### Horatio Hale.

to Hale, the son of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, was born in Newport, May 3, 1817. He graduated at Harvard College in 1837. He accompanied the U. S. Exploring Expedition under Capt. Wilkes, as philologist, and on his return the result of his labors was published in the seventh volume of Expedition Report, entitled, "Geography and Philology," a work of great labor and research. Mr. Hale resides in Toronto, Province of Ontario.

#### THE EAGLE'S SPEECH.

An eagle came from his eyrie down,  
On the loftiest peak of Monadnoc's crown ;  
The flash of his dark eye was terribly bright,  
As the marsh fire's gleam in the dead of night ;  
And the war-darts shook in his red right claw,  
But the bough of peace in his left I saw.

Then slowly he opened his ivory beak,  
And he stood like a senator ready to speak ;  
And the forests shook, and the winds grew still,  
And hushed was the voice of the noisy rill ;  
And the raven cowered in his hollow oak,  
As well he might when the eagle spoke.

I am the monarch of air, said he ;  
Proudly I soar over land and sea ;  
And I feel the breezes around me sing  
To the hurricane sweep of my mighty wing ;  
And my flight is chainless, and fearless, and free,  
For I am the bright bird of Liberty !

I marshal the course of the free and the brave,  
Upward and onward, o'er mountain and wave ;  
I lead them to glory, I beckon them on,  
And I join in the din till the battle is won ;  
And the dim eye will gladden my shadow to see,  
For I am the bright bird of Liberty !

In the days of old, with the freemen of Rome,  
With Brutus and Cato I made me a home ;  
And my wing was before them unwearied and fleet,  
Till the princes of earth were all low at their feet,

And the Roman was master by land and by sea,  
For he followed the bright bird of Liberty!

But luxury came, like the simoom's hot breath,  
And the flowers were all withered in valor's green wreath.  
And virtue was trampled and hustled aside  
By the pageant of guilt and the purple of pride ;  
But fetters, though gilded, are hateful to me,  
So I fled to the mountains for Liberty!

Then ages went by, till Muscovia's czar,  
In hatred determined my glory to mar ;  
So he seized me, and chained me, and struck off ~~me~~ <sup>her</sup>  
But courteously gave me two others instead ;  
My own noble beauty he never could see,  
For most loathsome to despots is Liberty!

But tyranny's chains are too feeble to bind,  
When the will is unfettered, unbroken the mind ;  
So I made my adieus, with a very bad grace,  
And I threw my superfluous head in his face ;  
And southward I sped, over forest and sea,  
To France, the bright region of Liberty!

Oh, this was my season of triumph and pride,  
On the smoke-wreath of battle 'twas glory to ride—  
Till kingdoms were shattered, and despots o'erth—  
And the hero of destiny called me his own ;  
Of the masters of earth none so mighty as he,  
For they loved not the bright bird of Liberty!

But the warrior was dazzled by glory's red ray,  
And forgot the mild lustre of freedom's new day,  
Till pontiff and tyrant arose from the shock,  
And the hero was chained on the far ocean-rock,  
And the slaves who forsook him bent lowly the ~~head~~  
To the tyrants who trample on Liberty!

So I parted in scorn from the land of the slave,  
And I found me an eyrie beyond the broad wave :  
With Columbia's children I made me a home ;  
And wider than Russia, and greater than Rome—  
And prouder than Gaul shall their fatherland be—  
If they cherish the bright bird of Liberty!

#### LINES FOR MY COUSIN'S ALBUM.

Nay, ask me not how long it be  
Since love's sweet witchery on me stole:

truth it always seemed to me  
 A portion of my very soul ;  
 now the springs, where love was nursed,  
 t ask not when it blossomed first.

vas not beneath the cloudless skies  
 Of youth's sweet summer ; long before,  
 e sunshine of those gentle eyes  
 Had waked the tender flower,  
 d from its breathing censer cup  
 d drawn its purest incense up.

vas not in childhood's merry May,  
 When dews were fresh and skies were fair,  
 d life was one long sunny day,  
 Undimmed by thought or care ;  
 no ! the stream whence love is fed  
 deepest at the fountain-head.

d feeling's purest, holiest flowers  
 Are brightest in life's earliest dawn,  
 t fade when come the sultry hours  
 Of noontide splendor on.  
 e heart's fine music sweetest rings  
 e manhood's tears have dulled the strings.

hink my being and my love,  
 Like oak and vine together sprung,  
 d bough and tendril interwove,  
 And round my heart-strings clung ;  
 ! never, till life's latest sigh,  
 all aught unclasp the gentle tie.

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### Benjamin D. Laighton.

Laighton, a brother of Albert Laighton, was born in Portsmouth in  
 t twenty-five years he carried on the farming business in Stratham.  
 ative city in 1873.

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### LINES WRITTEN IN MAY.

wake, my Muse ! no longer sleep !  
 Once more thy sweetest numbers bring ;  
 e earth a second eden shows :  
 Awake, and sing the charms of Spring !  
 e orchards redolent of bloom,  
 The singing birds, the balmy air,

The Roman sceptre swayed a world-dominion,  
His tireless eagles only paused by thee.

When, as a spirit tries the unknown future,  
O'er thy wide waste the great discoverer passed—  
His the true genius, great high priest to nature,  
Who gave to man the western world at last—

Did not thy voice, from eastern shores resounding,  
To western climes the pæan note prolong?  
And Indian cave and rocky cliff surrounding,  
Re-echo back again old Ocean's song?

Thus hast thou ever spoke, as now thou speakest,  
In voices eloquent and most sublime,  
Thou, ever-changing, and yet ever changeless,  
Thou emblem of eternity, in time.

Would he but listen to thine admonition,  
Unresting man, oh! he might learn of thee—  
Seen through all time, in limitless duration—  
The changeless purposes of Deity.

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### James T. Fields.

James T. Fields was born in Portsmouth in 1817. While yet a child he lost his father, a sea-captain. He became a clerk in a Boston bookstore, though he had been fitted for college and his tastes were literary. Successful as a publisher, he withdrew from business in 1863, and attained a high popularity as a lecturer. In his few poems he shows a delicate fancy and a fine lyrical vein. Since his death, in 1880, a volume of his poetry, "Ballads and other verses," has been published. He was also the author of "Yesterdays With Authors," "Underbrush," and, with E. P. Whipple, edited "The Family Library of British Poetry."

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### THE OWL-CRITIC.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:  
The barber was busy, and he could'nt stop;  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;  
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"  
Cried the youth, with a frown,  
"How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!"



I make no apology ;  
 I've learned owl-eology.  
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
 Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
 To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
 Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !  
 Do take that bird down,  
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !"  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

|                              |                                 |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| " I've <i>studied</i> owls,  | Ever had his bill canted,       |
| And other night fowls,       | Ever had his neck screwed       |
| And I tell you               | Into that attitude.             |
| What I know to be true ;     | He can't <i>do</i> it, because  |
| An owl cannot roost          | 'Tis against all bird-laws.     |
| With his limbs so unloosed ; | Anatomy teaches,                |
| No owl in this world         | Ornithology preaches            |
| Ever had his claws curled,   | An owl has a toe                |
| Ever had his legs slanted,   | That <i>can't</i> turn out so ! |

I've made the white owl my study for years,  
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !  
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed      As to put up a bird  
 You should be so gone crazed      In that posture absurd !  
 To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;  
 The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business !"  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

|                              |                                  |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| " Examine those eyes.        | They'd make Audubon scream,      |
| I'm filled with surprise     | And John Burrows laugh           |
| Taxidermists should pass     | To encounter such chaff.         |
| Off on you such poor glass ; | Do take that bird down ;         |
| So unnatural they seem       | Have him stuffed again, Brown !" |

And the barber kept on shaving.

With some sawdust and bark\_ I could make an old hat  
 I could stuff in the dark      Look more like an owl  
 An owl better than that.      Than that horrid fowl,  
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.  
 In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
 And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :



"Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way;  
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
 I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"  
 And the barber kept on shaving.

---

#### THE SEARCH.

"Give me the girl whose lips disclose,  
 Whene'er she speaks, rare pearls in rows,  
 And yet whose words more genuine are  
 Than pearls or any shining star.

Give me those silvery tones that seem  
 An angel's singing in a dream,—  
 A presence beautiful to view,  
 A seraph's, yet a woman's too.

Give me that one whose temperate mind  
 Is always toward the good inclined,  
 Whose deeds spring from her soul unsought,—  
 Twin-born of grace and artless thought;

Give me that spirit,—seek for her  
 To be my constant minister!"  
 Dear friend,—I heed your earnest prayers,—  
 I'll call your lovely wife down-stairs.

---

#### BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,  
 Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
 It was midnight on the waters,  
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
 To be shattered in the blast,  
 And to hear the rattling trumpet  
 Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—  
 For the stoutest held his breath,  
 While the hungry sea was roaring,  
 And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
 Each one busy in his prayers,—  
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
 As he staggered down the stairs.



But his little daughter whispered  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is not God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer;  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

---

#### THE LOVER'S PERIL.

Have I been ever wrecked at sea,  
And nigh to being drowned?  
More threatening storms have compassed me  
Than on the deep are found!

What coral-reefs her dangerous lips!—  
My bark was almost gone—  
Hope plunged away in dim eclipse,  
And black the night rolled on.

What seas are like her whelming hair,  
That swept me o'er and o'er?—  
I heard the waters of despair  
Crash round the frightened shore!

"Come, Death!" I murmured in my cries,—  
For signals none were waved,—  
When both lighthouses in her eyes  
Shone forth, and I was saved!

---

#### A PROTEST.

Go, sophist! dare not to despoil  
My life of what it sorely needs  
In days of pain, in hours of toil,—  
The bread on which my spirit feeds.

You see no light beyond the stars,  
No hope of lasting joys to come?  
I feel, thank God, no narrow bars  
Between me and my final home!

Hence with your cold sepulchral bans,—  
The vassal doubts Unfaith has given!  
My childhood's heart within the man's  
Still whispers to me, "Trust in Heaven!"

## MORNING AND EVENING BY THE SEA.

At dawn the fleet stretched miles away  
On ocean plains asleep,—  
Trim vessels waiting for the day  
To move across the deep.  
So still the sails they seemed to be  
White lilies growing in the sea.

When evening touched the cape's low rim,  
And dark fell on the waves,  
We only saw processions dim  
Of clouds from shadowy caves;  
These were the ghosts of buried ships  
Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse!

## AGASSIZ.

Once in the leafy prime of Spring,  
When blossoms whitened every thorn,  
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe  
Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known  
Went flitting through the air of May,  
And happy songs he loved to hear  
Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills  
Run laughing through the valleys green.  
And, as I watched it run, I said,  
"This his dear eyes have seen!"

Far cliffs of ice his feet have climbed  
That day outspoke of him to me;  
The avalanches seemed to sound  
The name of Agassiz!

And, standing on the mountain crag  
Where loosened waters rush and foam,  
I felt that, though on Cambridge side,  
He made that spot my home.

And, looking round me as I mused,  
I knew no pang of fear, or care,  
Or homesick weariness, because  
Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien skies,  
 No foreign heights I came to tread,  
 For everywhere I looked, I saw  
 His grand, beloved head.

His smile was stamped on every tree,  
 The glacier shone to gild his name,  
 And every image in the lake  
 Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys  
 That could unlock the guarded gates  
 Where Science like a Monarch stands,  
 And sacred Knowledge waits,—

Thine ashes rest on Auburn's banks,  
 Thy memory all the world contains,  
 For thou couldst bind in human love  
 All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets  
 Our warm and deep affections free,—  
 Who knew thee best must love thee best,  
 And longest mourn for thee!

---

### Samuel Tenney Hildreth.

This poet was born in Exeter, November 17, 1817. He died in Cambridge, Mass., January 11, 1889. At the time of his death he was teacher of elocution in Harvard College.

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#### FAME AND LOVE.

Once while in slumbers wrapt I dreamt of Fame,  
 And saw my native cliffs with garlands bound,  
 And heard the vales with lofty echoes sound,  
 Calling with thousand tongues upon my name.  
 But when I wandered forth among the crowd,  
 To seize with eager hand the laurel twine,  
 To claim the envied, glorious prize as mine,  
 And drink with longing ear those praises loud,  
 Methought I felt strange loneliness of soul,  
 An icy desolation at my heart,  
 A sense of gloominess that would not part,  
 A tide of anguish, that with blackened roll  
 Swept heavily along my saddened breast;  
 I found myself accursed when thinking to be blest.

Joy! joy! those dreams were changed: I slept again,  
 To see a peaceful cot with vines o'ergrown,  
 Around whose door a thousand flowers were strown,  
 While merry warblers tuned a careless strain,  
 From a young grove that waved its branches near,  
 And woman's voice, soft as the breath of eve,  
 When summer winds their twilight dances weave,  
 With gentlest murmur stole upon mine ear!  
 I blessed that holy spot—those welcome notes,  
 The natural music of a well-known voice,  
 Whose tones now make my eager pulse rejoice,  
 As from the past a transient echo floats.  
 Here mutual love in peace and silence dwelt  
 And every morn and night before the altar knelt.

### Joseph Warren Parmelee.

Joseph W. Parmelee is a native of Newport, and was born Feb. 2, 1818. His ancestors were among the earliest English emigrants to this country. His paternal grand parents were of the first settlers of Newport. His parents—John and Phebe (Chase) Parmelee were resident at a locality on the South branch of Sugar river, known as Southville. He was a scholar in old school district No. 1, under several instructors, and in 1834 at the Newport Academy, under the tuition of the late David Crosby of Nashua. After about a year at Kimball Union Academy his school days terminated, and he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits. In 1847 he went to Charleston, S. C., to fill an engagement with a substantial concern into which he was afterward admitted as a co-partner. He has since that time, until 1872, been identified with the Southern trade, first in Charleston, and later in N. Y. city. During a varied business career he has found much time for reading and self-culture: has been a frequent contributor to the press, and has written occasional poems of much interest and merit. Mr. Parmelee now resides in his native town, where the family have for many years had a homestead. He is much interested in educational matters and is President of the Board of Education for Union School District, and Superintending committee of the town.

### ODE TO THE SOUTH BRANCH OF SUGAR RIVER.

Imp of the ages and the wilds!  
 Adown the shadowy stream of time,  
 By castles such as Fancy builds,  
 On airy heights o'er woods sublime,  
 Dashing and free!

Thy springs are where the sunlight gleams,  
 At early morn above the shades,  
 And where his gorgeous, setting beams  
 Long linger ere their glory fades  
 As day declines!

We trace thee to the sylvan shades,  
 Where mossy fountains overflow,

And sparkle down in bright cascades  
Through dark ravines to vales below  
Serenely fair !

The sunny glade and darksome glen,  
That mark thy rugged, tortuous way,  
Were once the haunts of savage men,  
And birds of night, and beasts of prey,  
In contest wild !

The hand of culture came at length,  
And won these valleys to the plow,  
These waters in their idle strength  
Were taught in channels new to flow,  
And turn the mill !

We roamed thy meadows fair and wide  
We frolick'd on thy rocky brim,  
We angled in thy eddying tide,  
In thy deep pools we learned to swim,  
In youthful days !

Would that thy waters and my lay  
Might flow in symphony, and bear  
To those in after times that stray  
Along thy rocks and margins fair  
A sweet refrain !

---

#### STANZAS

*Read at the Birth Day Celebration of an aged Minister of the Gospel.*

In youthful prime he heard the Master's voice :—  
"Go preach my gospel !" Forth with joy he went,  
Not as the Helot goes who has no choice,  
But choosing to be called and blest and sent  
As were the first disciples of our Lord,  
Who bore th' evangel of his precious word.

In the broad, whitening harvest fields of earth,  
At morning, noontide, and the eleventh hour,  
Through vales of plenty, dreary scenes of dearth,  
Sometimes in weakness, sometimes filled with power,  
Well has he wrought, this servant, Lord, of thine,  
To show thy wondrous love and power divine.

And now, like Israel, leaning on his staff,  
Yet bearing lightly all these ninety years,  
We hail his presence here in our behalf,

And celebrate his natal day with prayers  
Of thankfulness, and old time songs of praise,  
Such as thy people heard in other days.

Much more would they rejoice, long gone before,  
Whose feet he guided out of devious ways,  
And now are waiting on that radiant shore,  
To greet their pastor with a crown of praise;—  
May they not mingle in this earthly scene,  
As ministering spirits, all unseen?

A blameless life—a service good and true  
In his great Master's cause—an honored age—  
The full corn in the ear—in him we view;  
The blessings promised on the inspired page  
Are surely his in length of days and peace,  
Crowned with unending bliss when life shall cease.

---

#### A SMOKING REVERIE.

I smoke my honest, red clay pipe,  
While on its ample bowl,  
In close relation to my nose,  
There rests a glowing coal.

My nose reflects the glowing coal,—  
The glowing coal the nose,—  
And both seem striving to attain  
The splendor of the rose.

Beneath the coal the fragrant weed—  
Responsive to the draft—  
Results in gorgeous clouds of smoke  
That in the air I waft.

They rise above my weary head  
In graceful wreaths and curves,  
As gentle as the influence  
That settles on my nerves.

There's much philosophy involved  
In smoke, the doctors say,—  
Such is its harmony with mind  
I'm in a cloud all day.

With this one pipe came these few lines,  
Just written as you read,  
That ne'er had met your genial eyes  
But for this Indian weed.



### James Osgood Adams.

Adams, a brother of Rev. E. E. Adams, was born in Concord, June, 5, 1811. In his early life he learned the trade of printer. He graduated at Dartmouth College. For nine years he was editor of the *Manchester American*, and was editor of the *Mirror and American*. He also for six years was editor of *Farmer*. The poem here given was published in *The Dartmouth*, while a student at college.

#### THE DYING ROSE'S LAMENT.

Zephyrs, as ye wander by,  
Bringing sweets from other flowers,  
Breathe for me a gentle sigh,  
When I leave the summer bowers.

Once on your obedient wings,  
My fresh petals odors gave  
To a thousand scentless things,  
That will never seek my grave.

Dews, that tremble on my leaves,  
When the morning ray appears ;  
If for me the garden grieves,  
Ye shall be its silvery tears.

Wanderer of the gauzy wing,  
Nectar-sipping, roaming free,  
Rest thee now, and deign to sing  
One sweet requiem for me.

Waters, as ye murmur low,  
Through the verdant, sunny vale ;  
Fairer flowers will bless your flow,  
When I'm withered quite, and pale.

When another life is near,  
When the heaven and earth are new,  
Paradise shall reappear,  
And I be immortal too.

### Lucy P. Adams.

Lucy Adams was born in 1831, and in 1851 became the wife of James O. Adams. She wrote when very young, and the poem here printed was composed at the age of fifteen years. She died in 1852.

#### THE SUNBEAM.

A sunbeam stole to the dreary earth,  
With light on its airy wing,  
And it kissed the flowers in gleesome mirth,  
With the breath of early spring.



And on it passed, through the meadows green,  
Where the tiny grass-blade sprang  
From the dark brown bosom of mother earth,  
And a song of spring it sang.

It crept to the heart of the early flower,  
In whose eye a tear-drop lay,  
Where it whispered words of magic power,  
'And it wept no more that day.

On, on o'er the hills to the rivulet wild,  
That laughingly flung its spray,  
The sunbeam flew ; and it gently smiled  
As it passed on its gladsome way.

And the foam-beads looked, 'neath that sunny gaze,  
Like the gems of the mountain mine ;  
But the ray had sped on its lightsome wing  
To the forest of waving pine.

And a dirge-like song from the forest came,  
Of voices wild and free,  
And the song they sung was ever the same,  
Of strange, deep melody.

And the sunbeam kissed, in childlike play,  
The crest of the trees sublime,  
And the castled rock, so hoar and gray,  
That had seen the march of time.

But a storm-cloud came athwart the sky,  
And the sunbeam was withdrawn,  
Yet it perished not—for the good ne'er die,  
But they wait for a brighter dawn.

---

### Henriette Van Matu French.

Miss French was born in Chester, December 23, 1818, and her death occurred in her native town, March 9, 1841. Her father was an eminent member of the bar, and his family of eleven children enjoyed good privileges for education and improvement, and several of them have become well known in literature and other attainments. The few poems she has left promise much for her had her life been prolonged.

---

### THE FRIEND OF AN HOUR.

There is truth in the love that has grown up with years,  
Born in sorrow and sadness, and nourished with tears ;  
But give me the friendship of mirth's brilliant hour,  
And still let me laugh with the friend of an hour.

Dream not that in weeping more pleasure you find,  
 O'er the friends you have loved in the years left behind ;  
 They were dear—they *are* dear, still defying Time's power ;  
 But let me laugh on with the friend of an hour.

The friends that I loved—they have dearer ones now,  
 Or the damp earth rests heavily on their cold brow ;  
 And my days would soon find me like Autumn's lone flower,  
 Could I not gather bliss with the friend of an hour.

There are some who still love, though their love is forgot,  
 There are some who have loved me, whose love now is not ;  
 I will never regret them nor call back their power,  
 But will cherish the *true*, with the friend of an hour.

O sadly my spirit within me is bowed,  
 When I think of lost loved ones, the grave and the shroud ;  
 And darkly the shade on my future would lower,  
 But I weep o'er the dead with the friend of an hour.

---

#### THE WORLD IS ALL BEAUTY.

The world is all beauty ; the sun's rising light,  
 But hides by its brightness the stars of the night,  
 The bird's merry voices our listening ears greet  
 But to call off our thoughts from the flowers at our feet.

The world is all beauty ; the dim forest shade,  
 The sparkling brook gurgling through deep wooded glade,  
 Ragged rock, and wild bramble, each leaf, flower and tree,  
 E'en "the field of the sluggard" has beauty for me.

There's a loftier beauty ; the mind, as it springs  
 From the visible glories of earth, spreads its wings  
 Over limitless regions of truth, bold and free—  
 O'er a wide world of beauty the eye cannot see.

The heart knows a beauty the mind cannot know,  
 When it throws o'er the true, pure and loving its glow ;  
 It giveth to knowledge its value and power—  
 To the forest a spirit—a soul to the flower.

---

#### SHORT THE TIME.

Short the time since first we met  
 Strangers in each thought and feeling,  
 Now we sever, will regret  
 Ever o'er our hearts come stealing?

Time, they say, alone brings love ;  
 Few the hours we've passed together ;  
 But for us some friendly dove  
 Stole from friendship's wing a feather.

Few the hopes that we have shared,  
 Few the fears, the joys, the sorrows ;  
 One sad tie our friendship's spared—  
 From the *past* it nothing borrows.

Love the lovely—thus do I—  
 From respect esteem it floweth ;  
 You will never pass it by  
 That it no more warily gloweth.

## TWO MAIDENS.

### FIRST MAIDEN.

The clouds, the clouds, how beautiful the clouds at set of sun,  
 As all the splendors of all hours were gathered into one !

### SECOND MAIDEN.

And as that hour, in mockery, more splendid than they all,  
 Had hung around the dying day a gorgeous funeral pall.

### FIRST MAIDEN.

I say not so—those clouds are but a smile the Day-God flings  
 To tell us that the circling hours bring morn upon their wings.  
 And when he sinks beneath the wave, he leaves the stars to say  
 That he but bears to other lands the blessings of the day.  
 Those stars that lend, like him, to all their unreflected light,  
 And planets shining steadily in borrowed beauty bright.

### SECOND MAIDEN.

But O, the blushing Spring has fled, too beautiful to last !  
 Then, love, let us be sorrowful o'er glories that are past.

### FIRST MAIDEN.

Why mourn ye for the bright springtime ? She fled in light away ;  
 Her flowery footprints greet us still along our pathway gay.  
 The Autumn sun shines glorious afar o'er vale and hill ;  
 And Autumn's *forests* lie in light magnificently still.

### SECOND MAIDEN.

'Tis true we trace the steps of Spring 'neath Summer's leafy noon,  
 Mid waving corn, and purple grapes, and 'neath the harvest moon ;

We love the Autumn's forest leaf, and Autumn's low breeze sigh-  
ing,  
But sadly, as a friend's last word, or the smile he wore in dying.

## FIRST MAIDEN.

Oh think not, my belovèd one, that thou alone canst hear  
The voice that dwells in leaf and breeze proclaim that winter's  
near.  
But winter is not joyless when the heart is tuned to mirth,  
Though ice chains lock the mountain streams, and snow en-  
tombs the earth.

SECOND MAIDEN.<sup>1</sup>

Will nothing make thee mournful? Thy youth is waning fast;  
The freshness of thy childhood is forever, ever past.  
Thy womanhood now cometh on with sorrow and with care,  
And soon old age will dim thine eye, and blanch thine auburn hair;  
The dark grave flingeth open wide its portals unto thee;  
I know that thou art weeping now, belovèd one, with me.

## FIRST MAIDEN.

The future that thou darest, love, is kindly hid from me;  
Darkness is there, but through the shade the light of joy I see;  
And o'er the tomb, though hidden from thy sorrow-clouded sight,  
There beams a star, the star of hope, illuming all its night.

---

## John Riley Varney.

John R. Varney, a native of this State, was born in 1819. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1843, taught in Franklin Academy two years; was clerk of the Court of Strafford County four years; professor of mathematics in Dartmouth College 1850-'53; admitted to the bar in 1853 and became a partner of John P. Hale. In 1858 he became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Dover Inquirer*, weekly, and of the *Daily Republican*. He died by accident May 2, 1882. He was inspecting the ruins of a burnt church building in Dover, when, by the falling of a chimney, and the gable-end of the building, he was buried, and when taken up was found to be dead.

---

## TO THE FIRE-FLY.

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Like to the gleaming thought,   | Bright as the blissful dreams, |
| That flits through fancy's eye; | Which gild our youthful days;  |
| Like to the star that shot      | Or fleecy cloud, that gleams   |
| Across the eastern sky;         | With Sol's last setting rays;  |
| Or dazzling show,               | Thy sparkling light,           |
| That flits away                 | When darkness shades           |
| In one brief day,               | The everglades,                |
| Thy transient glow;             | Illumes the night.             |

|                              |                              |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I would thy fires might be   | As bright a light as thine.  |
| Less fitful in their blaze.  | And far more constant too.   |
| That I might longer see      | That far away may shine      |
| The golden wreath that plays | And speaks me good and true: |
| Thy path around;             | Whose beaming ray            |
| As o'er the lees             | Shall gladness make,         |
| And dusky trees.             | And joy awake,               |
| Thy way is found.            | Be mine, I pray.             |

|                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| But yet thy glittering spark | And when this light hath shed  |
| Seems joyful to my eyes.     | Its rays for many years.       |
| As when in sorrow dark.      | And caused the heart that bled |
| Some gleams of hope arise:   | To smile amid its tears.       |
| Which quick dispel           | Then, Earth, adieu!            |
| The hated gloom.             | Be mine to rise.               |
| And in its room              | Above the skies,               |
| Cause joy to dwell.          | And shine anew.                |

#### WHAT IS BEAUTY.

What beauty is, O, who can say?  
 Who paint the charms that softly play  
 Around her brow? her eye  
 Who catch, as through the mind it gleams  
 Its fiery light, and often seems  
 To glow our very dreams?

The raven's black, that sudden wake,  
 Moist weeping cheeks, and bending, shake  
 With the sallow haze  
 Their seeming threat, the Aurora's rays,  
 Upon whose quick and faithful blaze  
 We sit with wonder gaze.

The transient glories of the trees,  
 As when the frosts of autumn seize  
 And turn to gold their leaves:  
 The graceful, sweet and modest flower,  
 That hidden beneath some lonely bower,  
 In needless beauty shows its hour:

The tender love and winning grace,  
 That in a mother's eye we trace,  
 Or in a sister's face,  
 And in the radiant one that finds  
 Congenial hearts and noble minds  
 And bloom in blossoming buds:

Or when a heart of budding years  
 Some mournful tale of sorrow hears,  
     And gently drops its tears ;  
 And when its joyous laugh is heard,  
 As sweet as music of a bird,  
     Or kindly spoken word.

But when in opening bloom we find,  
 'Neath brow that's fair, a gentle mind,  
     A look that's ever kind,  
 A sweet and graceful modesty,  
 Combined with truth and purity,  
     Then Beauty's self we see.

### Charles Anderson Dana.

Charles A. Dana was born in Hinsdale, August 8, 1819. He passed two years at Harvard College, but left before graduating, on account of an affection of the eyes. Coming a journalist he went to New York and was connected with the *Tribune*. In 1863-'64-'65, he was Assistant Secretary of War. After leaving that post, he bought, in the aid of some associates, a daily journal of New York city and made it a great financial success. He was associated with George Ripley in editing the *American Cyclopædia*; and in 1854, he edited "The Household Book of Poetry." His poetry was mostly written before his twenty-fifth year. He is a linguist, and can converse with his foreign guests in their own languages.

#### VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,  
 Marking with reverent look each passer's face,  
 Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace  
 That primal soul whereof he is the show.  
 For here still move, by many eyes unseen,  
 The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept ;  
 Through every guise these lofty forms serene  
 Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept ;  
 But known each thrill that in man's heart hath been,  
 And every tear that his sad eyes have wept :  
 Alas for us ! the heavenly visitants,—  
 We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,  
 Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,  
 Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests ;  
 But oh ! what is it to imperial Jove  
 That this poor world refuses all his love !

#### MANHOOD.

Dear, noble soul, wisely thy lot thou bearest ;  
 For, like a god toiling in earthly slavery,  
 Fronting thy sad fate with a joyous bravery,

Each darker day a sunnier mien thou wearest.  
 No grief can touch thy sweet and spiritual smile,  
 No pain is keen enough that it has power  
 Over thy childlike love, that all the while  
 Upon the cold earth builds its heavenly bower;—  
 And thus with thee bright angels make their dwelling.  
 Bringing thee stores of strength when no man knoweth;  
 The ocean-stream, from God's heart ever swelling,  
 That forth through each least thing in Nature goeth,  
 In thee, oh, truest hero, deeper floweth;—  
 With joy I bathe, and many souls beside  
 Feel a new life in the celestial tide.

---

TO R. B.

Belovèd friend! they say that thou art dead,  
 Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,  
 Save in the company of the fair and dread,  
 Along that radiant and immortal shore,  
 Whither thy face was turned forever more.  
 Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,  
 Never forgetful of that infinite goal;  
 Salient, electrical, thy weariless soul,  
 To every faintest vision always leal,  
 Even mid these phantoms made its world ideal.  
 And so thou hast a most perennial fame,  
 Though from the earth thy name should perish quite:  
 When the dear sun sinks, golden, whence he came,  
 The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;  
 So in our lives impulses born of thine,  
 Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

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**Edward Erasmus Sargeant.**

Edward E. Sargeant was born in Hillsborough, June 17, 1830. At an early age he was a clerk in a store in Lowell, Mass., where he remained till his 17th year, when he became a student in Newbury Seminary, Vt., where he fitted for college and entered at Dartmouth, graduating from thence in 1843. His whole college life was eminently manly, and assiduously devoted to its high purpose. After leaving college he went to Georgia and had charge of a Female Seminary in Putnam Co. While there he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Macon, Ga. He returned to New Hampshire in 1843, and the next year he went to Grand Rapids, Michigan. His business and fame as a lawyer rapidly increased. In 1853 he went to Europe and visited remarkable places in England, France, and throughout Europe and Asia-Minor. He returned after nearly a year's absence to his home in Grand Rapids. He died April 13, 1858, of a cancerous tumor in his throat. With the calmness of a philosopher and the patient resignation of a Christian he met his final dissolution.

## THE INDIAN MOTHER AND HER SON.\*

## THE MOTHER'S APPEAL.

Stay! Wilt thou leave me now,—thy mother! her  
Whose wigwam notes once lulled thine infancy!  
Dost thou remember how this breaking heart  
Yearned with excess of love, when first thy hand,  
Bending thy father's bow, gave lightning speed  
To the winged arrow, certain, bearing death,  
O'ertaking the dark bison, drinking up  
The strength of his firm limbs, turning the tide  
Of his hot-beating blood? O, then, with joy,  
Did hope reach forth to distant moons, when thou  
Would'st be the champion of our dauntless tribe,  
The leader of our wars; a chieftain sent  
By the Great Spirit down to make these woods,  
And streams, and crags, and lakes, proud scenes of deeds  
No arm in moons gone by has e'er achieved!  
Thy father's image, as, from earth upsprung,  
He were a youth again, with eye of fire,  
And dark hair streaming on the breath of morn,  
And lip all trembling with a high resolve,—  
How have I gazed on thee, and wept and smiled!  
Thou dost not know a mother's tender pride!  
'Tis nature's gift, 'tis born within the sweep  
Of the dread whirlwind, by the wigwam's blaze,  
In the deep shade of tempest-driven woods,  
Where winter frowns on every living thing,  
And summer struggles to put on a smile;—  
Yes here 'tis strong and noble, as ever filled  
A courtly heart beyond the floods. The love  
That pours these accents, sending tears adown  
These old and withered cheeks, immortal is!  
But when this bosom, whence thy infant lips  
First drew the drop that told thee I was thine,  
Which now I bare to win thee back again,  
When it shall meet, in the fair home beyond  
The hills, where the Great Spirit, cloud-enveloped, sits,

\* A young Indian, whose father was dead, lived with his mother on the shores of the Pacific, near the mouth of the Columbia river. He had often been urged to visit Edinburgh, and was delighted with the idea of going, but the tears of his ar parent had prevented the accomplishment of his desire. At length a vessel again arrived from Scotland; the master repeated the request, and offered inducements, which the Indian could not resist. He determined to leave his native home, and cross the wide ocean. The time of his departure came, the mother appeared and bared her bosom to win back her son. He wept and hesitated, but at length turned away and stepped on board. He went to Edinburgh, received an excellent education, and in a few years returned to his forest home.



On that green, sunny isle, thy father's form,  
What shall be told of thee? O come, come back.  
Leave not thy mother in her tottering age,  
In this cold wilderness alone to die,  
Thy voice would soothe the pains of cruel death,  
And charm the spirit on its way to heaven.  
O, shall the stranger from the mother steal  
The boon which Nature gave,—her offspring's love!  
Then break, my heart-strings,—let mine eye be dim,  
And fly, my soul, since all it loves is fled.

## ANSWER OF THE SON.

My soul is relenting, how can I depart,  
When the voice of the mother that bore me,  
Strikes home like a spirit and conquers my heart,—  
For it brings the departed before me.

O, shade from the ever-green isles of the west,  
On a pinion of light thou art hieing,  
Impelled by the power of a father's unrest,  
That his son from his kindred is flying.

Yes, white man, that spirit commands me away,  
In the shadowy forest paths roaming,  
And along by the cliffs in the mist doth it stray,  
Where leaps the live cataract, foaming.

Farewell! To your country and kindred return,  
Where the dust of your fathers is sleeping;  
For tears like a fire on my sad spirit burn,  
The tears that a mother is weeping.

But where is my courage: It never yet failed,  
When the eye-ball of fire was before me;  
This heart at the tomahawk's edge never quailed,  
Nor when arrows of death whistled o'er me.

I will go, though with pain, from the storm-beaten bowers,  
By snow-wreaths in winter moons crested,  
And where from the fervor of summer's brief hours  
Beneath the cool shadows I rested.

Then back to thy paradise, shade of the dead!  
In vain to this heart hast thou spoken;  
It is not that the love of thy kindred has fled,  
But their spell o'er my spirit is broken.

### Albert Perry.

ev. Albert Perry was born in Rindge, December 17, 1820. In youth he was much inclined to literary pursuits, and a volume of his poems was published in 1846. When about thirty years of age he became much interested in the truths of religion. He studied theology at Andover, Mass., and was settled over the First Congregational church in Stoughton, Mass. The few years of this, his only pastorate, were passed with happy, successful service, cheered by the most affectionate relations between pastor and people. He retired from the ministry in 1856, fatally stricken with monary consumption, and died at New Ipswich, June 17, 1863.

#### THE GRAND MONADNOCK.

Summer was out in all her greenery,  
And fragrant zephyrs o'er the landscape played,  
As through New Hampshire's rugged scenery  
I rambled; trees were towering undecayed,  
That cast on other centuries their shade;  
Tall mountains stood around with solemn mien,  
The guardians of many a flowery glade,  
That slept in beauty and in joy between,  
Like maiden innocence, too bashful to be seen.

There is a magic in those old gray rocks,  
Towering in mountain majesty on high;  
For ages they have battled with the shocks,  
Of racking whirlwinds that have wandered by;  
Changes that have deranged mortality,  
Are nought to them; a brotherhood sublime,  
They hold a quiet converse with the sky,  
And stand, as when our world was in its prime,  
Unharm'd as yet, by all the ravages of time.

And thou Parnassus of my native clime,  
What though we scarcely yet have seen thy name,  
Among the annals of hesperian rhyme?  
What if no oracle enhance thy fame,  
No fuming deity or prescient dame  
Erect a domicile and tripod near?  
Thou Grand Monadnock, grandeur is the same,  
Whether it shade the Delphian hemisphere,  
Or tower without a sybil, or a poet here.

I stood upon thy solitary height,  
When erst romantic boyhood climbed the steep,  
And there outvigiled all the stars of night,  
Till morning gleamed along the watery deep,  
And woke a drowsy continent from sleep.  
I saw remotest Orient unfold  
His portals, and a world of splendor leap  
From the abyss where far Atlantic rolled,  
Mingling its billows with a firmament of gold.

Time rolls along with an oblivious tide,  
 And soon will drown the voice of praise or blame;  
 The tallest monuments of human pride  
 Crumble away like ant-hills—both the same;  
 How brief the echo of a sounding name,—  
 The envy and the glory of mankind!  
 And who shall heed the after-trump of fame,  
 That fluctuates a season on the wind,  
 Stirring the empty dust that he has left behind?

Farewell, thou rude but venerable form!  
 I go my way, perchance return no more;  
 I leave thee here to battle with the storm,  
 And the inconstant winds that round thee roar;  
 I would not like thy cloudy summit soar;  
 Too many blasts would howl around my head.  
 Farewell; contentment is my only store;  
 Along the humbler valley let me tread,  
 Unenvied live, and sleep with the forgotten dead.

### Leonard Swain.

Rev. Leonard Swain was born in 1821. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1846. He became pastor of a Congregational church in Nashua in 1847, and was dismissed in 1853 to become pastor of a church in Providence, R. I. He died in 1868.

#### MAN IS NOT WHAT HE WILLS.

Man is not what he wills; the very sky  
 Hath not a powerless cloud, but looketh down  
 In meek compassion, as it floateth by.  
 On us, born subjects of a smile or frown.  
 There's not an upstart, vagrant wind but drives  
 His passive spirit on its lightest breath;  
 The unsinewed giant so no longer strives.  
 Though o'er his maddened eye careers the shaken death.

Man is not what he wills: and O, his joy  
 That not a spell-clad spirit is his foe:  
 No bloodless wizard, patient to destroy.  
 Binds on the fatal ring, the charm of woe!  
 For age, the magic circle when it breaks,  
 Goes up with fleeing symphonies on high;  
 And a wild thrill of ecstasy awakes.

Above the grief that mourns his lost captivity.

Man is not what he wills ; for far above,  
And from beneath, the thwarting currents roll,  
And nature's mighty magazine of love  
Ten thousand times shall overcome his soul.  
And wheresoe'er his chosen path shall tend,  
His charmed footsteps keep but half the way ;  
A cloud, a sound, a very flower, shall send  
An overflowing flood, and bear him wide astray.

Man is not what he wills ; hast thou not seen  
The stern, strong face unbrace itself again,  
When a soft breath went by, with thoughts between  
That never touched his iron soul till then ?  
The harsh, determined visage, how it tells  
A sudden tale of years long past and gone !  
The worldly, rugged bosom, how it swells  
With quick o'ercoming tides, from Youth's far ocean drawn !

Man is not what he wills ; the simple child  
That, panting, hunts the dreamy butterfly,  
Doth pause at sudden, of his prey beguiled,  
A smitten victim of the western sky,  
When o'er the burning hills it takes the sun  
To that bright place of happiness and gold ;  
And, as he turns away, the lesson done,  
He goes, another child, by other thoughts controlled.

Man is not what he wills ; the time hath been  
When he whose hand doth whet the midnight steel  
Hath bowed his head, all gray with age and sin,  
To hear the hamlet bell's sweet, distant peal.  
He had not cared to hear, but in his breast  
Were things of kindred with that human sound ;  
The answering memories break their long, long rest,  
And thought and tears are born, and penitence profound.

Man is not what he wills ; uncounted powers  
Beset each single footstep of his way,  
And, like the guardian spirits of the flowers,  
Charm each malignant, poisonous breath away ;  
And so by guileless things is man beguiled,  
And sweetly chastened in his earthly will,  
While every thwarting leaves him more a child,  
With childlike sense of good, and childlike dread of ill.

Man is not what he wills ; a deep amen  
O'ercomes the grateful spirit as it hears ;

"Thy will, not mine, be done," it breathes again  
 To him that sits above the circling years.  
 The weak doth find supporters, and the blind  
 A faith that will not ask an earthly eye,  
 To see the goings of the eternal mind,  
 When clouds and darkness bear his moving throne on high.

### Deborah G. Foss.

Mrs. Foss was born in New Boston, October, 24, 1831. Her father, Asa Bryant, belonged to the Bryant family of Bridgewater, Mass., of which the late William Cullen Bryant was another branch, they being cousins. She was educated at Dracutt Seminary, Dracutt, Mass., and completed a classical and English course of study. In 1848 she married George Foss, of Thornton. In 1859 Mr. Foss became proprietor of the well known Brook Farm and Summer Boarding House, near Campton village.

#### TO A SPINNING WHEEL.

In ecstasy let others praise,  
 The organ's lofty peal ;  
 To me there is no music like,  
 The dear old spinning wheel.  
 Its gentle buzzing greets my ear,  
 With a soft, soothing sound ;  
 Like the faint echoes of the woods,  
 Where water-falls resound.  
 How many memories of the past,  
 Clustering around it cling !  
 And make it to my throbbing heart,  
 A dear, time-honored thing.  
 Our mother ere the household band,  
 Had left the household hearth,  
 Mingled the music of the wheel,  
 With many an evening's mirth.  
 And later, in her "green old age,"  
 She rung out many a chime ;  
 Rising and falling with each step,  
 Her cap-border kept time.  
 She taught us that our lives should be,  
 A well drawn, even thread :  
 Peace to her ashes ! for she sleeps,  
 Now with the silent dead !  
 But soon the spinning wheel will pass ;  
 Its music soon be o'er :  
 Oh ! who'll appreciate its worth,  
 One generation more ?

## ALL HALLOW EVE.

My natal month, O, glowing, bright October !  
When forests all, in gorgeous hues arrayed,  
Contrast with pastures, russet brown and sober,  
Where patient kine, lie drowsy in the shade.  
The flocks come down to feed upon the meadow ;  
The woods are jocund with harmonious sounds :  
Squirrels dart in and out among the shadows,  
To catch the falling nuts, with agile bounds.  
Oh ! regal month, of beauty and of glory !  
Thy days are ended, in All Hallow Night :  
And on this eve, as I have read in story,  
Friends, long since passed to the abodes of light,  
Return again, to the familiar dwelling,  
That echoed to their footsteps here below,  
And, with affection earthly love excelling,  
Commune of things beyond our ken to know,  
Oh ! sainted mother ! art thou here this even ?  
And is thy presence in this quiet room ?  
Art thou to me a heavenly min'strant given,  
To cheer and comfort for the days to come ?  
Then strengthen me in every just endeavor,  
For my own good, or good of human kind ;  
Let light upon my pathway, shine forever,  
Until at length, the heavenly goal I find,  
A brother's love so pure, so strong, so holy !  
He whom I loved, as sisters seldom do !  
Can aught so high descend to aught so lowly ?  
Sure love is deathless when the heart is true.  
Of all dear things to me this seems the dearest—  
A little child just prattling on my knee :  
We had two such ; yet God who sees the clearest,  
Took them from us, with Him, for aye, to be.  
These may be here to-night, I am not certain,  
But this I know, that in these evening hours,  
They have seemed near, and very thin the curtain  
That parts their lives from this low life of ours.  
And if, sometimes, I am inclined to murmur,  
That clouds return after the morning rain,  
Let these sweet thoughts still in my memory linger,  
A radiant halo, on the cross of pain.

## Simcon P. Heath.

Rev. S. P. Heath was born in Monroe, Dec. 19, 1821. He was educated at Newbury Seminary, Vt., and studied theology at the Biblical Institute in Concord. He began to preach in 1850. Since then the ministry has been his life-work.

### EXTRACT

From a poem read at the Inauguration of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home and School of Industry, at the Webster Elm Farm, Franklin, October 19, 1871.

In coming days, when Charity  
 Shall wreath the brow of Liberty,  
 And gild the page of history ;  
 The peaceful triumph wrought to-day,  
 Will shine in honor's bright array :  
 For He whose smile is true renown,  
 Whose name is Love, our work will crown.  
 And shall we cherish one dark fear,  
 That our dear Home established here,  
 Will fail, mid beauties rich and grand,  
 So freely strown by God's own hand ?  
 As soon believe our granite hills,  
 Our fertile vales and sparkling rills  
 Will traitors turn, and no supplies  
 Reward the toiler's sacrifice.  
 When freemen met on Bunker's Hill,  
 A grateful service to fulfil,  
 They chose, to be their speaker, one  
 Whose early home we stand upon.  
 A dense crowd pressed upon the stand :  
 In vain the marshals gave command.  
 "Move further back !" The eager throng  
 Behind swept forward ones along.  
 Reluctantly the marshals yield,  
 And let the crowd possess the field.  
 "It can't be helped," they tamely say :  
 "The throng will mar our plans to-day."  
 Then Webster's voice, so deep and loud,  
 Rang out o'er that vast, surging crowd :  
 "Move back ! nothing's impossible  
 To those who stand on Bunker Hill."  
 That mighty voice they all obey :  
 That swelling mass of life gives way.  
 To day we hear a mightier voice,  
 Which bids our trusting hearts rejoice :  
 "Nothing's impossible to you,  
 Whose faith is strong, whose hearts are true :  
 Go forward in your work of love.

You'll find your sure reward above."  
Tradition tells that long and well,  
A sculptor wrought within his cell,  
A crypt, deep hidden under ground,  
Beyond the reach of human sound.  
A shadowy torch-light filled the room,  
Yet on he toiled amid the gloom,  
Year after year. At last he saw  
The well-carved stone, without a flaw,  
Made ready for its destined place,  
Some portion of a wall to grace.  
He brushed the chips from out his hair,  
While other hands bestowed their care,  
And took the cherished work of years  
Away from sight, as falling tears  
Evinced alike his hopes and fears ;  
And left the cell to find again  
His place among the ranks of men.  
Soon dawned for him th' auspicious day  
That all his labors should repay.  
The Temple with refulgent light,  
Rose proudly on his dazzled sight :  
And happy throngs of Israel's race  
Were gath'ring to the sacred place,  
To dedicate that structure rare,  
To Him who hears the orphan's prayer.  
The artist enters : soon his gaze  
Is riveted. In deep amaze,  
He views the stone his skilful hand  
And fertile brain so deftly planned,  
Placed in an archway where it shone  
In grace and beauty all its own.  
His soul drinks in the rapt'rous sight ;  
His work is crowned with glory's light.  
Thus oft the toilers here below,  
Are working better than they know.  
Small, small indeed, their work appears,  
After the toil of weary years.  
They carve and polish day by day,  
Till God removes their work away ;  
And bids them lay their soiled robes by,  
And rise to immortality.  
O glad surprise ! O glorious sight !  
Their work revealed in heaven's clear light,  
Sparkles a pure and precious gem,  
In Jesu's royal diadem.



O' ye who found this Orphan's Home!  
 Your full reward is yet to come.  
 Press on: eternal years will show  
 How well you've done your work below;  
 You'll hear that voice of harmony,  
 Whose echoes fill Eternity.  
 Proclaiming, while the angel choir  
 Shall swell their holy anthem higher;  
 "These little ones are saved through thee;  
 Fear not! ye did it unto me."

### Edward Dean Rand.

E. D. Rand was born in Bath, December 26, 1821. Soon after graduation at Wesleyan University he went to New Orleans, studied law there, and practised till 1855, when he returned to his native State and settled in Littleton. In 1861 he removed to Lisbon. He was made judge of the circuit court in 1874, and two years afterwards he returned to the bar. The real spirit of poetry pervades Mr. Rand's verses. He has kindly furnished some original pieces for this volume.

#### BEHIND THE VEIL.

Lo! the marvellous contrast of shadow and light,—  
 Of shadows that darken and lights that adorn;  
 And after the day comes the shadowy night,  
 And after the night come the splendors of morn.

And raptures and sorrows through all the brief years  
 Keep crossing to weave in the web of our life,  
 Till another the greatest of shadows appears,  
 To hush into stillness the tumult and strife.

And thou, Shadow of shadows, the darkest of all,  
 Concealing what has been and what is to be,  
 That liest on life and its joys like a pall,  
 Oh! what is the splendor, that lies behind thee?

#### TO ———

Far away from the purple-hued mountains,  
 Far away from the flower-sprinkled lea:  
 Away from the streams and the fountains,  
 Alone—by the dim, misty rim of the sea,  
 Looking out on the limitless ocean,  
 Looking out on the low-lying sand,  
 No charm can I see in the motion  
 Of waves—or the stillness that rests on the strand.  
 Men speak of the glories and wonders,  
 That haunt the dim, mystical sea;

But bright to my eyes are the splendors  
Alone— that speak to my spirit of thee.

Far up in the heart of the highlands,  
Fondly dreaming, I stand by thy side,  
And I look on the sea and its islands  
No more—and I hear not the wearisome tide.

Ah! sad as the winds of December,  
Is the unceasing song of the sea;  
But the music of songs I remember  
Is sweet—when I walked in the woodlands with thee.

---

IN MEMORIAM.

The spirit hath taken its flight,  
Where the land and the waters meet,  
And never a nobler fight  
Was crowned with immortal defeat.

O! weak as the opening air  
To the pressure of death-dealing darts  
Is the burden of innermost prayer,  
From millions of agonized hearts.

And vain is the vigilant skill  
That watches mysterious laws,  
And vainer the dominant will,  
That clings to a perishing cause.

Dead! by the murmuring shore  
Of the cold and passionless sea;  
O! brave, noble heart, nevermore,  
Can its voices be music to thee.

Released from the wearisome strife,  
The torture of laboring breath,—  
Up, into the glory of life,  
That gleams through the shadow of death.

---

GROWING OLD.

From success in its pride and defeat in its shame,  
From the later repose, and the earlier strife,  
The half that we learn is but knowledge in name,  
And dark is the myst'ry that broods over life.

I smile at the hopes and the dreams of my youth—  
Brief splendors of morning with clouds overcast!

Yet something of worth, which I cling to, in sooth,  
Have I wrung from the vanishing years as they passed.

I have painfully tested the Old and the New,  
Learned what to distrust and what to believe;  
Gained a knowledge of things that are steadfast and true,  
And a knowledge of things that will cheat and deceive;

Of the uncertain fame of the pen and the sword;  
Of the pride that arises from ill-gotten gain;  
Of the glory of labor that seeks no reward,  
But silently carries its burden of pain;

Of the courage that faces and tramples on death;  
Of the garrulous grief, which time will assuage;  
Of the bubbles that sparkle and break with a breath;  
Of the love that grows warmer and sweeter with age;

Of the valor that turns from a glittering cause,  
In the day and the hour of its noisy success,  
To worship the strength and the stillness of laws,  
That endure through the ages and æons that pass.

But alas! for the knowledge that comes with the flight  
Of the hours; for a sorrowful thing 'tis to know  
Of the increasing shadow and lessening light,  
As the days and the months and the years come and go.

The friends of my boyhood and youth, one by one,  
And the friends that my manhood held dear, like the gleams  
Of a warm, sweet summer remembered, have gone  
Quite out of my life, and into my dreams.

And the glow, and the wealth of the morning have passed.  
And the fulness of noon grown empty and cold;  
And I feel all the sadness that must come at last,  
Of thoughts that are barren, and limbs that are old.

Yet I welcome the sadness, and weakness of limb,  
For I know that the lights from the City of Rest,  
Shine clearer to him, whose eyes have grown dim,  
In watching the shadows, that grow in the West.

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### William Cant Sturoc.

William C. Sturoc was born at Arbroath, Forfarshire, Scotland Nov. 4, 1832, and received his elementary education, at the "Hamilton Green" and "Grimsby" schools of his native town. When a mere lad he arrived in Montreal, Canada, and remain-

ere till July 1850, when he came to Newport, and almost immediately commenced the study of law in the office of Edmund Burke. In 1855 he was admitted to bar, and settled in Sunapee. Although he has not been in active practice, legal reading is still close and extensive. In 1855, '56, '57, and '58, he represented a town in the State Legislature, and was a prominent and active member. Speeches, on all occasions, commanded attention: for he has a fervid and earnest manner as a speaker, and combines—which is often not the case—an equal readiness with tongue and pen. He has contributed largely to the letter press of an extensive illustrated work just published at his native place by T. Buncle, entitled "Round O' with its Poets:" and is also given a large space in the 31. of "Modern Scottish Poets," published by D. H. Edwards, Brecken, Scotland last December.

### THE POET'S MITE.

An ancient epitaph thus quaintly reads,  
 Engraved on marble, o'er the worthy dead:  
 "Whate'er we had, to meet our human needs,  
 We freely gave to feed the poor with bread;  
 And all we gave with free and kindly will  
 We have once more—the darksome river crossed;  
 But what we left, that went no void to fill,  
 We ne'er shall find,—'twas profitless, 'tis lost!"

So what we have of gifts and graces given  
 Are only lent us for life's little day;  
 Nor shall we do the high behest of Heaven  
 If gifts are hidden, or be cast away;  
 And whom the hand of destiny hath sealed  
 As seer and singer for his fellows all,  
 'Tis his to scatter o'er earth's fertile field  
 The seeds that drop at Inspiration's call.

And what he sows amid the mist of tears,  
 Or in the sunshine of the fairest May,  
 Perchance shall blossom through the future years,  
 And charm the nations, near and far away!  
 On wings of light his raptured dreams may soar,  
 Through every clime in earth's remotest bound,  
 And break in beauty on the glittering shore,  
 Where ebb and flow the waves of thought profound!

Then let me sing! O worldling, let me sing!  
 Mayhap my warblings with their notes of cheer,  
 Will heal some heart that cherishes a sting,  
 Or wake the hopeless from their sleep of fear!  
 And thus I give what first to me is given;  
 My heart still grasping at the good and true,  
 And trust the rest to high and holy Heaven,  
 Which measures doing by the power to do.

## MARY.

I saw a vision in my boyish days,  
 So bright, so pure, that in my raptur'd dreaming,  
 Its tints of em'rald, and its golden rays  
 Had more of heavenly than of earthly seeming ;  
 The roseate valley and the sunlit mountain,  
 Alike, enchanted as by wand of fairy,  
 Breathed out, as from a high and holy fountain,  
 On flower and breeze, the lovely name of Mary.

That youthful vision time hath not effaced,  
 But year by year the cherish'd dream grew deep=  
 And Memory's hand, at midnight hour oft traced,  
 Once more, the faithful vision of the sleeper ;  
 No chance or change could ever chase away  
 This idol-thought, that o'er my life would tarry,  
 And lead me, in the darkest hours, to say—  
 "My better angel is my hoped-for Mary."

The name was fix'd—a fact of Fate's recording—  
 And swayed by magic all this single heart,  
 The strange decree disclaimed a novel wording,  
 And would not from my happy future part ;  
 As bright 'twas writ, as is the milky-way—  
 The bow of promise in a sky unstarry,—  
 That shed its light and shone with purest ray,  
 Through cloud and tempest, round the name of

Burns hymn'd his "Mary," when her soul had pass'd  
 Away from earth, and all its sin and sorrow ;  
 But mine has been the spirit that hath cast  
 A gleam of sunshine on each blessed morrow ;  
 And crown'd at last, this trusting heart hath been,  
 With fruits of faith, that nought on earth could  
 For I have lived until my eyes have seen  
 The vision real, in the form of Mary.

## WASHINGTON.

Oh Patriot Sage ! Columbia's dearest son !  
 Our country's Father ! famous Washington !  
 How shall we sing—  
 How homage bring,  
 To deck the memory of the noblest soul  
 That ever spent a grand and glorious life ?  
 Who led in triumph to fair freedom's goal,  
 Nor faltered mid the darkness of the strife.

Oh mighty soldier ! first in war's alarms  
 Undaunted when the trumpet call "To arms !"
   
     Roused men to stand,  
     Throughout the land,  
 For home and freedom, 'gainst oppression's power.  
     Thou God-appointed chief, our guide and stay ;  
 Our firm reliance in the midnight hour  
     That shook the strongest mid the bloody fray.

Oh matchless statesman ! first and best in peace !  
 Still calm and mighty when red war's surcease  
     Claimed hands deep skilled  
     To plan and build—  
 Far from the despot's or the anarch's grasp—  
     The glorious fabric of a nation free,  
 Each stone sure fastened with the golden clasp  
     Of wisdom, strength, and state fraternity.

Oh first within the bosom of thy countrymen !  
 Thy name and fame shall evermore remain  
     Without a peer,  
     To millions dear.  
 The silent circumspection of thy heart  
     Did slander's shafts full oft but vainly try ;  
 Thy faith no tempest shock could part ;  
     Thy ark and anchor, human liberty !

Long may we guard, as with a flaming sword,  
 The sacred volume of Columbia's word,  
     That when our day  
     Shall pass away,  
 Our children's children, to the latest hour,  
     Shall peal their anthems down from sire to son.  
 As now we grateful bless the Heavenly Power  
     That gave our own immortal Washington !

#### LAKE SUNAPEE.

Once more my muse ! from rest of many a year,  
     Come forth again and sing, as oft of yore ;  
 Now lead my steps to where the crags appear  
     In silent grandeur, by the rugged shore  
 That skirts the margin of thy waters free,  
 Lake of my mountain home, loved Sunapee !  
 Meet invocation to the pregnant scene,  
     Where, long ere yet the white man's foot had come,

Roam'd wild and free the daring Algonquin,  
And where perchance the stately Metacom  
Inspired his braves with that poetic strain  
Which cheer'd the Wampanoags, but cheer'd in vain.

Clear mountain mirror ! who can tell but thou  
Hast borne the red man in his light canoe,  
As fleetly on thy bosom as e'en now  
Thou bear'st the paleface o'er thy waters blue ;  
And who can tell but nature's children then,  
Were rich and happy as the mass of men ?


Sweet Granite Katrine of this mountain land !  
Oh jewel set amid a scene so fair !  
Kearsarge, Ascutney, rise on either hand,  
While Grantham watches with a lover's care,  
And Sunapee to Croydon sends in glee  
A greeting o'er thy silvery breast, Lake Sunapee !

How grand, upon a moonlit eve, to glide  
Upon thy waters, 'twixt the mountains high,  
And gaze within thy azure crystal tide,  
On trembling shadows of the earth and sky ;  
While all is silent, save when trusty oar  
Awakes an echo from thy slumbering shore !

Ah ! where shall mortals holier ground espy,  
From which to look where hope doth point the gaze,  
Than from the spot that speaks a Deity,  
In hoary accents of primeval praise ?  
And where shall man a purer altar find  
From which to worship the Almighty mind ?

Roll on, sweet lake ! and if perchance thy form  
Laves less of earth than floods of western fame,  
Yet still we love thee, in the calm or storm,  
And call thee *ours* by many a kindly name ;  
What patriot heart but loves the scenes that come  
O'er memory's sea, to breathe a tale of home.

And when the winter, in its frozen thrall,  
Binds up thy locks in braids of icy wreath,  
Forget we not thy cherished name to call,  
In fitting shadow of the sleep of death ;  
But morn shall dawn upon our sleep, and we,  
As thou in springtime, wake, sweet Sunapee !



## THE UNREWARDED.

How oft the olden story  
Of struggle after glory,  
Hath echoed sadly down the faded ages !  
How oft the scant but deathly wages,  
The toiler has been paid ;  
And, all neglected laid  
In kind and kindred mold, unsung, unwept ;  
His pregnant tale securely, sadly kept !

And still, Time's seething spray,  
Rolls over earth to-day,  
And rimes the locks of Genius, as of old ;  
And poets sing, amid the scorn so cold,  
The deaf dead sons of men,  
Deal out, again, again,  
Till the poor shivering hungry tenement  
Is buried out of sight—hope crush'd—heart rent !

Then comes the blatant grief,  
As hollow as 'tis brief,  
That wails above Cervantes, and o'er Burns ;  
And gives the cold dead dust, in golden urns ;  
What had been best bestowed,  
While warm blood quickly flowed  
About the dreaming, agonizing heart,  
That hoped in vain, till soul and blood did part !

Oh Genius ! tell me why  
'Tis thus your fate to die  
Of hunger, while the stark dumb beasts are fed ?  
Why does the singer often lack for bread ;  
Or frantic, bite the dust ;  
Or gnaw the beggar's crust ;  
Or, choked like Otway ; or like Chatterton,  
Scowl on a stony world, and then pass on ?

Good heavens ! I inly pray,  
That all may swift decay—  
Proud heart, and fancy-freighted brain—  
When from the rapt Parnassian domain,  
With all its gifts secure,  
I fall, so sunken poor,  
As not to spurn the dead clods where they lie,  
And plume my wing for yet a loftier sky !



### Eugene Bachelder.

Eugene Bachelder was a native of New Ipswich. He removed to Saco, Me. in 1831; to Cambridge, Mass., in 1844; graduated from Harvard Law School, class of 1845; married in 1844, and from that time to his decease in 1878, resided at Dover, Mass. Mr. Bachelder never practised law to any great extent, its details not being congenial to his temperament. He published many poems, which were considered of much merit, and of which "A Romance of the Sea Serpent" passed through four editions. With his literary efforts, he engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and in that department was quite successful.

#### THE UNION.

Where is the spirit our fathers felt?  
Where are the hopes that grew  
When in prayer on the battle-field they knelt,  
And swore to be brave and true?  
When lifting high the armed hand,  
And bowing the plumed head,  
They prayed—"Oh God! may the Union stand!"  
Then rushed where the valiant bled.

Has that hallowed influence fled?  
Those hopes from our heart died out?  
Is that prayer, and that spirit wholly dead?  
Are our minds and souls less stout?  
We need not pray where our fathers prayed,  
In the ranks of a steadfast band;  
But we'll say, like heroes undismayed,  
"Oh God! may this Union stand!"

#### FAIR COLUMBIA.

The life we live we live for thee,  
Columbia, fair Columbia!  
No land so happy, fair and free,  
As happy, fair Columbia!  
Brave souls are battling for the right,  
Brave hearts are rushing to the fight,  
The nation rises in its might,  
For happy, fair, Columbia!

Weep for the gallant valiant men  
Who die for fair Columbia!  
They shall arise to life again,  
Above our fair Columbia!  
Ah! yes, to life immortal rise,  
And form an army in the skies,  
To guard the freedom freemen prize,  
And shield our fair Columbia!

Hark ! to a patriot's loud appeal,  
 Columbia, fair Columbia !  
 My mother-land to thee I kneel,  
 In prayer for Columbia.  
 Thy glorious chivalry shall rise  
 With dauntless hearts, and eagle eyes,  
 And wave victorious to the skies  
 Thy banner, fair Columbia !  
 Oh God ! shall mortal man control  
 In happy, fair Columbia !  
 The life of one immortal soul,  
 In happy, free Columbia ?  
 No ! better that the traitor knaves  
 Were heaped by thousands in their graves,  
 Who boast they'd make all freemen slaves,  
 In happy, fair Columbia !  
 No ! high above, in clouds of light,  
 Above our fair Columbia  
 Sits God, the Arbiter of fight,  
 The Shield of fair Columbia !  
 There hosts on hosts of angels bright  
 Are battling with us for the right,  
 God's arm the rebel horde shall smite,  
 And free our fair Columbia !

### Joseph Brown Smith.

Joseph B. Smith, a native of Dover, was born March 14, 1833. At birth his sight was perfect, but before he was two weeks old a disease fastened upon his eyes, which resulted in total blindness. When three years of age he lost his father. His mother then removed to Portsmouth, where he lived six years. In 1839 he went to the institution of the blind, in Boston, where he spent eight years. In 1840 he entered Harvard College and graduated in 1844. He then went to Louisville, Ky., and became Professor of Music in the Kentucky Institution for the Blind. He died in that city, May 6, 1859. He was a good scholar in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. He had rare musical powers, and appreciated and enjoyed music of the highest order. In that he reveled. His soul responded to the songs and choral symphonies in which the great masters gave expression to thoughts and emotions too vast for words, too deep for tears. He wrote a few occasional poems, some of which were printed in raised letters for the blind.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

My mother dear, while every thought and feeling  
 Vibrates responsive to some note of glee,  
 And visions, fraught with pleasure o'er me stealing,  
 Tell of the past, I'll sing a song to thee :  
 No wail of discontent, no tone of sadness,  
 Shall mingle with the music of my lyre,  
 But ev'ry chord shall speak my spirit's gladness,  
 And peaceful murmurs breathe from every wire.

"Twas then with tender care, with love unceasing,  
 In helplessness my little life to keep,  
 Ere I could know whence came the fond caressing,  
 Or contemplate a love so pure and deep ;  
 And when thou sawest that vision was denied me,  
 That tree and flower could have no charm for me,  
 Oft hast thou, rent with anguish, sat beside me,  
 And wept to think I ne'er might look on thee.

To feel I could not know when thou wast gazing  
 In fond delight upon thy sightless child—  
 Nor, while my darkened eye-balls upward raising,  
 Return that mother's look so calm and mild ;  
 That grief is past, for, though I never knew thee  
 Through the soft language of an earthly sight,  
 In thought by day, in dreams by night, I view thee  
 With the soul's eye, in beams of clearer light.

Mother, adieu ! whate'er the time or distance,  
 Or adverse fate that sunders us, may be,  
 Still kept and cherished as my own existence  
 Shall be the mem'ry of thy love for me :  
 As the young stork, almost endued with reason,  
 His aged parent on his pinion bears,  
 So I look forward to that happy season,  
 When I may bear thy burden and thy cares.

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#### HYMN.

Afraid to die ! O, idle fear,  
 Since God, our Father, is so near,  
 With loving arms to clasp the soul,  
 Released from pain and earth's control.

Afraid to die ! O, idle thought,  
 Since Christ the immortal life hath brought  
 So clearly to our raptured eyes,  
 How can we shrink from paradise.

Afraid to die ! O, idle words ;  
 Some we have loved are now the Lord's ;  
 They long to share the joys they know  
 With us who still remain below.

Afraid to die ? no, Father, no ;  
 When thou shalt call, I'll gladly go ;  
 In death or life I would be thine,  
 And to thy will my own resign.

**Daniel Augustus Drown.**

D. A. Drown was born in Portsmouth, April 17, 1823. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1844. About four months after leaving college his eyesight became suddenly affected. Relief was at first sought in various directions and by various means, but in vain. A European visit resulted in like disappointment. Since that time, now more than thirty-five years, he has been confined to a darkened room tormented by almost incessant pain, rendering life bereft of its greatest enjoyment. Notwithstanding this painful condition, he has struggled hard to alleviate his sufferings by occasional literary efforts. A vivid recollection of his classical studies has served to mitigate the hardness of his lot. A resolute and abiding Christian faith, fortified by the tender and sympathizing utterances of disinterested friends, has enabled him thus far to bear the heavy burden so mysteriously placed upon him. In 1873 an elegant volume containing 115 of his poems was issued from the press of J. W. Avery & Co. It is entitled "Idyls of Strawberry Bank." It is an interesting volume of excellent poetry, illustrated with engravings.

**BEAUTIFUL IS MOONLIGHT.**

Beautiful is moonlight, flashing through the trees,  
Kissing trembling leaflets ruffled by the breeze,  
Gilding branch and flower with a mellow hue,  
Giving each new beauty, charming to the view.  
With a chain of silver earth and heaven unite;  
Peaceful thoughts fly homeward, up the shining height;  
Thence our hearts will follow to that other shore,  
Where true beauty lingers, fadeless evermore.

Beautiful is moonlight resting on the billow,  
Softly as an infant on its downy pillow;  
The blue waters bridging with a golden way,  
As if paved with jewels by the god of day.  
O'er this shining pathway fancy oft will roam,  
And behold pure spirits passing to their home,  
By the fragrant zephyrs swiftly fanned along,  
While the blessed angels chant their sweetest song.

O'er the fields of clover swift the moonbeams glide.  
Shooting o'er dark valleys where the streamlets hide,  
Lighting up the meadows, where the crystal dew  
Sparkles on the herbage, cooling it anew.  
Through the woods and orchards their glowing track is seen,  
Smilingly "bo-peeping" through the branches green;  
While the fragrant blossoms, touched with silver glow,  
Whisper to each other approvingly, I know.

What a flood of glory bathes the fields and flowers!  
What inspiring stillness charms the midnight hours!  
What a gush of feeling wells up from the soul,  
While the grateful anthems through its arches roll!  
And the very silence beautifies the scene,  
Blending all the glory with a joy serene,  
As the gentle whispers of a Father's love  
Lead the willing spirit to its home above.

Beauteous moonlight evenings have a silent power,  
Soothing oft the weary in a troubled hour,  
When inspired voices sing within the breast,  
Telling their glad story,—perfect, endless rest.  
Let my fancy revel with the moonbeams bright,  
Though I do not gaze upon their silver light,  
By and by made perfect, on the “shining shore,”  
I’ll view all its glories, happy evermore.

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MAY-FLOWERS.

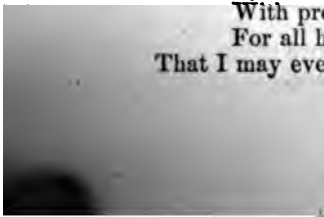
Sweet gifts of May, fair blossoms of the spring!  
Your fragrant breath proclaims to me  
That sunny days have smiled on thee,  
And warmed thee into life again,  
’Mid melting snows and April rain;  
And now my muse thy praise would sing.

What pleasant thoughts your dewy petals bring  
Of former days of sun and shower,  
When blooming health blest every hour;  
When bud and blossom, leaf and tree,  
In early spring gave joy to me!  
To all those years what sunny memories cling!

Fair buds of May, what trust thy frail lives teach!  
Though veiled beneath the drifted snow,  
A calm repose ye found below  
Green ferns and mosses of the wood,  
Content with thine own solitude,  
Sure that the sun’s bright beams thy couch would reach,

And smile as mothers smile upon the face  
Of little ones in peaceful rest,  
Glad to obey their first behest,  
When new life wakens with the light,  
When angels cease their watch by night,  
And give to each fair child new strength and grace.

Sweet children, come! come, whisper in my ear  
With fragrant breath the lesson taught  
By Him whose loving care is fraught  
With precious blessings, numbered o’er  
For all his children, rich and poor,  
That I may ever feel his presence near.



Oh! let my faith be strong in him each day ;  
So that in every darksome hour,  
When shadows round my tent may lower,  
Or when my sky glows bright with love,  
Proceeding from the throne above,  
I e'er may learn sweet trust from "flowers of May."

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THE OLD ELM.

I love the old elm in the orchard,  
Which slopes to the edge of the stream,  
Where, with the fresh spirits of boyhood,  
I passed through life's sunniest dream :  
Its boughs towered high in their grandeur,  
Far up in the fair azure sky,  
Where songsters might nestle their offspring,  
And mischief could never come nigh.

Its roots, once most firmly embedded,  
Were washed by the oft-flowing tide,  
Which told to all sorrowing schoolboys,  
It might not much longer abide.  
We made of its long-running fibres  
Some fairy-like baskets at will,  
Which earned such acceptable praises  
As if wrought with magical skill.

I think of the well-chosen hollow  
In the clean, grassy-carpeted ground,  
Where caps filled with apples were carried,  
And desserts for evening were found ;  
When, gathered in circles most friendly,  
And cosy as birds in a nest,  
We listened to tales oft repeated,  
Exciting each juvenile breast.

How often those tales, which in childhood  
Are mentioned as fanciful things,  
Are found in life's warfare more truthful,  
In facts which experience brings !  
How oft are those bright, sunny mornings,  
When shadows as strangers are known,  
Exchanged for those lone, cheerless evenings,  
When moon into twilight has grown !

Yes : youth has its charms and its pleasures,  
And manhood its joys and its fears ;

Both leaving on memory's tablet  
The well-written record of years.  
And while through life's garden we ramble,  
To gather once more its bright flowers,  
How often each scene then reminds us  
Of some of our happiest hours !

The elm with its grandeur has fallen,  
A vestige no longer remains ;  
The birds have all ceased in its branches  
To sing their melodious strains ;  
And the boys who once played in its shadow  
Are scattered wide over the earth,  
Denied those exuberant feelings  
Which innocent childhood gave birth.

Although both the elm and the orchard  
Have passed long ago from our sight,  
And the hum of the unwearied steam-mill  
Is heard now by day and by night ;  
Still round that old spot there yet cluster  
Bright visions of scenes that are past,  
And a savor of freshness and gladness,  
Which will ever in memory last.

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#### JESUS, MY HOPE.

With hope in Christ, I fear no ill,  
For his right hand supports me still ;  
Though trials here my paths surround,  
I boast in him my strength is found.  
He will supply sustaining grace  
To those who seek with love his face.

When clouds around my tent prevail,  
And gloomy thoughts my peace assail ;  
When cherished hopes are severed here,  
Where strong hearts know the bitter tear,  
In him a safe retreat I find :  
A refuge from each stormy wind.

When bound by sad affliction's chain,  
Oppressed with grief, beset with pain ;  
When tedious days new troubles weave,  
So that to dust my soul would cleave,  
One lively hope illumines the night :  
Jesus is near, though veiled from sight.

When joy and love expand their wings,  
 My heart with wonder often sings,  
 That I have found, in one so dear,  
 A bosom friend, forever near,  
 Who will his promises defend,  
 And ne'er forsake, though time should end.

In Jesus all my peace is found :  
 He makes my purest joys abound ;  
 He bids me at his table wait  
 To share the banquet free and great.  
 I tarry long : my soul is fed  
 By angel hands with heavenly bread.

His presence I more highly prize  
 Than all the gold beneath the skies :  
 My birthright here I would not lose  
 For all the honors I could choose :  
 More precious far than rubies rare,  
 His words my cherished treasures are.

Blest Jesus ! I would see thy face,  
 In whom I trust for every grace :  
 Thy friendly counsels I would hear,  
 With cheerful heart and willing ear.  
 Oh ! grant me still thy power divine :  
 Thine arms of love still round me twine.

### Adaliza Cutler Phelps.

1. Phelps was a native of Jaffrey, born in 1823. In that town she was educated, married, and lived until her death in 1892. Her poetical works are contained in a recently printed volume, published by John P. Jewett and Company, Boston.

#### TO A BIRD IN MIDWINTER.

Say, lovely bird, why dost thou linger here,  
 Mid scenes so dark, so desolate, and drear ?  
 No summer sun is shining o'er thy head ;  
 The leaves are scattered, every floweret dead,  
 The grass is faded on the breezy hills,  
 The ice hath bound the streams and dancing rills.

Why dost thou linger, why not haste away,  
 Why mid the winds and storms prolong thy stay ?  
 No gentle breezes fan thy downy breast,  
 Among our groves thou now canst find no rest.  
 Dark, fearful clouds are sailing through the air ;  
 King Winter brings decay to all things fair.



Why dost thou linger, what can chain thee here?  
Doth not thy little heart beat wild with fear  
When winds are blowing, when fierce storms arise,  
And veil in darkness the bright sunny skies?  
When snows lie deep on all the hills around,  
And no green spot, no shelt'ring nook is found?

Why dost thou linger? there are skies more fair,  
Where flowers ne'er fade, where balmy is the air;  
Where richest fruits hang on the waving trees,  
And cooling winds come blowing o'er the seas;  
There forests, fields and hills are ever green,  
Winter's dark footsteps never there are seen.

Why dost thou linger? there thy mates are gone,  
And left thee here forsaken and forlorn;  
There they are sailing through a sunny sky,  
While thou art waiting here to droop and die;  
Thy wing is weary, and thy songs are o'er,  
And thou wilt cheer us with thy notes no more.

But when the spring returns, when winter flies,  
And when the sun shines brightly in the skies,  
When flowers come back, and the green leaves appear,  
And all thy mates are once more with us here,  
Thou wilt be missing, we no more shall see  
Thy tiny form upon the forest tree.

But thou wilt lie all still, and cold, and dead,  
Perchance upon some violet's blue bed;  
Thy bright eye closed, broken thy shining wing,  
While o'er thy head some gayer bird may sing;  
While flowers are growing round thee bright and fair,  
Music and sunshine reigning in the air.

### Jacob Richards Dodge.

J. R. Dodge was born in New Boston, September 28, 1833. After learning the trade of printer in the office of the *Amherst Cabinet* he finished his school education, and at the age of twenty one took charge of an academy in Mississippi, where he was successfully engaged for five years in teaching. He was editor and publisher of "*The Oasis*" in Nashua in 1849; went to Ohio in 1853, and engaged in a manufacturing enterprise until 1857, when he began the publication of an agricultural newspaper, the *American Ruralist*. In 1861 he became Senate Reporter of the *National Intelligencer* in Washington, D. C., and afterwards was Statistician of the Department of Agriculture from 1866 to 1878. During this period while editor of the Department publications, over three million copies of the annual volume were ordered by Congress, and as many issues of the monthly series published, besides many miscellaneous reports. In 1873 he spent the summer in Europe in the work of a statistical commission, and also as Honorary Commissioner to the Vienna Exhibition. He resigned his place in the service of the Department of Agriculture in 1878, with the intention of devoting himself to journalism and agricultural literature, for which he has a passionate taste, but was persuaded to

accept a temporary commission for statistical investigation in the Treasury Department, before the completion of which he was tendered the charge of the collection of statistics of Agriculture of the Census, which was continued from 1878 until the present year. In 1881 he again accepted the position in the Department of Agriculture which he had previously held for twelve years. In the midst of this busy and progressive life Mr. Dodge has found little time for authorship, yet he has given evidence of his ability in his "Red Men of the Ohio Valley," a history of the Indians of that region, and his "West Virginia," descriptive of its resources. In 1881 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. Mr. Dodge insists that he is not a poet, but admits that in early youth he indulged in a rhyming propensity.

## THE MARINER'S BETROTHED.

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| I hear the night winds wailing | For oh! in storm so cheerless     |
| Across the snowy lea,          | How can I calmly rest,            |
| Then think of one now sailing  | While he, the brave and fearless, |
| Far o'er the stormy sea.       | Eludes my heart's fond quest?     |

With watchful ear I hearken,  
His voice haunts every sound,  
While fear, my hopes to darken,  
Casts dismal shades around.

That heart in tumult beating,  
As roars the wintry blast,  
Where crashing waves are meet-  
ing,  
Hopes on unto the last.

|                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Oh no ! I did not hear him,  | Alonzo !—dying?—living?       |
| Away far o'er the main ;     | Beneath?—above the main?      |
| May God in mercy clear him   | Oh heaven ! thy mercy giving, |
| From ills in danger's train. | Restore him safe again !      |

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><b>The winds may chant their dirges</b><br/> <b>Howl o'er the billowy deep,</b><br/> <b>Yet He who rolls the surges</b><br/> <b>Will bold Alonzo keep.</b></p> | <p><b>The maiden ceased her speaking,</b><br/> <b>In sad and silent thought,</b><br/> <b>She heard the wild winds' shriek-</b><br/> <b>ing—</b><br/> <b>She heard—but heeded not,—</b></p> |
|---|--|

|                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| <b>But human weakness falters,</b>   | <b>On threshold, the bright presence,</b> |
| <b>My faith gives way to fears,</b>  | <b>The glad and goodly gleam</b>          |
| <b>And love bathes duty's altars</b> | <b>Of eyes that sparkled pleasure</b>     |
| <b>In unrestrained tears.</b>        | <b>Of love's young fateful dream.</b>     |

**THE LOVELY DEAD.**

As vanishes the sunset light,  
As disappear the shades of night,  
So vanisheth  
The mortal breath  
Of those too fair for homes of earth,  
Whose joys are of celestial birth.

How can with grief the bosom swell,  
 How can dark sorrow's saddening spell  
     Enpall the heart  
     When friends depart,  
 Whose lives in love and sweetness shine  
 With radiance pure and glow divine!

The loved on earth—how brief their stay—  
 Yet live they still in realms of day;  
     They will not here  
     Again appear,  
 Yet earth retains a charm, a grace,  
 From their late presence on its face.

With sweeter food no soul is fed,  
 Than memory of sainted dead!  
     An incense meet,  
     Pure, fragrant, sweet,  
 The memory of the dead doth rise  
 To join the earth unto the skies!

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE CENTURIES.

##### THE EIGHTEENTH—IMMIGRATION.

Stern men of faith, strong will, of brawn and nerve,  
 Sought granite hills that frowned on rocky coasts,  
 To build thereon a state; to fill with hosts  
 Of people who from duty could not swerve.  
 They planted on each hill a school, a spire,  
 Felled forests, made new homes, vexed streams with dams,  
 Built mills, raised kine and flocks of lambs,  
 While keeping brightly live a patriotic fire;  
 And looking to the future, cares and joys  
 Came on with troops of girls and boys.

##### THE NINETEENTH—MIGRATION.

Farms dot the intervalles, herds climb the hills,  
 And comfort, culture, come from patient toil;  
 Skill strives; invention burns the midnight oil;  
 A strange unrest, a wild ambition thrills  
 The souls so resolute to do and dare,  
 To conquer continents, to build new states,  
 And open to high progress all the gates  
 That bar the way—while in their native air,  
 And on ancestral hills, their brothers strong  
 Fight care, win bread, love truth and hate a wrong.

## THE TWENTIETH—A PROPHECY.

The western Switzerland—a refuge fair  
 For wandering sons, tired denizens of towns,  
 And weary mortals on whom Hygeia frowns—  
 Weds art to nature, buds with beauties rare ;  
 Production doubles on her well kept farms,  
 New arts arise, the hill lands teem with men  
 Who graze the slopes, to gardens turn the glen,  
 And heighten all of Nature's native charms ;  
 While virtue flourishes and morals shine,  
 And graces mould the human form divine.

## William Plumer.

William Plumer is a grandson of Governor William Plumer and a son of William Plumer whose poems are found in this volume. He was born in Epping, Nov. 29, 1823. In 1845 he graduated at Harvard College, and at the Cambridge Law School in 1848. He practised law in Boston. In 1862 he was made Captain of the "Andrew Sharp Battery." He took part in both battles of Fredericksburg, and at Gettysburg; was wounded in action, sent to the hospital, and discharged the last of 1863. He has been three or four years in the Revenue Service, but is now engaged in scientific pursuits, in Lexington, Mass.

## THE BLIND BOY.

They tell me oft, in joyous tones,  
 The skies are clear and bright,  
 That nature smiles in loveliness,  
 And beauty crowns the night ;  
 That fields are decked with violets,  
 And roses grace the lea,  
 That grassy meads with lilies bloom—  
 Yet all is dark to me ;—  
 That starry gems are nightly seen,  
 Set in the silver waves,  
 Where deep old ocean rolls along,  
 Above his coral caves ;  
 That nature's hand has painted bright,  
 In colors fair to see,  
 Hope's radiant bow around the skies—  
 Yet all is dark to me.  
 But ah ! at this, I would not sigh,  
 Could I but only see  
 My mother smile upon her boy,—  
 For all is dark to me.  
 But soon around my silent grave,  
 The flowers will blossom bright,  
 And I shall be with God above,  
 Kissed by his smile to light.

## John Quincy Adams Wood.

J. Q. A. Wood, the eldest son of Col. Eliphalet Wood of London and a nephew of Rev. Henry Wood, was born at Chichester, Feb. 8th, 1815. His father emigrated to Michigan, with his family, in the spring of 1831, and settled near the village of Tecumseh in Lenawee County. Quincy was necessarily engaged, in his boyhood, on the farm during spring and summer, but was sent with his brothers to the village school autumn and winters. After he and his brother William had entered on a preparatory course for a collegiate education at Tecumseh, they were sent back to their native State and completed their preparatory studies at New London, whence they were admitted to the Freshman class in Dartmouth College in 1839. Here they remained until the close of their Junior year, when they entered Union College, N. Y., where they graduated in 1843. Here the brothers separated, William returning to Tecumseh, where he adopted law as a profession, and Quincy to his native State, where he became a law student in the office of Hon. Leonard Wilcox of Orford, but subsequently pursued his legal studies in the office of Pierce & Fowler at Concord, where he was admitted to the bar in 1844. The brothers married sisters, Quincy, Emily Maria, and William Julia A. A., daughters of Mr. Ezekiel Sargent of New London. The poems of the latter lady are represented in this work. Soon after his marriage, Quincy returned to Michigan and settled down to his profession in the city of Ann Arbor, where his accomplished wife was Principal of a Young Ladies' Academy for eight years. While on a visit to her relatives in New Hampshire she died suddenly in 1854 and has her grave among her native hills which she loved so well.

The poet has consecrated her memory in the stanzas entitled, *To Her who sits in soft attire*. After the death of Mrs. Wood, her husband went to Minnesota and rejoined his brother William, who had been appointed by President Pierce, U. S. Land Receiver at Sauk Rapids. Subsequently he visited Southwestern Kentucky, where another brother, Dr. A. C. Wood had long resided, at the city of Owensboro. Here he contracted a second marriage with Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, an accomplished lady of Louisville. His wife brought to him a handsome estate and he assumed the responsibilities of a southern planter. When the clouds of the Rebellion began to darken the southern sky and the "peculiar institution" imperilled, he sold the plantation and retired with his family into the city of Owensboro. Here he purchased an interest in and edited the *Southern Kentucky Shield* until compelled to yield to the violence of the times and discontinue his paper. After the close of the war, he returned to Sauk Rapids, where he now resides in the practice of his profession, and where his brother William died in 1870.

### INVOCATION TO SPRING.

This Invocation to Spring was suggested by the following passages contained in a letter from a lady friend to the author. They will explain what might otherwise appear unobscure allusions in the sonnet.

She writes:— "Our old and eccentric young friend Everett is no more. He died at the residence of his daughter Newport on the 20th of March a little after midnight. A death so sudden and unexpecting, so beautiful, so to speak, was, perhaps never before witnessed. His daughter said that he had achieved something noble in learning, his peculiar gifts and qualifications, in existence at this early death have deeply impressed us all. He longed for the return of spring, and truly believed in the omnipotence of its healing powers over his wasted energies, and sometimes almost petulantly chided his decay. His religious views—of religious they can be called—were pantheistic, strongly tinged with the mysticism of the ardentists, over which he pored until this spring season became a passion. Recalling the Roman custom just before he expired, the dying student desired his sister to receive his parting breath. His last words were:— 'Take, when I am gone, Spring will return with its violets, I shall live in me!'"

O, blue-eyed Spring! why, why this long delay?

I droop, I languish for thy balmy breath,

To pale disease and tell disease a prey.

I seek and melt to the shades of death!

What fever or'd detains thee to my wrong?

What tender son's engage thy smiling charms?

I, too, did once beguile thee with my song,

In a green valley, circled in thine arms.

Daily for thee I pine, for thee expire,  
Casting my eyes o'er Lethe's voiceless sea,  
And backward with unutterable desire  
Of longing hope, that thou wilt succor me.  
O, for thy dropping dew and soft winged sighs,  
To bathe my wasted cheek and sleepless eyes.

Come breathe upon me with thy rosy mouth,  
Sweet with the airs and odors of Brazil,  
Of flowery isles far oceaned in the South  
And me from tortures snatch that wound and kill,  
Or never more for me the budding spray  
May teach its tender verdure to unfold,  
As, when within thy circling arms I lay,  
And thee of pale Endymion's passion told,  
O that thou wouldst again upon me look  
And kiss me into slumber—once again  
On grassy mount beside the tuneful brook,  
Bathe me in sunbeams! But I sue in vain.  
E'en, in my sight beyond the rifted cloud,  
Fate with a flying shuttle, weaves my shroud!

Sweet truant of the skies! ne'er shalt thou more  
From light dreams call me to renewed delight;  
Charon awaits with torch and leaden oar,  
My soul to pilot to the caves of night.  
As fed the vultures on the culprit bound,  
Whom angry Jove to living death decreed,  
With tortures new, afresh to rend the wound,  
So, on my life, doth pale consumption feed!  
Swift be thy wing, or ever thou shalt come,  
With downy gales and skyey draperies,  
These lips which now beseech thee shall be dumb,  
And all lack-lustered these sad longing eyes;  
Ah, then—in vain above my narrow mound,  
Wilt thou thyself with useless sorrow wound.

One little boon I ask, one fond request,  
Which thou, gay loiterer, wilt not me deny,  
When thou returnest and findest me the guest  
Of death and hapless shades from life that fly;  
It is that in the seasons' annual round,  
When thou dost on thine orient car appear,  
In floral pomp, thy zone with garlands bound,  
Thou'lt, pitying, turn aside and drop a tear  
O'er me, untimely lost—each pearl of grief  
Transformed to breathing violets on my tomb;

So shalt thou, in their sacred flower and leaf,  
 Recall my hapless shade and mortal bloom.  
 I ask but this. My former visions flee,  
 And I escape from life and, O, from thee.

### FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN.

Father's growing old. John, his eyes are getting dim,  
 And years have on his shoulders laid a heavy weight for him:  
 But you and I are young and hale, and each a stalwart man,  
 And we must make his load as light and easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John, at cradle and the plough,  
 And earned our porridge by the sweat that trickled from his brow:  
 Yet never heard we him complain, whate'er his toil might be,  
 Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat upon his solid knee.

But when our boy-strength came, John, and sturdy grew each  
 limb,

He brought us to the yellow field, to share the toil with him:  
 But he went foremost in the swath, tossing aside the grain.  
 Strong as the plough that heaves the soil, or ship that cleaves  
 the main.

Now we must lead the van, John, through weather foul and fair,  
 And let the old man read an o'oze, and tilt his easy chair:  
 And he'll not mind it, John, you know, at eve, to tell us o'er  
 Those brave old tales of British times, of grandsire and the war.

I heard you speak of mother, John: 'tis gospel what you say.  
 That caring for the life of us, has turned her head so gray:  
 Yet, John, I do remember well, when neighbors called her vain,  
 And when her hair was long and like a gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red, John, her cheek was round and fair,  
 And like a ripe red peach it swelled against her wavy hair:  
 Her step fell light as the leaf from off the summer tree,  
 And all day long, at her voice, she sang to you and me.

She had a laughing hum, John, that we had well the nod.  
 We never went with her, she said, for the path forbidden trod:  
 But to the bottom of her eyes we never looked in vain,  
 And even to-day, when my hot tears dropped down like rain!

But that's long ago, John, and we are what we are,  
 And I the seed we sowed, John, in her long cheek and hair:  
 Ah, when will that be over, John, when the tide no longer stir,  
 'Tis then, John, that we need, sad, feel we had no friend like her.

Sure there can be no harm, John, thus speaking softly o'er  
The blessed names of those, ere long, shall welcome us no more ;  
Nay ! hide it not—for why should'st thou an honest tear disown ?  
Thy heart one day will lighter be, remembering it has flown.

Yes, father's growing old, John, his eyes are getting dim,  
And mother's treading softly down the dim descent with him ;  
But you and I are young and hale, and each a stalwart man,  
And we must make their path as smooth and level as we can.

---

TO HER WHO SITS IN SOFT ATTIRE.

Mine own beloved in blest abodes,  
Canst thou retrace thine earthward way ?  
Or, canst thou 'midst the heavenly odes,  
Discern my poor, heart-broken lay ?  
If angels feel for mortal love,  
And grieve there o'er its ruined shrine,  
Then in those blissful seats above,  
How tender is thy grief for mine !

Where dost thou trail thy robes of light ?  
By what far orb's celestial tide ?  
O, for a vision of the night,  
To show me where thou dost abide !  
A dream, a vision of the night—  
A chariot with its steeds of fire  
To waft me to that heavenly hight,  
Where thou dost sit in soft attire.

I have not thriven since the day,  
That thou wast taken from my side ;  
Have wandered from the flowery way,  
We travelled when thou wast my guide.  
As, without thee, like pilgrim blind,  
Or traveller lost, the path I tread,  
Life's golden vistas fade behind,  
And brooding clouds before me spread.

Uncertain, lonely, hopeless now,  
I miss thy sympathy, thy song,  
Thy hand to smooth my aching brow,  
Thy little strength, that seemed so strong !  
How beautiful thou wast ! the stars  
Less tender looked from sinless skies  
On Eve, through Eden's golden bars,  
Than I on thee with love's proud eyes.



If I, in passing dream have thought  
 To heal the woes thy parting made,  
 The vain assay was dearly bought,  
 And denser round me grew the shade !  
 That shade may never lifted be,  
 From off my soul's serene desire,  
 Till freed, my soul may fly to thee,  
 Where thou dost sit in soft attire.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hail, land of the Mountain Dominion !  
 Uplifting thy crest to the day,  
 Where the eagle is bathing his pinion  
 In clouds that are rolling away.  
 O, say, from the Pilgrim descended  
 Who trampled on Albion's crown,  
 Shall we, by thy cataracts splendid,  
 Refuse thee a wreath of renown—  
 A wreath of renown from thy evergreen bough,  
 Entwined with the oak that adorneth thy brow ?

What though, on the mountains that bore us,  
 The fern in her loneliness waves ?  
 Our forefathers till'd them before us,  
 And here will we dwell by their graves ;  
 And beloved by thy pure-hearted daughters,  
 Ever true to the brave and the free,  
 We'll drink of the gush of thy waters,  
 That leap in the sun to the sea.  
 Huzza to the rocks and glens of the north !  
 Huzza to the torrents that herald them forth !

Ye hills, where the tempest hath billowed,  
 O, glance to the vales of the sun !  
 Where hearts, on iniquity pillowed,  
 Melt not o'er the deeds they have done !  
 Where Slavery's merciless minion,  
 Is scourging the slave with his rod,  
 While Liberty felleth her pinion.  
 And mournfully murmurs to God :  
 Where the dew on the flower, and the mist on the flood,  
 With voices that startle, cry, "Blood ! brother, blood !"

Thank God, that the scourge and the fetter  
 Have never dishonored thy flag !  
 And, but for thy shame that the debtor

Is dragged from his home on the crag,  
Thy fearless and puritan spirit  
Might speak with a cry of disdain,  
To the valleys whose children inherit  
The slave in his collar and chain !  
Let the woes of the bondman dissolve thee no more,  
Till thy bolts are withdrawn on the penniless poor.

Peace to us is evermore singing  
Her songs on thy mountains of dew,  
While still at our altars are swinging  
The swords that our forefathers drew.  
But O, may we never unsheath them  
Again where the carnage awaits,  
But to our descendants bequeath them  
To hang upon Liberty's gates,  
Encircled with garlands, as blades that were drawn  
By the hosts of the Lord, that have conquered and gone.

All hail to thee, Mountain Dominion !  
Whose flag on the cloud is unrolled,  
Where the eagle is straining his pinion,  
And dipping his plumage in gold.  
We ask for no hearts that are truer,  
No spirits more gifted than thine,  
No skies that are warmer or bluer,  
Than dawn on thy hemlock and pine,  
Ever pure are the breezes that herald thee forth,  
Green land of my father ! thou Rock of the North !

---

#### THE BLIND MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

Set is the sun to rise no more,  
That blazed on Judah's sacred sea,  
And stood in heavenly splendor o'er  
The Virgin-born of Galilee.  
And cold and dark is Zion's bower,  
And wasted is her purple vine ;  
And gone the Hand whose healing power  
Could re-illuminate a night like mine.  
Where'er I turn my sightless eyes,  
No meads expand, no valleys bloom ;  
No starry splendor lights the skies,  
No planets travel through the gloom.

No more for me, in waves of light,  
 Shall evening blush nor morning break :  
 But ever on unending night  
 These clouded eyes of mine must wake.

The hours are brightest when I sleep,  
 For in my dreams I see the day ;  
 But when I wake, in shadows deep,  
 The dear delusion fades away.

But He who healed the withered eye,  
 And gave it light on Zion Hill—  
 In every breeze that whispers by,  
 I hear his passing footsteps still :

I hear them in the flowing stream,  
 And in the fragrance-breathing bough ;  
 At noon, or when night's dewy beam  
 Is bathing nature's sleeping brow.

I hear them in the vernal shower,  
 And in the tempest's far retreat,  
 Behind the clouds that round me lower,  
 I hear the Saviour's passing feet !

Dear Lord ! impatient, when for me,  
 Death waves his downy sable plume,  
 Then I, released shall come to thee,  
 And thou these eyes wilt re-illumine.

### Julia A. A. Wood.

Mrs. J. A. A. Wood is a native of New London. She was thoroughly educated in the academy in that town and in the Charlestown (Mass.) Seminary. In 1849 she was married to William Henry Wood, a lawyer, and brother of J. Q. A. Wood. For two years they resided in Greensbury, Ky., when they removed to Sauk Rapids, Minn., where Mr. Wood was appointed U. S. Receiver of Public Moneys. Here he established a weekly newspaper, the *Sauk Rapids New Era*, his wife editing the literary department. She published in this paper a series of sketches, which were read with avidity, entitled "Writings in the Woods." Her first contribution in prose from her pen, "Letters from the Far West," appeared in *Archer's Home Gazette*, under the head of "Letters from the Far West." She has also been author of several books, among which may be mentioned, "The heart of Myrrha Lake, or into the Light of Catholicity," "Raven House, or the story of Annette," and "Basil and the Boatman." She has written many poems of much beauty and merit, and, in the "Poets and Poetry of Minnesota," a book published in 1884, she occupies a prominent place. Her husband died in 1870 and she has become, "in all sincerity and honesty of heart, a convert to the Roman Catholic Church."

### LEGEND OF THE WILLOW.

Asked May the child, with eye aglow,  
 As thoughtful she the tree surveyed,  
 Why doth the willow droop so low,

As if it were with sorrow weighed,  
As if some secret, heavy woe  
Upon its inmost heart were laid?

'Tis said that once this tree, my child,  
Its slender branches upward threw  
Like other trees to catch the mild,  
Sweet breath of morn, and twilight dew,  
But that there came a storm so wild  
It rent with grief the willow through.

Ere Jesus unto Calvary went,  
Mocked and derided by the throng,  
His captors, wickedly intent  
To do our Lord the utmost wrong,  
Scourged Him until the ground was sprent  
With blood that followed rod and thong.

These rods, 'tis said, were braided boughs  
Torn from the willow's tender side,  
And when all nature was convulsed,  
She drooped so low her shame to hide;  
She could not bear that she had helped  
To slay our Lord, the crucified!

And so through all the lapsing years,  
Her sorrowing form doth ne'er arise  
To embrace the balmy atmosphere,  
Or breathe the blessings of the skies,  
While ever the repentant tears  
Flow downward as from drooping eyes.

Do thou a lesson learn, my child,  
From this sad story of the tree—  
Grieve ever that the undefiled  
Was slain by sinners, such as thee;  
Strive to be patient, meek and mild,  
And full of sweet humility.

---

LINES FOR ASH WEDNESDAY.

The holy season now hath come,  
The time for prayer and fast,  
O may I spend it dearest Lord,  
As though it were my last.

For forty days our Model kept  
His fast in desert lone;

Upon the dewy ground he slept,  
 His pillow but a stone.  
 "As I have done, do ye," he said  
 When near his Passion came :  
 We love thy word, O dearest Lord  
 All we who bear thy name.  
 On this most solemn church-day morn  
 We kneel with love and trust  
 And on our brows the sign receive  
 That we are of the dust.  
 Upon the brow a double sign ;  
 The ashes of decay ;  
 In form of cross to signify  
 We rise to endless day.  
 Dear Lord, before thine altar now  
 I offer heart and soul ;  
 Imprint on these, as on my brow,  
 The seal of thy control.  
 And never may my erring feet  
 Far from thy dear cross stray,  
 But may I with a love complete  
 Thy sweet behests obey.

### Marb E. Blair.

Miss Blair was born in Holderness, Jan. 15, 1834. Her father, the late Hon. Walter Blair, removed to Plymouth when she was a child, and there she received her early education. The greater part of her life has been spent in teaching; at first in the common and high schools of her native state, and later, in Massachusetts, at Bradford Academy, Abbott Academy, Andover, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, and for the last seventeen years in a private school for young ladies in Boston. Since her return from Europe in 1874, she has given lectures on the History of Art in Wellesley College and other schools.

### FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

"That I may know Him and the fellowship of His sufferings."—Phil. 3:10.

Humbly, while my soul doth prove  
 Sweetest joys of pardoning love,  
 Still, my Saviour, doth it yearn  
 Love's deep mystery to learn ;  
 In the shadow of thy cross  
 Counting earthly gain but loss,  
 Breathing still its fervent plea  
 For a closer life with thee.  
 By that high and holy thing  
 Fellowship in suffering.

O my Lord, the Crucified,  
Who for love of me hast died,  
Mould me by thy living breath  
To the likeness of thy death.  
While the thorns thy brow entwine,  
Let no flower-wreath rest on mine.  
In thy hands the cruel nail,  
Blood-sweat on thy forehead pale,  
Clasp me to thy wounded side,  
O my Lord, the Crucified.

Hands love-clasped through charmed hours,  
Feet that press the bruised flowers,  
Is there nought for you to dare  
That ye may His signet wear?  
In this easy, painless life,  
Free from struggle, care, and strife,  
Ever on my doubting breast  
Lies the shadow of unrest;  
This no path that Jesus trod;  
Can the smooth way lead to God?

But when chastening stripes descend,  
Welcoming as friend doth friend,  
Thy dear tokens, Lord, I know,  
And to thee unerring go.  
Blessed tears flow warm and free,  
Thou dost love me, even me;  
Pomp and ease and praise of men,  
All are loathed and scorned then,  
Since my Lord, my Love, hath died  
Mocked and scourged and crucified.

By the agony and pain  
Of the torture-stricken brain,  
By the riches of thy love,  
Let not suffering barren prove,  
Pledge and emblem 'twould remain  
Of the dark and sullen pain,  
Where nor love, nor good, doth live,  
And the blessed word, Forgive  
Comes not, with its subtle art,  
Softening, healing any heart.

In the little islet, time,  
Of eternity sublime,  
Standing on the sloping brink,  
Let me of thy chalice drink,

Be baptized with thy baptism,  
 And be crowned with thy love-chrism;  
 Slain with thee in darkest hour,  
 Feel thy resurrection's power,  
 Till where thou art, I may be,  
 Perfected, dear Lord, with thee.

---

LOVE IS DEAD.

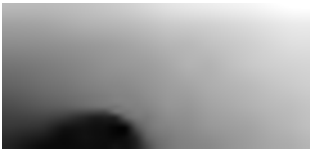
Soul of mine that walked in glory,  
 Garlanded with light and song,  
 Musèd thou but one sad story,  
 Manifold in pain and wrong?  
 In the dull, dead universe,  
 Hearing only the great curse,  
 Love, Love is dead.

Sun, the Titan world-caressing,  
 Thy great living heart of love  
 Throbs no more with joy and blessing  
 In thy rayless courts above,  
 And the light, thy gushing voice,  
 Sings not now, Rejoice, rejoice,  
 Since Love is dead.

Thou, the vates, the inspirer,  
 Myriad-crowned and regal Night,  
 Tuning thy immortal lyre,  
 Thy deep soul hath felt the blight,  
 And thy many voices wail,  
 And thy starry watch-fires fail,  
 Love, Love is dead.

Thou, dear Earth, the joyful mother,  
 Motherly, that lovedst all.  
 Is there none, or son or brother,  
 O'er thy corse to spread the pall?  
 Oh the cloud on all things fair,  
 Death and silence everywhere,  
 Now Love is dead.

Ye that from the great earth-altar,  
 Breathe sweet incense, bright-robed flowers,  
 Minstrel winds that may not falter,  
 Harping to the eternal hours,  
 By your soul of sweetness fled,  
 Know ye with a shudder dread  
 That Love is dead.



Streams that smiled and danced before us,  
Hoary ocean, singing rill,  
Yours the surging anthem-chorus  
That all time and space doth fill :  
Now ye all move dark and slow  
To one mighty dirge of woe,  
Love, Love is dead.

Friends, sweet friends, ah vain ideal,  
Since ye are not, and but seem,  
Love alone is true and real ;  
All things else are but a dream.  
In my heart the yew trees wave,  
And the flowers smell of the grave,  
Sweet Love is dead.

Turn not thus on me your faces,  
Pictures are they and no more ;  
Gone are all your tender graces,  
Ye that loved in days of yore,  
What are we but phantoms dread  
When our being's soul is fled,  
And Love is dead ?

How the cold rain droppeth ever  
On the dull eternal shore :  
By the black and sullen river,  
We are orphans ever more.  
In a world whence Love hath fled,  
God himself is gone or dead.  
Great Love is dead.

Then I saw an angel vision,  
Where I sat within the tomb,  
Sweetest light and joy elysian  
Suddenly did bud and bloom.  
"Mary," whom I wept as dead,  
Tenderly He spake and said,  
Not Love is dead.

When I knew him, the Arisen,  
Love immortal, Love divine,  
The dark walls of the earth-prison,  
Planet-like, did sing and shine,  
And the dreary Hades bloomed  
Glory-crowned and Love illumed ;  
Not dead, not dead.



### Fannie E. Foster.

Miss Foster was born in Portsmouth in 1824. Her father, Robert Foster, was editor and publisher of the *Christian Herald*. Her first poem was written at the age of twelve years. In 1858, a collection of her poems was published under the title of "Pebbles of Poetry." She has travelled in Europe. Her present residence is in Boston.

#### THE POET'S GRAVE.

Sweet Spring approached with fairy feet,  
And gladsome smiles she wore ;  
But why comes not her poet forth  
To greet her as of yore?

She sought him in the fields and groves,  
Along the murmuring rills ;  
And sent her birds with sweetest songs  
To lure him to the hills ;

Then strewed around her fairest flowers,  
And bid the perfumed breeze  
Awake sweet melody for him  
In all the forest trees.

The winding brooks ran here and there,  
In every calm retreat,  
To see if they a trace could find  
Of their lost poet's feet.

At length a wandering zephyr caught  
The loved, familiar sound  
Of music, hovering just above  
A sweet, low, grassy mound.

Its tones were so refined and pure,  
That mortals scarce might hear ;  
And told, that, with the poet now,  
'Twas spring-time all the year.

Then gentle Spring, with showers of tears,  
The sweet, low mound did lave ;  
And dear forget-me-nots sprang up  
All o'er the poet's grave.

### George Frederick Kent.

Geo. F. Kent, a young man of rich promise, and youngest son of George Kent, was born at Concord, February 4, 1824. He was fitted for College, and passed two years at Dartmouth, when he left for a more active life, and spent four or five years in a bookstore in New York City, and in Boston in mercantile business. Being unmarried, and possessed of a spirit of adventure, he was one of the early pioneers to

mining in 1849, where he continued in the mining region, with varying fortune. His return home in the Spring of that year was sadly expected, when the news came of his death, in February, at Rich Bar, on Feather River. Mr. Kent's gifts, in prose and poetry, were somewhat numerous for the productions of so young a man—were of much merit and promise, and, when not written for the eyes of kindred and friends, were mostly for newspapers, and the "Knickerbocker" magazine.

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TO A CALIFORNIA PINE,

SUPPOSED TO BE THREE HUNDRED FEET HIGH.

Who that has gazed upon thy verdure bright  
Would fancy thou wert old, and that thy dress  
Of purest green has been through centuries  
Unchanged in storm or sunshine—save as light  
And shade, tempest and calm, might vary it?  
Thy heart is sound—thy limbs and bark no less;  
And yet, for years I hardly dare to guess,  
Thou hast been growing to this dizzy height!  
Hast thou the secret of perpetual youth?  
Or is it as we sometimes see in life,  
Where men have kept their purity and truth?—  
Years pass, days visit them with sorrow rife—  
But still their hearts keep young, and they can stand,  
In age, the firmest, noblest of the land.

---

TO A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

Swift treader of the path man marketh out,—  
Cramped giant, on whose mighty limbs is thrown  
A power far more relentless than thine own,  
Thou art most like thy master!—though without  
His wondrous strength a giant will to flout;  
Yet art thou like him, when he stands alone  
Where the vast sea of life makes ceaseless moan,  
And hears the billows to each other shout.  
Within thy iron breast there lurks a breath,  
Quiet, but dreadful as the spirit-power  
Which guides man's passions in an evil hour,  
And only yields its influence to Death:  
Like him, now slave, then tyrant; thy control  
Is bounded by an over-mastering soul.

---

SONNET TO SPRING.

The Earth has long been sleeping, and her dreams  
Have been most wild and fearful, such as make  
The boldest tremble—visions that would shake

Firm iron nerves ! with dreadful shrieks and screams  
 The winter wind has haunted lakes and streams ;  
 But now all nature seems again awake.  
 The clouds look softer, and begin to take  
 New forms of beauty in the morning beams  
 Of the warm sun. The first sound that the Earth  
 Heard on awaking was a bird's small voice,  
 Like childhood's prattle in a mother's ear,  
 So soft, so tremulous, and yet so clear  
 That in her inmost heart she did rejoice  
 O'er all blithe things to which she'd given birth.

#### RAIN IN APRIL.

The gentle murmur of the dripping rain  
 Comes like a strain of music to my ear ;  
 It is the blithest time of all the year  
 To me, this early spring-time, when again  
 The barren trees, and the long covered plain  
 Begin to gather beauties far and near,  
 Culling fresh flowers to strew upon the bier  
 Of the departed winter. Not in vain  
 These buds and blossoms of the spring come forth ;  
 Like the first fruits of genius they give sign  
 Of a large hoard of wealth and hidden worth  
 That, like rich jewels buried in a mine,  
 Is lock'd within the summer's treasury,  
 All shrouded from the gaze of careless eye.

#### A BROTHER'S PLEA.

O brother, let us seek that roof  
 Where, when we were two simple boys,  
 We kept all future fear aloof  
 And minded nought but present joys ;  
 It stands upon the hill-side yet.  
 And bids us, with its shelter find  
 A refuge where we may forget  
 Unloving tones and looks unkind,  
 I cannot now return alone.—  
 For, seared as is my aching heart,  
 It unto yours so close has grown  
 That 'twould be almost death to part.  
 The cord which knit us once was free,  
 And, trusting in its seeming length,

We frolicked on right joyously,  
Unmindful of its silken strength ;  
But as the spider draws his thread  
To his own breast when danger's nigh,  
So we, our early safeguards fled,  
Draw closer to each heart that tie.

My brother, think of the old time !  
And let your memory wake again  
Its blissful hours, like a sweet chime  
Of distant bells : 'tis not in vain  
Thus to recall the happy past  
And bring its dear scenes back to view,—  
Indeed they were too fair to last,  
Yet while they lived they were most true,—  
And truth is such a stranger now  
We may not scorn her simplest guise ;  
Her earliest pleadings, O allow,  
And look again through those clear eyes !  
The world, I know, can never wean  
Your spirit from its love of truth,—  
But do you feel that sense so keen  
As in your trusting, guileless youth ?  
We are not old by count of years—  
Not young, if sad thoughts may speed life,  
Then let us haste to shut our ears  
On this vast Babel of wild strife.  
Dear brother ! take my hands in yours  
And lead me back to childish joys,  
Before the world's vain show allures  
Us to forget that we were boys.

---

#### THE VOICE OF PEACE.

In the tempest's loudest howling  
Undertones we hear ;  
In a vex'd child's angry scowling  
Smiles oft linger near.  
In the plant where thorns may wound you,  
Search and you'll find honey,  
Every close-locked heart around you  
Opens wide to money.  
So the world though full of waring,  
Has an ear for peace ;  
Voices breathe through all this jarring,  
Never more to cease,—

And the theme of these sweet lispers  
Is the love of all:  
Hear ye not their gentle whispers,  
Soft as dew-drops, fall?

Nation soon shall talk with nation  
Like two fireside friends.  
When War's dreadful desolation  
And blind fury ends.  
War is transient—Peace remaineth  
Constant to forgive:  
Man with blood his hands now staineth;  
Hands die, but hearts live.

From the valley a mist creepeth  
At the moonlight hour.  
And the dull earth while it sleepeth  
Owns its magic power:  
Words in lowly places spoken,  
Yet may wake a feeling  
That shall heal a faith now broken—  
Higher faith revealing.

### Nehemiah Wright.

Nehemiah Wright was born in Hobbarness village, now Ashland, February 2, 1824. He was partly fitted for college at Plymouth and New Hampton academies. In 1842 he went to Illinois, finished his preparatory studies, and entered Illinois College at Jacksonville. In 1844, after graduation he read medicine with his father in his native town, and received the degree of M. D. from Rush Medical College, Chicago. In 1850 he settled in the practice of medicine in Chatham, Ill., where he is likely to remain, "going about doing good." His life has been one of activity, devoted to Physic, Philosophy, Politics, and Poetry. In 1875 he read a poem at the reunion of the Phi Alpha Society of Illinois College, a society of which he was one of the original founders. His son, Charles D. Wright, M. D., is now associated with him in the practice of medicine.

#### MY SPIRIT HOME.

I am alone, no one is near: the daylight hours are past,  
And, with her sable curtain, night is shrouding nature fast:  
And spirit forms around me move: their whispers speak them near:  
They call me, glad would I obey, "O come, thy home's not here."

Sweet visions now of other days, when friends and hopes were  
mine,  
And youthful fancy painted bright each scheme and fond design:  
Then flowers above my pathway grew—those flowers, now dead  
and sere,  
To me with warning voices speak, "Thy home, it is not here."

The twilight's past, its spirits fled, and darkness wraps the whole ;  
 But deeper gloom than that of night is wrapped around my soul.  
 The voices of departed joys now fall on memory's ear ;  
 United all, one voice they speak, "Thy spirit's home's not here."

The stars that gem the sparkling dome, they whisper peace to me,  
 And tell me that I have a home beyond life's darkened sea ;  
 And though on earth no friends I find, yet kindred souls there are  
 In that bright world, far, far away—my spirit's home is there.

O spirits of departed friends ! too good, too pure to die,  
 Come down upon the moon's pale beam, and hover round me nigh.  
 How soft and sweet their voices ring upon the evening air ;  
 Their music seems the notes of heaven ; my spirit's home is there.

Then my own heart, unresting still, is seeking to be free  
 And plume its wings for fairer lands that seem so near to me.  
 Then haste, dull life, why wait so long, beset with grief and care ?  
 O quickly seek the happy fields—my spirit's home is there.

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### Henry W. Herrick.

H. W. Herrick was born in Hopkinton in 1824. He spent his early life in Concord and Nashua until about twenty years of age, at which period he settled in New York city, as an engraver and designer, where he remained twenty-one years. During more than half that period he was employed as an artist by the Tract Society, Harper and Brothers, and the American Bank Note Company. He was also connected with the New York School of Design for Women, for six years, during the latter part of which he was principal teacher and manager. In 1865 he returned to this State and settled in Manchester, where he has since resided, employing his time on book and magazine illustrations, and in water color painting. He is the author of a work on the latter art, lately published in New York.

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### THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Upon the grass and heather spread,  
 One pleasant summer's morn,  
 A spider's fair and slender thread  
 From leaf to leaf was borne.

Along its glittering fabric hung,  
 The early dew-drops shine,  
 Like tiny pearls, together strung  
 Upon a fairy line.

From point to point, with wond'rous grace,  
 With skill, and beauty too,  
 Each thread was fitted to its place,  
 In net-work fair and true.

Wise builder ! He who made thee live  
And taught thee wond'rous things,  
Hath said thy work a place should have  
In palaces of kings.

And by Him, too, thy tissue frail,  
An emblem true is given ;  
That hopes of hypocrites shall fail  
To give them joys of heaven.

---

#### THE HUMBLE BEE.

A humble bee was buzzing round  
One pleasant summer's day,  
And in our garden fair, he found,  
The blossoms bright and gay :  
With dainty tongue, and busy wing,  
From flower to flower was wandering.

With drowsy hum, in flower's bell,  
He sought his forage fair ;  
He dived him to its honey cell,  
And rolled in sweetness there ;  
A dew-drop served of drink instead,  
And there he dined on honey-bread.

It chanced that Tottic, playing there,  
Saw humble-bee go by,  
And in his child's simplicity  
Mistook it for a fly,  
Not knowing that such busy flies  
Have stings for all their enemies.

The pretty thing he grasped with glee,  
But quickly did he get,  
Thrust in his hand, by humble-bee,  
Its needle bayonet.  
With stamp and cries he runs to me,  
With bitter complaints of humble-bee.

O heed, my boy, the lesson well,  
And let this truth abide,  
That danger lurks where pleasures dwell,  
And stings in ambush hide.  
No lasting joy earth's folly brings,  
And sin, like humble-bee, hath stings.

THE TOMB OF STARK.

No trappings of state, their bright honors unfolding,  
 No gorgeous display, marks the place of thy rest ;  
 But the granite points out where thy body lies mouldering,  
 And the wild-rose is shedding its sweets o'er thy breast.

The zephyrs of evening shall sport with the willow,  
 And play through the grass, where the flowerets creep,  
 While the thoughts of the brave, as he bends o'er thy pillow,  
 Shall hallow the spot of the hero's last sleep.

As from glory and honor to death thou descended,  
 Twas meet thou shouldst lie, by the Merrimac's wave ;  
 It was well thou shouldst sleep 'mongst the hills thou defended,  
 And take thy last rest in so simple a grave.

There forever thou'lt sleep, and though ages roll o'er thee,  
 And crumble the stone o'er thy ashes to earth,  
 The sons of the free shall with reverence adore thee,  
 The pride of the mountains, that gave thee thy birth.

George Nelson Bryant.

Rev. George N. Bryant is a brother of Rev. J. C. Bryant, whose poems are found elsewhere in this volume. He was born in New Boston, May 21, 1824. In 1849, after completing a course of theological study, he entered the gospel ministry in the New Hampshire conference of the Methodist church, and has served with acceptability some of the prominent churches of that denomination in the State.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

It is not that my feelings are cold,  
 Or dead to society's charms ;  
 Nor my spirit too timid to hold  
 Its course in the midst of alarms ;  
 Yet from business, labor and noise,  
 I love in the twilight to come  
 Where rivalry never annoys,  
 And spend cheery evenings at home.

There's a time when my spirits unbend  
 From the drudgery life has imposed ;  
 When the dews of affection descend  
 On gardens of pleasure enclosed.  
 There's a place discontent enters not,  
 Where hatred and strife never come ;  
 Such a place is my own humble cot,  
 That time the sweet evenings at home.



The brilliant saloon tempts me not,  
Nor dance of the revellers gay ;  
For their pleasures too dearly are bought  
And pass like a shadow away.  
Oft their devotees sink in despair,  
Like mariners 'neath the white foam,  
Never tasting the comforts they share  
Who spend brighter evenings at home.

It is said there is joy in the wine  
The spirits despondent to cheer ;  
That the play and soft music combine  
To please both the mind and the ear :  
Let them follow these phantoms who will,  
And far for such joys widely roam,  
I'm unchanged in my purposes still,  
For richest are evenings at home.

There is music and beauty and wealth,  
In the realm of my own little cot  
Where my children are romping in health,  
And dear wife upbraideth me not.  
I grudge not the wealth or the woes  
Endured 'neath the elegant dome,  
Nor will suffer the malice of foes,  
To mar my sweet evenings at home.

---

#### I AM THE DOOR.

I hear thee say, "I am the door,"  
Saviour, and yet my feet are sore  
With wanderings long ; my garments torn ;  
Wounded my flesh with cruel thorn.

"I am the door ; enter by me."  
O that I now could fly to thee ;  
Could taste the dear delights of those,  
Who safely in thy love repose.

But night comes o'er me cheerless, cold ;  
The shepherd safe within the fold  
Gathers his sheep. Unfriended I,  
A wandering sheep, where shall I fly ?

Athwart the gloom fierce lightnings flash ;  
On startled ears the thunders crash ;  
The storm across the heather howls,  
The hungry wolf for raven prowls.

"I am the door." Yes Lord I hear,  
Still my poor heart is rent with fear :  
That door of hope is for thine own,  
While I to stray am sadly prone.

"If *any* enter he shall live,  
Shall rest, protection, food receive."  
If *any*?—O that blissful sound  
Brings comfort in the gloom profound.

Indulgent Lord, that open door  
To enter, I delay no more ;  
And coming now, O joy ! O bliss !  
The Saviour sweetly calls me his.

Now rage the storm ; now thunders roll ;  
Raven the wolf ; my peaceful soul  
Shall yield to sin and fear no more,  
Secure in Christ the living door.

#### HYMN TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye mountains great and tall,  
In majesty that stand,  
While empires rise and fall  
As billows on the strand ;  
Each lofty height, each deep profound,  
Is with an awful grandeur crowned ;  
And each presents to us a holy shrine,  
A chosen dwelling of the great Divine.

As insects of a day  
Up your rough sides we creep,  
With slow and painful way :  
Or from the craggy steep,  
Upon the nether world we gaze  
With new delight and notes of praise ;  
And God, who reared these everlasting piles,  
From highest heaven, accepts our praise and smiles.

No voice nor speech is yours,  
No acts your worship speak,  
These soft, expressive powers  
Are given to the weak :  
And yet there seems in every stone,  
And cliff, and gorge, and valley lone,  
Persuasive power to lead our thoughts to God,  
More than in courts by thoughtless thousands trod.

Your lessons, grand and deep,  
 Strongly our minds impress—  
 Our erring hearts shall keep  
 When busy cares oppress :  
 And your stability proclaim,  
 God now and evermore the same ;  
 The good man's firm and never failing trust,  
 When e'en your granite walls crumble to dust.

### Caroline Elizabeth Jenness.

Miss Jenness, the oldest child of Richard Jenness, a gentleman prominently known in Portsmouth, in business, financial and social circles, was born in Deerfield, August 22, 1824. In 1828 her father removed to Portsmouth, where Elizabeth lived until her death, which occurred December 1, 1857. The writings of this lady, with a memoir, printed for private circulation in 1858, show her ability as a prose writer, as well as her accomplished style of poetry.

#### REPOSE.

On downy pillows lain, she prays :  
 Her soft eyes ope and close again ;  
 And, unto her unfinished prayer,  
 The angels say the glad "Amen" ;  
 While, half-unclasped her languid hands,  
 She sleeps with such a gentle art,  
 That scarce her heaving limbs betray  
 The quiet heaving of her heart.  
 So quick asleep, not hidden quite,  
 Her lovely limbs peep to the light  
 The envious down would hide from sight.

Her golden hair curls round her cap ;  
 And, as her rosy lips uncloze,  
 The easy breathings falter forth  
 Like perfumes loath to leave a rose ;  
 And, dimly bright, the lashes seem  
 To steal light from her eyes in mirth,  
 Or as some homesick beams, returned  
 Unto the suns that gave them birth ;  
 While, gathered in her snowy breast,  
 Life and the Loves together rest :  
 How could they leave so sweet a nest ?

The air is sweet ; for dying flowers  
 Send their last breath to scenes like this ;  
 And, sighing, blows the love-sick wind,  
 Trembling to meet her with a kiss :  
 While, with a faint and dreamy light,

The lamp half shows, half hides her face,  
 As night were, by itself illumed,  
 Burning to see her lovely face ;  
 And worthless Fancy flieth thence,  
 Where she lies sleeping, with shut sense,  
 Like the child-goddess, Innocence.

---

FEAR NOT.

I will not fear, I will not fear ;  
 For He is by my side :  
 In pastures fair He leadeth me,  
 In pastures green and wide,  
 And by the rivers calm and clear,  
 And where bright waters roll :  
 I will not fear, I will not fear ;  
 His strength is in my soul.

He watcheth me amid the storm,  
 And on the raging sea ;  
 His guidance is my steadfast hope,  
 When earthly hopes may flee.  
 I weep no more for grief or woe,  
 And I will fear no ill :  
 He loveth me, He feedeth me :  
 My God is with me still.

---

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

a first discoverers of America believed that there was a fountain in Florida,  
 & possessed the miraculous power of restoring youth to the aged.

We are travelling on to the Fountain of Youth ;  
 Yet, brothers, stay awhile,  
 And dream once more of our sunny land,  
 Where the laughing vineyards smile :  
 Then our steps we'll speed, though weary and faint,  
 To the dim and distant shore,  
 Where we deem that the clouds of sorrow and grief  
 Will darken our eyes no more.

For they tell us, that there, in that radiant land,  
 That beautiful land of dreams,  
 The summer and sunshine do never pass  
 From the blue and silvery streams ;  
 And a dim and strange mysterious strength  
 On the sparkling rills has lain ;  
 For the spirit of God has breathed on the waves,  
 And they bring us our youth again.



In the old, wide-opened doorway,  
With the elm-boughs overhead,—  
The house all garnished behind her,  
And the plentiful table spread ;—

She has stood to welcome our coming,  
Watching our upward climb,  
In the sweet June weather that brought us  
Oh, many and many a time !

To-day, in the gentle splendor  
Of the early summer noon,—  
Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,  
Although it is hardly June,—

Again is her doorway opened,  
And the house all garnished and sweet ;  
But she silently waits for our coming,  
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting ;  
Not where she has met us before ;  
For over the pleasant threshold  
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,  
And a lily is on her breast ;  
Her hands are folded together,  
And the word on her lips is "Rest."

And yet it looks like a welcome,  
For her work is compassed and done ;  
All things are seemly and ready,  
And her summer is just begun.

It is we who may not cross over ;  
Only with song and prayer,  
A little way into the glory  
We may reach as we leave her there.

But we cannot think of her idle ;  
She must be a home-maker still ;  
God giveth that work to the angels  
Who fittest the task fulfil.

And somewhere yet on the hill tops  
Of the country that hath no pain,  
She will watch in the beautiful doorway  
To bid us welcome again.

## THE TWO POWERS.

Take thy pen, O prophet ! write.  
Tell the world thy spirit-sight.  
All thy errand swift record,  
Straight from whispers of the Lord !  
Double edges of his truth,—  
Messages of wrath and ruth,—  
Flash upon men's eyes in words,  
Like the gleam of naked swords !

God would save the nations when  
For the sword he sends the pen.

Warrior, gird thyself with might !  
Bare the blade, and seek the fight !  
Sin's broad page is crimson writ,  
Crimson now must cancel it.  
Folded is the prophet's scroll ;  
Silence waits within his soul :  
For the warning mercy-call,  
Burns a judgment on the wall.

When the reckoning is scored  
God's pen is a flaming sword !  
Write once more, strong scribe, and say  
How they faced that fearful day,  
Quit them righteously and well,  
If they stood, or if they fell :  
Or, if giving half their life  
In the hot and sudden strife,  
Calm they bore the crowning test,  
Rendering in slow pain the rest !

In such histories of men,  
Measure still with sword, O pen !

Powers of word, and powers of deed,—  
One the anointing, one the need,—  
Still foresay, and still fulfil  
All that grand, mysterious will  
In whose might the peoples move  
To their franchisement above !  
Sign and story still record  
Straight from purpose of the Lord !

His own time he knoweth, when  
He shall lay down sword and pen.

### Miron James Hazeltine.

Miron J. Hazeltine, was born in Rumney, Nov. 13, 1821. In 1847 he entered College in Amherst, Mass., but was thrown out before the completion of the course of study by an almost fatal accident in the gymnasium. On leaving college, since which he has always suffered as a partial invalid, he began the study of law in Lowell, Mass., where he remained about four years. He then went to New York city, and was principal of a classical and select school, where he remained about ten years. He was married in 1853, to Miss Hannah M. Bryant, youngest daughter of Asa Bryant, who was a cousin of the poet William C. Bryant. For the last fourteen years their home has been at "The Larches," Campton Village. He has been a chess editor for about twenty-eight years, and has continuously held the chair of Chess on the *New York Clipper* for twenty-six years. Many excellent poems of his are found in the pages of the *Literary American*, published in New York city, of which the late Geo. P. Quackenbos was editor and proprietor.

#### THE AWAKING OF FREEDOM.

A sound has gone forth like the winds on their pinions,  
A key-note of terror by tyrants is heard ;  
Fear sits on their sceptres and paled are their minions,  
As at earthquake prognostics, ere nature is stirred.

But whence their dismay—has war's tocsin alarmed them  
With a call to the field of the soul-stirring drum?  
Have traitors within, or their own fears disarmed them,  
And must ruin and slaughter, unstriven with, come?

Ah, no ! 'tis no mightier despot arising,  
With blood and oppression to curse the fair earth,  
That's crushing the weaker, and rivals surprising—  
Ah, no ! 'tis the glad shout of Liberty's birth.

It rolls o'er the plain, is reëchoed by mountains ;  
God's own thunder-trump swells the shout to the sky ;  
The seal of oppression is rent from the fountains  
Of the rights of the people which sparkle on high.

What wonder, when tyrants perceive their thrones tremble,  
That a cordon of bayonets round them they draw !  
Yet these but of hope and true safety dissemble,  
For the spear is a bulrush, the sword is a straw ;

When Freedom divine in her might is awaking,  
And arouses the soul of the brave to be free ;  
When the mass its age-riveted shackles is breaking,  
And to its own dungeons Oppression must flee.

Proud autocrat, think not thy haughty endeavor  
From thy vast dominions the sound can repel,  
Which Freedom has started ; for swelling forever,  
Its echoes nor ukase nor sabre can quell.



When ye with a sword can repel the wild ocean,  
Or the weird Borealis extinguish in night;  
Then warlike array shall check Liberty's motion,  
And tyrant's decrees quench forever her light.

The flame is re-kindled on Liberty's altar,  
More pure than for which the old Greek ever died;  
True hearts and good blades, that can ne'er fail nor falter,  
Are sworn to protect it with God on their side.

---

WORDS.

Charge not all upon thy brother,  
That he seemeth to deserve;  
Gentle words may discord smother,  
Fiercest moods of hate unnerve.

Better far some trifling failing  
Be excused, or softened o'er,  
Than at every error railing,  
Causing hearts to wander more.


When thy toiling brother pauseth,  
That the ways of life are hard;  
Oft a word new vigor causeth,  
Hope will brighten, fear discard.

Mid the noisy, factious forum,  
See the mighty sage arise;  
Awe the tumult to decorum,  
By the words his brain supplies.

In the prostrate, conquered city,  
Lawless, mercenary bands  
Stay, though void of fear or pity,  
At their captain's known commands.

When the storm encompassed Saviour  
His disciples' clamors heard,  
Chiding still their faint behavior,  
Gracious spake the saving word.

Surely mind controlleth matter,  
Matter, which shall soon decay;  
Though to dust all bodies scatter,  
Soul remains a heavenly ray.



When to heaven the soul returneth,  
 Truth and progress it demands ;  
 For seraphic knowledge yearneth,  
 Ever to new heights expands.

There no book the spirit needeth  
 As its medium slow to learn ;  
 God and nature free it readeth,  
 All its thoughts untrammelled burn.

But within this clayey dwelling  
 Senses are the paths of thought ;  
 All the longings in us swelling  
 'Neath the chains of time are brought.

Though the body proves a fetter,  
 Life is dark, a toil and bleak ;  
 Make it cheerful, till a better  
 Death, releasing, bids us seek.

Frowns and harshness chill the spirit,  
 Turn it to its ills again ;  
 Bar from sympathy, and sear it  
 To the wants and woes of men.

All our ills are halved by sharing ;  
 All our joys are doubled o'er ;  
 For thy brother, burden-bearing,  
 Have a kindly word in store.

---

#### TO THE SEA.

ded to Geo. Payn Quackenbos, LL.D. and wife, embarking for a winter

Placid as thou art, O Sea,  
 Smiling thus in seeming rest,  
 Take upon thy heaving breast  
 Treasure, to return to me.

Shut in caves thy winds, O Sea,  
 True, in quiet they're my dread ;  
 All restrained below, o'erhead,  
 So my treasure comes to me.

Treacherous art thou, O Sea,  
 Smil'st engulphing still the keel,  
 Pleasure nor remorse canst feel—  
 Is my treasure safe for me?

Well, I dread thy moods, O Sea,  
 'Keel thy surface never ploughed,  
 Save to chance of thee a shroud—  
 Give my treasure back to me!

Sateless is thy maw, O Sea,  
 But, athwart this chosen deck,  
 Let no billow's foamy fleck  
 Threat my treasure snatched from me.

Smiles of sky return, O Sea,  
 Speed to sunny southern mark  
 This so precious freighted bark;  
 So my treasure's kept for me.

Votive offerings shall, O Sea,  
 Great Poseidon's temple grace,  
 If, as I these couplets trace,  
 Thou my treasure promise me.

Good! I see a sign, O Sea,  
 Promise, hopeful as our youth:  
 I receive the welcome truth—  
 Come my treasure will to me.

### Hannah Bryant Hazeltine.

Hannah M. Bryant was born in New Boston, August 20, 1827. Compelled to school before fifteen years of age, her education is mainly such as she has obtained in intermissions of labor, odd moments, and by close observation. She was married in 1838 to Miron J. Hazeltine. She has been, since the age of nineteen, a constant contributor to various papers and magazines, and her poems have been widely copied and favorably noticed, both in this country and in England.

#### A NORTHERN OCTOBER.

The morn is clear—from far and near  
 The fainting stars now disappear;  
 From eastern skies auroral dyes,  
 In deepening colors flush and rise.

In valleys deep, where shadows sleep,  
 The gatacred mists now rise and creep  
 O'er mountains wide, whose tops divide  
 This earth from heaven whose doors they hide.

Dark clusters shine amid the vine,  
 For Bacchus' feast a tempting sign;  
 The creaking wain, with golden grain,  
 Comes slowly winding through the lane.

The apple fair, the peach and pear,  
Pomona's gifts, are everywhere ;  
All through the vale the squashes trail,  
And pumpkins glow in yellow mail.

The fields once green, the hills between,  
Now sparkle in their frosty sheen ;  
But brown and sere, the woods appear  
In mourning garments for the year.

The sun's mild rays, through smoky haze,  
Betoken Indian summer days ;  
While soft and bright, with golden light  
The harvest moon illumines the night.

On hill, in run, for gain or fun,  
Is heard the sportsman's ringing gun :  
Silent, alone, by swirl or stone  
The angler's fly is deftly thrown.

The autumn breeze, with riven leaves,  
Brings pattering nuts from chestnut trees ;  
From beeches bare, now here, now there,  
The squirrels winter food prepare.

As wanes the year, so disappear  
The ties of earth that bind us here ;  
Till, one by one, our duties done,  
We rest with life's last setting sun.

---

#### MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

Morn is for quiet thought ; when the tired brain  
And wearied body, calmed by sweet repose,  
Forget the toil of yesterday, its pain,  
    Its blighting woes ;  
And thus refreshed they grasp once more the load,  
And march with boldness on the dusty road.  
Thus may thy life, serene in early morn,  
    Fit and prepare thee for the noontide heat ;  
When thou shalt join the ever-moving throngs  
    That onward press with busy, restless feet.  
Noon is for steady toil, for anxious care,  
    When all our powers of body, will, or mind,  
Are bent to solve the problem, "How to live ;"  
    Alas ! few find  
The answer ere their weary course is run,

And life is ended nor their labor done.  
 See that thy noon, in well-directed course  
 Of active duties be in honor passed ;  
 Till spent with toil, life's mid-day heats all o'er,  
 Thou shalt find rest in calm content at last.

Night is for dreams, for love ; our labor o'er  
 We seek for rest, for warmth, for grateful cheer ;  
 And in the presence of our loved to find  
 All that is dear  
 Of kindly sympathy, of trust and love,  
 That lift the soul to nobler things above.  
 Thus may the evening of thy life come on :  
 Conscious of time well spent, a course well run,  
 When the night closes o'er thee, may'st thou hear  
 A Father's welcome in the sweet "Well Done."

### CLOUD PICTURES.

Dedicated to my little daughter, Alice May Hazeltine, who gave me the idea embodied in the poem.

A soft, balmy night in the summer—  
 The sun had just sunk to his rest,  
 And trooping to witness his exit  
 Came beautiful clouds in the west :  
 There were some that were golden and foamy,  
 Like the down on the wing of a bird ;  
 And some were in figures fantastic,  
 By the breathing of Hesperus stirred.

From the balcony's seat we were watching  
 The changes, my children and I,  
 When quaint little Alice, the dreamer,  
 Exclaimed, "There's a church in the sky !"  
 There were towers and turrets and steeple,  
 Dome, buttress and gable were there ;  
 But while we were looking, it tottered  
 And fell, a thin wreck, in the air.

And now, on the limitless azure,  
 Came a swan : but alas, the poor thing !  
 While we viewed, there was nothing remaining  
 But the body and one drooping wing.  
 A portrait, with huge Roman features,  
 Was slowly unfolded to shape ;  
 But progress was backward—the Roman  
 Was changed to a mimicking ape.

"A bear!" shouted Alice; and rampant  
 Stood Bruin, as if to embrace  
 Orion, who, fancy could picture,  
 Was following close on the chase;  
 But the knife of the hunter, it may be,  
 Had struck to the heart of the bear,  
 For he parted just back of the shoulder,  
 And he, too, dissolved in the air.

But see, in the deep glow of sunset,  
 Caparisoned as for the fray,  
 A knight, on his charger, come prancing  
 As in chivalry's glorious day;  
 From his shoulders the bright-colored caftan  
 Streamed forth on the cool evening blast,  
 And I fancied the rider the spirit  
 Of Salah-ud-din flashing past.

But night-dews are falling around us,  
 And shadows are gathering o'erhead;  
 'Tis time that the eyes of my darlings  
 Were closed in their snug little bed:  
 And remember, my children, these pictures  
 Are like pleasures of life—you will find  
 When brightest they vanish, and shadows  
 Remain as their token, behind.

---

### James W. Barker.

Barker was born in Vermont on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. He was quite young his parents removed to this State and made their home in New York. He was educated at the academy in that town, and was fitted for College then studied medicine for a time, but never applied for a degree. He gave his attention to teaching, and that has been his life-work. In 1845 he went to New York, and in that section most of his life thus far has been spent. Where he has been successful. He was elected President of the State Teachers' Association in 1888. He has often read poems before literary societies. He read the "Centennial Poem," read in Antrim in 1877. For six years he was one of the editors of the *New York Teacher*. He was at one time one of the proprietors of the *Journal and Courier*, and of the *Weekly Intelligencer*, at Lockport, N. Y., and was co-editor thereof. The office of these papers was destroyed by fire, and this loss ruined him financially. After this disaster he resumed teaching in New York, where he still remains as principal of the Grammar School. He has written and published many poems, and has prepared a volume entitled "Wayside Poems," which may give a more permanent form to his writings.

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### DARNING STOCKINGS.

Were there never a standing record  
 To measure time's rapid flight,  
 Were there never a clock or dial  
 I should know it were Saturday night;

I should know by the pile of stockings  
In the basket on the floor,  
That the six days' work was ended,  
And another week was o'er ;

And the balls upon the table  
Of white and twisted yarn,  
The needle, smooth and shining,  
That was only made to darn,  
And the patient, busy stitching,  
With the weaving to and fro,  
While a careful eye is watching  
For the rents in heel and toe.

And every breach is mended  
In a manner most complete,—  
A dozen, neat and tidy,  
For as many busy feet ;  
Then off in the quiet dreamland  
With a spirit gentle and light,  
The pale and thoughtful watcher  
Is welcoming Saturday night.

Let us learn from darning stockings,  
A lesson of patience and love ;  
From the midst of the selfish shadows,  
Let our spirits mount above ;  
The children of woe, we'll befriend them,  
Whoever the sufferers be,  
We'll seek for their faults, but to mend them  
With stitchings of charity.

---

#### ONE REQUEST.

Life is a principle divine,  
Whose radiant stars of glory shine  
Above the darkness of its sea ;  
And one fair star upon the wave,  
Shines through the darkness of the grave,—  
The star of Immortality !

But sometime, in my lonely hours,  
When mildew rests upon the flowers,  
And idle frost-winds whisper by ;  
When in the vale, I seem to hear  
The murmur of the dying year,  
And shadows dim the starry sky ;—

Upon the margin of a stream  
I see, as in a glowing dream,  
A spot of earth, this body's home,  
And round it as the shadows fall  
At evening, gentle voices call,  
And spirit tokens bid me come.

Well, when I reach that mystic shore,  
When this life's joy and pain are o'er,  
And loving friends around me gather,  
When by my side the angel stands,  
To lead me with his gentle hands  
Across the lone and silent river ;

When this frail dust hath lost its power,  
To serve its mission of an hour,  
I little heed what friends may do ;  
If love shall move, with sweet control,  
The tender longings of the soul,  
When I have passed this journey through.

And yet I have one slight request,  
Just one—when I am laid to rest,—  
Nor can I tell the reason why,—  
Where happy youth and childhood played,  
There let my lifeless dust be laid  
Beneath the azure of that sky.

It must be that the singing streams  
Which mingled with my childish dreams,  
Would murmur soft and sweet at even,  
And singing birds of childhood's morn,  
Would sweeter chant at early dawn,  
As they went singing up to heaven.

And may be that the spirit's ear,  
In the glad morning of the year,  
When gladness fills the earth and sky,  
Would listen, as of old it heard  
The mingled songs of brook and bird,  
And bear the melody on high.

---

### Edward A. Hosmer.

Several years Mr. Hosmer was a resident of Nashua. He was esteemed as a composer of music and a composer of much promise. He wrote the words and music of a large number of pieces which were well received by the public. He died in City, Mo., in July, 1855, while on a western trip. He was born about 1825.



## O GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA.

O give me a home by the sea,  
Where wild waves are crested with foam.  
Where shrill winds are caroling free,  
As o'er the blue waters they come,  
For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar,  
And joy in its stormiest glee,  
Nor ask in this wide world for more  
Than a home by the deep heaving sea.


At morn when the sun from the east  
Comes mantled in crimson and gold,  
Whose hues on the billows are cast,  
Which sparkle with splendor untold,  
O then by the shore would I stray,  
And roam as the halcyon free,  
From envy and care far away,  
At my home by the deep heaving sea!

At eve when the moon in her pride  
Rides queen of the soft summer night,  
And gleams on the murmuring tide,  
With floods of her silvery light,—  
O earth has no beauty so rare,  
No place that is dearer to me,  
Then give me, so free and so fair,  
A home by the deep heaving sea!

## REMEMBER ME.

When morn its beam is flinging  
On budding flower and tree,  
When birds are gaily singing,  
O then remember me.  
When all is bright above thee,  
And soars thy spirit free,  
O think of those who love thee,  
O then remember me.

When evening shades are creeping  
Along the dusky lea,  
When silent dews are weeping,  
O then remember me.  
And when thy heart is lonely,  
And sad thy musings be,  
Then think upon me only,  
O then remember me.



When soft the moon is beaming  
 O'er quiet land and sea ;  
 I'd have thee, gently dreaming,  
 O then remember me.  
 And thus, when morn brings gladness,  
 Or evening bids it flee,  
 In hours of joy, or sadness,  
 O then remember me.

---

**Amos B. Russell.**

Amos B. Russell, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born at Stock, February 24, 1825. His mother died when he was but nine months old. He entered the ministry at the age of 30 years, and at that time began to write miscellaneous articles for the press. His poems have been published from time to time, and if collected would make a volume.

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**MY BORDER LAND.**

On the outer verge of life's dark strand  
 'Neath the azure sky of a sunlit day,  
 I stand and behold not far away,  
 The beautiful shores of my border land.

I watch the gleams of its golden sand,  
 Its hills and vales by faith I see ;  
 Whose ravishing charms are a joy to me,  
 And I love my beautiful border land.

What lieth beyond my border land?  
 Is the Eden of blessedness far away?  
 I list, while the white winged seraphs say  
 "Thy home is beyond the border land."

I take my chart and staff in hand,  
 Inspired by a hope of ecstatic joy,  
 While rapturous thoughts my mind employ  
 And go in quest of my border land.

---

**AD ASTRA.**

The shadows gather round my feet,  
 And lengthen o'er the grassy vale,  
 While clouds are slowly on retreat,  
 And hushed to stillness is the gale.

Awhile I see the full orb'd moon,  
 Just peering from behind a cloud,

I mourn because her light so soon,  
Will hide behind another cloud.

An angel of the night appears,  
And sets the starry lamps ablaze,  
And now devoid of hopes and fears  
I muse upon their twinkling rays.

I gaze up into heaven afar,  
At brilliant orbs remote and near,  
And wonder if my guiding star  
In all the train shines bright and clear.

I wonder if the form of clay,  
Which grovels in this realm of night,  
Will shine at last with heavenly ray,  
As seraphs in a world of light.

---

#### MY MOTHER.

Oft was I told when but a thoughtless child  
About my mother, how she sang and smiled.  
Her raven tresses, and her radiant eye,  
Till fell consumption laid her down to die.

I fain would had to check my wayward youth  
Her faithful counsel, and her kind reproof;  
This admonition I was then denied,  
For e'er my thoughts awoke my mother died.


My thoughts now stray to where the willow weeps.  
To where my long lost mother gently sleeps;  
Though in the ground is nought but common dust,  
Her wakeful spirit mingles with the just.

And shall I in that bright celestial world  
My mother meet: her saintly form behold?  
Aye, shall I greet her near the eternal throne,  
And know her who on earth I ne'er have known?

---

#### ANCHORED.

The sea was rough, the storm was loud.  
The night set in and all was dark;  
Huge waves enfolded like a shroud  
My rudely driven and helpless bark.



Blast after blast bore down with speed,  
 From Arctic skies the storm was driven ;  
 It was a time of fear and need,  
 For my fond hope was nearly riven.

Wave after wave would lave the sides  
 Of the frail craft in which I rode ;  
 Again returning came the tides  
 Lashing the walls of my abode.

Adrifted on the angry sea,  
 As drifts a withered autumn leaf ;  
 The wailing winds spake wrath to me,  
 Filling my heart with bitter grief.

My bark came o'er the harbor bar,  
 And then I reefed the tattered sail ;  
 I saw above the morning star ;  
 My anchor dropped and stood the gale.

### William Stark.

William Stark was born in Manchester, July 18, 1825. He was admitted to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1843; entered Williams College in 1846 and graduated the same in 1850; was admitted to the bar in New York in 1851, and in 1853 returned to Manchester, where he followed the legal profession until a short time prior to his death. His literary abilities were of a high order, and had he lived to develop his powers in this direction he might have attained great distinction. He was a student of natural history, and at one time possessed a park containing a collection of foreign and domestic birds and animals, which was ever open to the amusement of the public. He was a great-grandson of Major John Stark. Died October 29, 1873.

### EXTRACTS FROM CENTENNIAL POEM.

Delivered at Manchester, October 22, 1851.

So let us unite as we gather here  
 On the safe return of a hundredth year,  
 In a hasty search with a curious eye,  
 O'er the record book, of the days gone by.  
 From the letters old, on its mouldy page  
 We may draw some good for the coming age.

Our fishermen were of a sturdy race,  
 Who had this spot for their dwelling place,  
 On the slimy rock by the water side,  
 Or the jutting peak in the foaming tide,  
 Where the lordly salmon wildly leapt  
 O'er the lofty rock, where the waters swept ;  
 And the shad with the flash of his silver side,

With the alewife, sculled in the foaming tide  
Mid the wat'ry spray and the snowy foam.  
'Mong the raging waves, was the fisher's home;  
And he loved to stand on the slippery rock  
Which had stood, through time, the water's shock—  
In the foaming waves, below, to feel,  
With an iron crook, for the squirming eel.

In my boyhood days upon eels I fed,  
And, as now to you, is the banquet spread,  
Of such simple food as the past reveals,  
I invite you now to a dish of eels.

O'er every land, and in every age,  
By the high and low, by the fool and sage,  
For the dainty eel, has been left a space  
At the festive board, an honored place.

When the Roman consul gave his feast,  
Of the rarest kind of bird and beast,  
'Twould have seemed to him but a scanty meal  
Had he failed to supply the dainty eel.

Great Flaccus doffed his raiment of pride,  
And in sackcloth mourned for an eel that died;  
And with keenest pang that the heart can feel,  
Horatius wept for a squirming eel;  
And higher still in the list of fame,  
I'll point to the royal Henry's name,  
Who died as history's page reveals,  
A martyred soul to the cause of eels!

Our fathers treasured the slimy prize,  
And they loved the eel as their very eyes;  
From these, they formed their food in chief,  
And eels were known as "Derryfield beef."  
The marks of eels were plain to trace  
In the children's gait, in the children's face,  
For before they walked, it is well confirmed  
That the children never crept, but squirmed.

Such a mighty power, did the squirmers wield  
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield.  
It was sometimes said that their only care,  
Their only wish, and their only prayer,  
For the present world, and the world to come,  
Was a string of eels, and a jug of rum.

Enough of this,—for no true heart desires,  
 To mark the failings of our noble sires ;—  
 From little follies, though but seldom free  
 Of grosser vices, they had less than we.  
 Their deeds of honor, are by far too high,  
 To feel the lash of scorn and ribaldry ;  
 For every field which drank the patriot's blood,  
 Has tasted theirs,—the freest of the flood.  
 Yet while we point, with proudly swelling eye,  
 To Bunker's column, towering to the sky ;  
 And while we boast, the noble blood they shed,  
 'Till Concord's plains blushed with the gory red,  
 They have their glory,—it is theirs alone ;  
 We too have ours, and we, too, claim our own.  
 The present age, each heart will own as true,  
 With all its follies, has its virtues too.  
 Where'er a schoolhouse dots the village green,  
 Where'er a church spire charms the rural scene,  
 There stands a monument our pride to fill,  
 No less than that which towers on Bunker Hill.  
 Where Christian people to the altar wend,  
 Where happy children o'er their lessons bend,  
 Where iron horses whistle o'er the land,  
 Where crowded cities rise on barren sand,  
 Where captured rivers feed our monster mills,  
 There are our "Concords," there, our "Bunker Hills."

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### Albon H. Bailey.

H. Bailey is a native of Unity. He has been connected with printing since his youth; was a compositor on the *Courier*, printed in Concord, and on the *White Star and Eagle*, in Haverhill. He was afterwards co-publisher of the first men's paper; publisher of the *Boston Daily Sun*; Court reporter for the *Boston Evening Chronicle*, *Boston Daily Mail*, *Boston Chronotype*, and *Boston Transcript*.

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### THE VILLAGE BELLS.

village bells, the village bells, how joyfully they peal !  
 ing a mellow music round, the wounded heart to heal.  
 y break the melancholy spell made by the dismal night,  
 wake the weary slumberer at earliest dawn of light.

y ope the portals of the day with glad'ning, happy sounds,  
 ting earnest labor back to cheerful duty-rounds ;  
 when in noontide's fervid heat they call the toiler home,  
 gladly then he seeks retreat from nature's heated dome.

When evening's peaceful vesper hour renews their cheerful lays.  
 How then incline all grateful hearts to join in tuneful praise:  
 How then as each successive note rises from earth to heaven.  
 Man's very spirit seems imbued with pure and holy leaven.

When night her curtain draws around, and e'en the chimes have  
 rest.

Life's aspirations then arise to regions of the blest.  
 Then let the tuneful village bells still sound upon the air—  
 At early dawn, at sultry noon, at hour of evening prayer.

There's more than music in the bells, a lesson in each tone—  
 Reminds us all that our abode is not on earth alone;  
 But that our spirits may ascend, e'en as those notes arise—  
 Unto a brighter world than this beyond the distant skies.

#### TO BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Hail! proud, historic pile,<br>O'er-looking Freedom's soil,<br>Recalling, as time rolls,<br>The days that tried men's souls,<br>A century ago:<br>When war-clouds o'er them hung<br>And hearts with woe were wrung<br>By a tyrannic foe.  | Hail! noble monument,<br>Reared on the battlement<br>Of glorious Liberty!<br>Thou'lt tell through coming<br>The sons of every clime,<br>A wondrous history,<br>Glad'ning the old and young<br>Of every race and tongue.<br>Yea, millions yet to be.  |
| Thou tell'st of those who bled,<br>The honored, mighty dead<br>That slumber at thy base.<br>When on yon chosen height,<br>In sanguinary fight,<br>Each dauntless held his place.<br>Amid the cannon's roar,<br>Until the vale below<br>Was reddened with the flow,<br>And slined with foreign gore. | From thee, inspiring shaft.<br>The winds shall gladly waft<br>Other than idle tales;<br>The world shall learn the might<br>Of souls made strong by right.<br>When wrong assails.   |
| Thou tell'st of contest long.<br>Re-told in tale and song.<br>And proud historic page,<br>How Freedom, sore beset,<br>The tyrant foeman met.<br>In the tumult of war;<br>Which, at its direful close,<br>Left thousands to repose.<br>With their grand labors o'er.                                 | O, may'st thou ever stand<br>A bulwark to the land.<br>While oceans round it roll;<br>May North and South uphold<br>Our heritage of old;<br>From East to farthest West.<br>May Freedom's home be blest,<br>And every freeman's soul<br>Behold in thee a sign<br>Of one, whose hand divine,<br>Shall keep it whole. |

**Justin E. Walker.**

Walker was born in Fairfax, Vt., Sept. 12, 1825. At the age of twenty went to Johnson, in the same State, and attended the academy nearly two years, then went to Lowell, Mass., where he remained six or seven years. He lost the use of his right eye by an accident while working at a circular saw, after which he removed to Nashua and has resided there since then. He had but little time to devote to literature, or anything else except unremitting toil, until when he commenced writing.

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**TRUST IN GOD.**

If storms arise on life's rough sea,  
And angry billows toss my bark ;  
If friends desert, and turn from me,  
And everything seems drear and dark ;  
Still, on my bended knees I'll cry  
For strength to bear, whate'er I must ;  
And on his promise I'll rely,  
And in my God, have perfect trust.

If want should stare me in the face,  
And hunger's bitter pang be felt ;  
And if to rest, I have no place,  
And naught to me in kindness dealt ;  
Yet simply to his cross I'll cling,  
And own his dealings are but just ;  
And to his praise I'll ever sing,  
And in his word have perfect trust.

And when with age my form is bent,  
And wrinkles gather on my face,  
When silver locks in time are sent,  
With feeble limbs and faltering pace,  
Still, in sweet prayer I'll lift my voice  
To Him, who formed me from the dust,  
And in his name will I rejoice,  
And in his love have perfect trust.

When husky tones, and trembling hand,  
With hollow cheek, and sunken eye,  
Proclaims to me life's ebbing sand,  
And warn me that my end is nigh ;  
Still, I will put my trust in Him  
Who notes the sparrow when it falls ;  
And though mine eyes are weak and dim,  
I'll know his voice, when Jesus calls.

And when at last he bids me come,  
And rends the brittle thread of life,





Then all my life would I devote,  
To crying down the social bowl.  
The illusion past, it leaves a scar,  
More ghastly than the surgeon's knife ;  
While all our happiness 'twill mar,  
And give us but a wasted life.

The bird that flutters from its nest,  
And thinks to fly like those around,  
With broken wing and bleeding breast,  
Will soon lie prostrate on the ground.  
Its mates may bind the broken wing,  
With tender care preserve its life,  
'Twill always be a crippled thing,  
Unfit to share in noble strife.

So boys who learn to smoke and drink,  
And think 'tis manly, noble, grand,  
Below the brute ere long will sink,  
Greeted with jeers on every hand.  
Kind friends may strive to lift them up  
And make them stand erect like men,  
And they may dash away the cup,  
But are they what they might have been?

### Asenath C. Stickney.

She was born in Newburyport, Mass., January 25, 1826. She was placed in the Newburyport Society when five years of age, and bred and educated therein. Since 1845 she has taught the District School, No. 8, in the town of Canterbury, by five terms, during which time the Superintending School Committee has given, of her school, a very creditable report.

#### WORDS OF MY SAVIOUR.

How holy and how beautiful,  
The sayings of our Lord ;  
How clothed in grace and dignity,  
Is each inspired word ;  
They are to me as golden fruit,  
In silver pictures set ;  
Like music which the finite voice,  
Can never counterfeit.

Though uttered ages long ago,  
They still retain the power  
To cheer the weary soul, and throw  
Light o'er each adverse hour ;

And countless they who, ages hence,  
 Shall sing and speak the praise,  
 Which fills the heart, and moves the lips,  
 Of saints in latter days.

---

#### UNIVERSAL LOVE.

Blest be that universal love,  
 For which the Christian aims ;  
 Whose source in God is found above  
 All narrow human claims.  
 As towers the lofty mountain top  
 Above the distant sea,  
 So stands the merits of this love  
 In its divinity.  
 Be lifted up, O virgin throng,  
 With open hearts embrace  
 The principle which purifies,  
 And elevates the race ;  
 The love which seeks the good of all,  
 In ev'ry land and clime ;  
 Which vitalizes, cheers, forgives,  
 And renders life sublime.

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#### Edward Whitestone Wooddell.

E. W. Wooddell is a native of Washington County, New York, where he was educated and became a lawyer. After practising his profession for some years in State he removed to Claremont. A pulmonary disease and a loss of voice obliged him to abandon the practice of law. He resides in Unity and has turned his attention in part to literature.

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#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis many long decades since once those seers  
 Were plodding onward towards the radiant west,  
 To see the Promised of a thousand years,  
 In whom 'twas said, all nations should be blest.  
 And scoffers then as now were constant seen,  
 Who mocked at every good, and railed with scorn ;  
 And making merry at the thought I ween,  
 That He, so long foretold, should now be born.  
 But onward still along that rugged road  
 The wise men urged their slow and weary way ;  
 A blazing star made known the rude abode  
 Wherein the Prince of Life and Glory lay.

an abode! ah, who would think it meet  
 or child of earth, in which to see the light;  
 angels from the throne, come down to greet  
 the new-born babe with anthems of delight.

herds beheld and wondered at the scene,  
 the like of which had never been on earth;  
 stial torches lighted all the green,  
 confirmation of a Saviour's birth.

And wise men doubt of what was there revealed!  
 nay, all misgivings must forever cease;  
 Prophets by the hand of God were sealed,  
 and in our world appeared the Prince of Peace.

And through the centuries that since have passed,  
 the wise have on the Nazarine believed;  
 stricken poor their griefs have on him cast,  
 and gained rewards that mind had ne'er conceived.

Let us see through fogs and mists of earth  
 the glittering star, as did the seers of old;  
 the harbinger that points a Saviour's birth,  
 and in his cause be faithful, true, and bold.

### Frederic A. Moore.

He was born in Bristol, February 11, 1826. He was educated at Hebron Hampton academies; studied law in Manchester, but in fact studied Carlyle and Horace Greeley more than Blackstone; became a journalist; and editor of the Manchester Daily Mirror in 1851. He went to Springfield, and was connected there with the Daily Journal. His next move was to Wis., in 1854, where he was an editor eight years. In short he has been there for about thirty years. For the past nine years he has resided in Wash., D.C., a part of the time off on special Indian commission business. He "third prize in matrimonial lottery," despite of "bachelor proclamation." Compiled "The Book of Gems; a gift for all Seasons."

### THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

A single life's the life for me,  
 Bright sunny isles are there;  
 I'll dash wide o'er its bounding sea,  
 Nor love nor hate the fair.  
 With fearless heart and manly pride,  
 Against the surging strife,  
 My peaceful bark will gallant ride,  
 Untroubled with a wife.

Who tamely lets a woman's art  
 His foolish heart intrall,

Will surely learn, too late, alas,  
 That love's a humbug all !  
 'Tis all a cheat, a lie, a show,  
 To trap poor silly men—  
 Old maids to Bedlam all may go,  
 And ne'er come back again !

In manhood's prime 'tis downright sin  
 To run such odds for life ;  
 Mid countless blanks, to only win  
 A useless, worthless wife ;  
 And when, by fate or fortune blest,  
 Which would indeed be worse,  
 The painted, bauble prize, at best,  
 May prove a splendid curse.

A wife's a pearl of tempting hue,  
 But stormy waves are round it,  
 And dearly will a mortal rue  
 The day when first he found it.  
 If all her locks were gleaming gold,  
 Where gems like dewdrops fall,  
 One passing hour of life, free-souled,  
 Were sweetly worth them all.

The bird that wings the sunny sky,  
 To greet the rosy morn,—  
 The stag that scales the mountain high,  
 When rings the hunter's horn—  
 When he shall seek the crowded plain,  
 Or birds their prison-cage,  
 Then I'll be bound in Hymen's chain,  
 To bless a future age.

### Joseph Edward Hood.

J. E. Hood was born in 1836, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1861. He was for many years editor of an anti-slavery paper in Concord, and afterwards for a long time was employed as journalist on the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*. He died in 1871.

### WHITE RIVER.

Thou hast not majesty ; no navies ride  
 Upon thy tranquil bosom, bearing on  
 The weight of luxury from distant climes.  
 Thou dost not heave a flood of water down

To shake the frightened earth. No poet's song  
 Has made thy name immortal as his own.  
 Yet art thou fair ; crystal the waters flow  
 From out thy mountain springs, and hasten on  
 Unmingled with a taint of earthly mould,  
 But white and pearly as the dew at dawn,  
 Transparent as the good man's sympathies,  
 And open as the guileless soul of youth.  
 I love thy purity. The sunbeams pierce  
 And mingle with thy depths, and dwell in thee,  
 As truth transfuses the ingenuous soul,  
 Lessons of simple verity and love  
 I've garnered from thee. Quietly flow on,  
 Fameless White River, bringing purest thoughts,  
 Unto the happy dwellers on thy banks.  
 If I may never visit thee again  
 To be inspired by thy low melody,  
 Yet still flow on ; for there are those I love,  
 Because translucent and sincere, like thee,  
 Who see thee still at sunrise, and at noon,  
 And when the moon upon thy bosom rests ;  
 They gaze in silence, and—they ask not why—  
 A soft tranquillity, half sad, half swcet,  
 With far off gleamings of a spirit light  
 In the deep soul, at thy suggestion comes.  
 Be their life genuine and pure like thine,  
 A living fount, a tranquil, ceaseless stream  
 Of kind and holy deeds, reflecting heaven.

### George Payn Quackenbos.

Quackenbos, LL.D., was born in New York city in 1826. He received a liberal education and became principal of Henry St. Grammar School in his native city. In July, 1848, he started a literary journal, *The Literary American*, and was publisher and editor, at the same time continuing his connection with the common school. The *American* was published weekly for two years, when it merged into another publication. Few literary papers in this country have enjoyed such literary merit as did the *American* under Mr. Quackenbos' management. For about twelve years this poet, orator and well known author of various books, made his residence in the summer and autumn in New London, and at his home near the Lake Sunapee, devoted himself with untiring zeal to literary labor. His death, the result of an accident, the overturning of his carriage precipitated himself and his wife from a bridge while crossing a stream, took place in New London, July 24, 1881.

#### MY SOUL'S SONG.

Oh ! beautiful 'tis, when the morn is awaking,  
 To see the first sunbeam the ocean forsaking ;  
 To see a thin streamlet of golden light glowing,  
 In its rivers, and rivers of radiance flowing ;

To list to the murmur of nature's low voices,  
To listen, while earth and the heaven rejoices.

More beautiful still, at the falling of even,  
To see the still earth, and to see the still heaven;  
To look on the moon, as she rises so lightly;  
To note the mute stars, as they glimmer so brightly;  
To gaze on creation so silently sleeping,  
And see the light sparkles that evening is weeping!

Oh, beautiful then is the slow-gliding river,  
As its waves in the arms of the night-breezes shiver;  
And again to the stars fling their silvery glances,  
As on its smooth surface their brilliancy dances;  
Oh, beautiful ever, at falling of even,  
The sweetness of earth, and the silence of heaven!

But, my soul, oh! why of the beautiful singing?  
Thy fingers why o'er thy harp art thou flinging?  
Say, canst thou drink in the soft rays of the morning?  
Is thine the bright gold, that the sky is adorning?  
Canst thou e'er interpret creation's low voices,  
Or tell what the earth says, when loud she rejoices?

Or tell me, my soul, at the falling of even,  
For thee is the earth still, for thee is the heaven?  
Dost thou know what the moon is, in purity beaming?  
Canst fly to the planets! Oh! why art thou dreaming?  
There are fetters of iron on thy fluttering pinions;  
Thou canst not soar up to the angels' dominions.

How long will the river glide on in its brightness?  
How long will its waters go rippling in lightness?  
Ah! every bright thing that thou seest decayeth,  
Nor long as the sound of thy melody stayeth.  
Ah! know, tho' the harp-strings sound gay 'neath thy fingers  
A breath of decay on each lovely thing lingers.

Then no more strike thy harp, but be silent in sorrow;  
The rose that is sweetest to-day, dies to-morrow.  
The chains of this earth, have unpitying, bound thee;  
Thou ne'er canst soar freely, while they are around thee;  
And ne'er till thou feelest the balm-breath of heaven,  
Eternal the beauties of morn, or of even.

#### THE ROSE.

When Venus, from the foaming spray,  
Sprang lightly upon Delos' isle,

*GEORGE PAYN QUACKENBOS.*

---

The earth, in vain, upon her flowers  
Looked round to find as sweet a smile ;  
Not one was as the goddess fair,  
Not one could with her charms compare.

Earth grieved to see her own surpassed,  
And looked once more—quick on her view  
Burst forth the rose, voluptuous  
In her thin dress of crystal dew.  
No more she grieved ; the mother smiled,  
As she beheld her loveliest child.

The rose is beauty's cherished flower ;  
Peeps out from her soft golden hair,  
Plays lightly o'er her rounded cheek,  
And flings her own bright blushes there :  
Then on her sweet lips, wearied, lies,  
And drinks her smiles, and drinks her sighs.

She is the darling child of May,  
Who folds her fondly in her arms,  
And pauses on her velvet way,  
To veil in moss her rapturous charms ;  
Then kisses her with loving eye,  
Nor stays, to see her favorite die.

The rose is sweet at morning-tide,  
When heavy with the tears of night ;  
The rose is sweet at evening hour,  
When o'er it pours the sunset light.  
In maiden's hair, in maiden's bower,  
The rose is still the loveliest flower.

---

THE FLOWER AND THE TREE.

There was a verdant little spot,  
By clustering ivies sweetly shaded,  
Velveted o'er with living moss,  
And lit by stars that never faded.  
A flower in the sweet spot sprang up,  
And grew until its bloom was bright ;  
Then, in its prime, it sadly drooped,  
And closed its soft leaves on the light.  
told its history, as he passed by and sighed :  
"er sprang up amid the moss, and grew, and blo  
and died."



Ere winter forged his glittering chains,  
 Where the young flower had drooped its head,  
 Nature another child brought forth,  
 And nursed it on the same soft bed.  
 It grew, and as the years flew by,  
 New strength was added, beauty given ;  
 Until, a mighty tree, its top  
 Was mingled with the grey of heaven.  
 Again the poet struck his lyre, and woods and groves replied :  
 "For ages shall the tree survive, majestic in its pride."

That mossy cool spot is my heart,  
 And love, the heaven-tinted flower.  
 It grew, it bloomed, then withering, died,  
 And passed away, in one brief hour.  
 Though other flowers were bright and sweet,  
 The beauty of the scene was gone ;  
 Love perished : every hope was dead ;  
 The solemn soul was left alone. [died :  
 A flower sprang up amid the moss, and grew, and bloomed, and  
 Love perished in a youthful heart, and all was dead beside.

But soon a tree, above the place,  
 Shadowed the floweret's quiet grave ;  
 So when the flowers of love have closed,  
 The leaves of friendship kindly wave ;  
 So every year but added strength ;  
 The frailer love hath passed forever—  
 Less bright, but more enduring far,  
 The bloom of friendship withereth never.  
 Love sprang forth in a passionate heart, it grew, and bloomed ~~and~~  
 and died ;  
 But friendship's tree still stately waves, majestic in its pride.

#### SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY.

When bright-eyed Spring, with her flowery train,  
 Comes tripping in joy o'er the naked plain,  
 To scatter her favors and blessings around,  
 And fling her smiles on the frosted ground,  
 When the air with the sweetness of blossoms is rife,  
 And the sun is warm, I spring to life :  
 A beauteous thing, with gossamer wing,  
 And a merry song to the rose I sing.

And still as Summer comes sweeping along,  
 I shake my wing, and chatter my song ;

And hie from the rose to the lily's breast,  
 Or make in the woodbine sweet my nest,  
 Or down in the shade the violet kiss.  
 O Summer! no season's as happy as this!  
 All, all the day, on my pinions gay,  
 I woo the bright flowers in innocent play.

Now Summer is gone, and the autumn gale  
 From the hills comes sweeping adown the vale,  
 With a shiver I creep this bush behind,  
 Whose moaning leaves chide the chilly wind:  
 O, where can I go to keep me warm,  
 To hide away from the merciless storm?  
 O, where can I go? for the cold blasts blow,  
 And the clouds hang down with a weight of snow.

The stars look dim in the clouded sky;  
 The moon hath mantled her face on high;  
 O where is the sun with his blessed ray—  
 The rose, on whose lovely breast I lay?  
 Gone, gone! not a leaf is left on the trees;  
 Chill Winter is coming—I freeze, I freeze!  
 O, I cannot fly! dim, dim is mine eye—  
 My heart is frozen—I die, I die!

#### THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY "COME."

|                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| listen! far from Heaven above    | Leave a world of sinful strife, |
| ounds a voice of holy love;      | Touch the healing wave of life; |
| e who speaks in thunder loud,    | Streams of mercy flow through   |
| alls the lightning from the      | Heaven,                         |
| cloud,                           | To the weary rest is given:     |
| ow in accents low and sweet      | Sinner, come!"                  |
| ids thee to the mercy-seat;      | Let the words of mercy roll     |
| "Mortal, come!                   | Round the earth, from pole to   |
| no arid desert stay,             | pole;                           |
| hou art thirsting—come away!     | Let each grateful mortal say,   |
| ere are waters ever flowing,     | "Fellow-sinner, come away!      |
| ith the tints of glory glowing:  | Go we to the Saviour's feet,    |
| Mortal, come!"                   | Go we to the mercy-seat;        |
| listen! from the clouds of earth | Holy Spirit,                    |
| reaks a sound of heav'nly birth: | Humbly we thy call obey!        |
| 'ounded spirit lend thine ear;   | In no desert will we stay;      |
| roubled soul, the Bride is near: | To the streams with glory glow- |
| omfort speaks upon her voice—    | ing,                            |
| roken heart, rejoice! rejoice!   | To the waters freely flowing,   |
| "Sinner, come!                   | Guide us Thou!"                 |

### Samuel J. Pike.

S. J. Pike was a native of Newbury, Mass., born April 23, 1828. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1847, and soon after went to Dover, where he remained four or five years. It was while a resident of that place that he wrote and published in the *New York Literary American* several poems of great merit, among which was "The Better Land." From Dover he went to New York and was employed by Mason and Brothers as critic and translator. He delivered orations on Commencement and other occasions. His death occurred in Boston, November 6, 1861.

#### STANZAS.

Oh, visions rare of early hours,  
That softly now my bosom fill,  
Like perfume floating from the flowers,  
Or tones that tremulously thrill  
From lute strings jarred and quivering still,  
Than all my joyance fonder far,  
How delicate and dear ye are !

Oh, gleamings of a sunny face,  
That lavished once its smiles on me,  
Lithe atoms of a form of grace,  
That I no more may hope to see ;  
Faint echoes of the melody  
Of lips, where sleep and silence reign,  
How throng ye round my soul again.

Oh, memories of a starry night,  
Of paths with dewy buds bestrewn,  
And fragrant breezes moist and light,  
Loaded with breath of hay new-mown :  
Of white hands trembling in my own,  
Whose clasp grew closer while an ear  
Was bent to words none else may hear :

Of tresses smooth as ravens' plumes,  
And eyes with lashes dark as they,  
Whose brilliance still my breast illumines :  
Of words that will not pass away,  
But gain new beauty day by day ;  
Of heart that fluttered as a bird,  
Whose fragile nest is rudely stirred :

Of love which girlhood's bosom knew,  
That in the first delicious flush  
Of womanhood more fervent grew ;  
How gently come ye all, like blush  
Of rosy sunset to the hush  
Of waters on the waveless sea,  
And soothe my care as silently !

Oh heart of mine ! in boyhood's day,  
How soon were love's sweet lessons learned ;  
How slow the flame will die away,  
That first upon thine altar burned ;  
How hath my yearning spirit turned  
To seek for bliss it knew of yore,  
And heard the whisper, Nevermore !

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### THE BETTER LAND.

Toiling pilgrims, faint and weary, lift we up our tearful eyes  
To the radiant bourne and blissful, whitherward our journey lies ;  
To a land on groping Reason glimmering dimly and afar,  
While to Faith's clear gaze it shineth like a fixed, unwaning star.

There no blinding beams of noontide on the vision flash and glow ;  
Shrouded midnight never cometh with her footfalls hushed and slow  
But undarkening brilliance floateth on the waves of holy air,  
Kindled by the smile eternal, which our Father deigns to wear.

There the verdure fadeth never, and the odors never die ;  
There beneath unwilting blossoms piercing thorns may never lie ;  
Music, softer and diviner than from earthly lyres hath rolled,  
Through angelic utterance breaketh, and from quivering cords  
of gold.

In the greenness of the meadows, sweet still waters smile and  
sleep,  
Round whose fragrant, rosy margin countless angels vigils keep  
Over souls by sin untainted, by temptation purified,  
Who through grief and patience strengthened in beatitude abide.

Like a dove of snowy plumage, brooding on her leafy nest,  
Peace in sacred beauty resteth, deep in every saintly breast ;  
Hope hath found the dazzling splendor of her grandest day  
outshone,  
While through every bosom thrilleth joy that sense hath never  
known.

Tears that trembled on the lashes in affliction's keenest hours  
Were as dews of summer evenings, on the thirsty lips of flowers,  
Vanishing, when daylight cometh, or but briefly lingering,  
That they may uncounted jewels round the glistening blossoms  
fling.

Faith to sight hath been perfected ; love new fervor hath attained :  
Ghostly doubt and fear have perished in the heart where once  
they reigned ;

Gleaming crowns adorn each forehead by the thorns of sorrow torn,  
And he wears the whitest raiment who the heaviest cross hath borne.

We from that fair land are sundered by a river deep and wide.  
Whose chill waves dash nearer to us like an ocean's pulsing tide:  
Day by day, beneath the billows hosts go down, who rise no more  
Till the unreturning current bears them to the heavenly shore.

There in mansions God hath builded, evermore unperishing,  
Chant they hymns of loftiest measure to their Maker, Saviour.  
King.

Who in mercy hath his creatures with eternal dwellings blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Wandering pilgrims, faint and weary, lift we up our tearful eyes,  
To the radiant bourne and blissful, whitherward our journey lies;  
While her pinions lithe and buoyant Hope unfurls to waft the soul  
From the depths of its despondence to the glories of its goal.

#### HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

When wearily the eyelids close,  
And for unbroken slumber yearn;  
When, faint and feeble, for repose,  
The over-laden heart would turn  
From earth's fallacious happiness,  
To joys more pure and peace more deep,  
God bendeth from on high to bless,  
And giveth his beloved sleep.

Upon the placid bosom rest,  
Like summer rain on blossoms, dreams  
Of regions beautiful and blessed,  
While on the quickened vision gleams  
A light that earth can never dim.  
Nor folding clouds its radiance keep,  
Enkindled at the throne of Him  
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

In sweet and full forgetfulness  
Of toils and tears and worldly woe,  
The spirit trembles in excess  
Of bliss and longs itself to throw  
Amid death's narrow stream, and swim  
To shores where none may wake to weep,  
Abiding near the feet of Him  
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

Then, in the grandeur of the day  
That waneth never into night,  
The shades like mists shall melt away,  
And heaven its own abundant light  
Diffuse around the soul that lives  
Where angels ceaseless sabbath keep,  
Beneath the smile of Him who gives  
Unto his own beloved sleep.

---

SONNET.

The blithe birds of the summer-tide are flown,  
Cold, motionless, and mute stands all the wood,  
Save as the restless wind, in mournful mood  
Strays through the tossing limbs with saddest moan.  
The leaves it wooed with kisses, overblown  
By gusts capricious, pitiless, and rude,  
Lie dank and dead amid the solitude ;  
Where-through it walleth desolate and lone.  
But with a clearer splendor sunlight streams  
Athwart the bare, slim branches, and on high  
Each star, in night's rich coronal that beams,  
Pours down intenser brilliance on the eye,  
Till dazzled fancy finds her gorgeous dreams  
Outshone in beauty by the autumn sky.

---

SONNET.

The buoyant songs of youth's swift hours are flown,  
And through his heart, whose locks are thin and white,  
With rime of age, the spirit of delight  
Goes wailing with a melancholy moan.  
For all the joys, that hope, with winning tone,  
Proclaimed should linger, deathless dear and bright,  
Around the day which waneth now to night,  
The spirit maketh fruitless search, alone,  
Yet to the trustful and aspiring soul,  
Exalting visions of its home are given ;  
And grander glory clothes its lofty goal,  
Than stars assume in Autumn's cloudless even.  
Earth slowly sinks in darkness and in dole,  
While breaks the pure, auroral light of Heaven.

### Enoch George Adams.

E. G. Adams is a native of Bow. He is the second son of Rev. John Adams of Newington, and a descendent of Rev. Joseph Adams, who was an uncle of John Adams, second president of the United States. He was graduated at Yale College in 1849; went into the army in the war of the Rebellion as a private in Company D, Second N. H. Regiment; was severely wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, and was mustered out of service Nov. 27, 1865, as Captain and Brevet Major. The next year he went to Oregon. He was editor and proprietor of the *Vancouver Register* at Vancouver, Washington Territory, for a number of years, and appointed by President Grant Register of the Land Office. Subsequently he moved to St. Helens, Oregon, where he now resides and edits and publishes *The Columbian*. He is an owner of much land, and resides on a romantic claim called Frogmore.

#### THE POND AMID THE HILLS.

This pond that lofty hills embrace,  
How pure and placid lies!  
Uplooking to the heavens above,  
As if with human eyes.

Secure from all the fierce wind's rage,  
It scarcely heaves its breast;  
Though other lakes may toss and foam,  
This has a sabbath's rest.

When blackest clouds are in the sky,  
And tempest wild doth roar,  
It almost is as calm and still  
As when the tempest's o'er.

For storm winds in their storms of wrath  
Will onward pass above,  
And leave it, like a gentle heart,  
That's shielded round with love.

#### THE PRECIOUSNESS OF TEARS.

Those pearl-like tears were never given,  
To shed for every trivial woe;  
'Tis mockery that such gems of Heaven  
For common griefs should flow.  
The minor ills that haunt our lot  
Should not our tears, but smiles, provoke—  
Like clouds that Heaven's fair azure blot,  
By sunshine, easiest broke.

Pride oft-times makes its votaries weep  
For pomp, for equipage and dress;  
They sigh in all the glare to sweep  
Of fashion's littleness;

To deck themselves in robes of pride,  
 And flutter out their trivial span,  
 Then break like bubbles on the tide,  
 Despised by God and man.

Ambition's votaries likewise weep,  
 When glory doth their grasp evade,  
 Like shooting stars, that downward sweep,  
 And into darkness fade ;  
 E'en when they gain the gilded prize  
 'Tis like a rainbow, that appears  
 With glory to illumine the skies  
 And yet,—'tis only tears.

And wealth, how many sighs and tears  
 Have for its paltriness been paid !  
 And toil through long and weary years  
 Till life begins to fade.  
 Alas ! it only can bestow  
 The sculptured marble to declare  
 That we have left our empty show  
 And now must fester there !

But when our long-loved friends depart,  
 Those pearl like tears that hidden lie  
 Within the casket of our heart  
 Should grace their memory ;  
 O then 'tis nobleness to shed  
 Those pearls upon their grave's green sod,  
 For that sweet tribute to the dead  
 Is incense unto God.

-But when o'er sins and follies past  
 We weep and penitently pray,  
 O then in Heaven is unsurpassed  
 The rapture of that day.  
 An angel comes—all light—all love—  
 To catch the penitential gem,  
 And bear it to the realms above  
 To grace God's diadem.

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### John Bodwell Wood.

<sup>1</sup> B. Wood was born in Lebanon, Maine, December 7, 1827. His parents re-  
 l to Great Falls when he was very young. He was educated at the district  
 s., and in the Kennebunk Academy in Maine. His father desired he should be-  
 a lawyer, and with that end in view put Blackstone and Kent into his hands.  
 ok a liking to the limpid English of the latter, and then was induced to enter



a printing office and learn that trade. Subsequently he worked in the offices of the *Dover Gazette*, *Dover Enquirer*, *Morning Star*, and in offices in Concord, Boston and elsewhere. In 1847 he started the *Thursday Sketcher* at Great Falls. Three years afterwards he went to New York city and began his long career as a journalist. He is attached at the present time to the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*.

### THE WORTH OF BAUBLES.

A sailor on an iceberg lone,  
Afloat within the frigid zone,  
Mid Alps of ice and icing snow,  
Where winds that chill forever blow,  
Sank, helpless, under torpor given  
By icebergs 'neath the polar heaven.

And as he sank, he spied afar  
A thing that glittered as a star,  
And scrambling o'er the slimy ice,  
Grasped the great diamonds of rich price,  
And rusty gold, of value rare,  
The record of some shipwreck there.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "and these shall give  
The warmth and bread I need to live!  
These, these in princely hands shall gleam  
While I rejoice on fortune's stream!  
But, heavens! there are no princes here!  
This, *this* is worse than worthless gear!"

Were diamonds charred to coke again,  
And gold but fire, Promethean,  
Then I could make a royal turn!  
O, how I'd have these brilliants burn!  
But, here are diamonds, icy cold;  
Here is not warmth, nor bread, but gold!

In anger and contempt he threw  
Those jewels into ocean's blue,  
And sank upon the ice, and then  
Relapsed into despair again;  
Even while world's wealth lay at his side  
He sank, and of starvation died.

### COURAGE. FOREVER.

What we do, let's do with boldness;  
What we know, let's speak for aye!  
And respect naught for its oldness  
If it be not right to-day.

What is right, with will is power ;  
Truth is truth, and must prevail ;  
And true courage for an hour  
Often is of great avail.

Naught is gained by coward groaning  
Under each mishap and ill ;  
Give us men not always moaning—  
Men of nerve and iron will.

Firmly stand to Freedom's calling,  
Battling to defend the right—  
Fainting not though scenes appalling  
Startle others' timid sight.

---

FLASH OF LIGHTNING—A TELEGRAM AN-  
SWERED.

The battered ship was nearing home,  
Still strong and brave as though no gale  
Had swept her decks with briny foam  
And strained her timbers, keel to rail.

Then rose a hurricane, with seas  
That were as thunder when they broke  
Upon her, and her live-oak knees  
Were wrenched by each successive stroke.

Yet with her masts and spars intact,  
She seemed a stanch, seaworthy ship ;  
So no sail hailed her, and in fact  
She might have made her port that trip,

But one appalling lightning flash  
Splintered her stately masts and spars  
And sent them whirling, with a crash,  
Down on the superstitious tars.

Then an abandoned hulk she lay,  
Huge, black and spectral in the night—  
Forbidding even in the day—  
A solemn, most unwelcome sight.

That hulk has since been on the ways,  
And then launched forth upon the tide ;  
And now again she proudly plays  
Her part with all her primal pride.

## Harriet Newell Eaton.

Mrs. Eaton is the eldest child of the late Dea. Ezekiel and Mrs. Mary R. Lane of Candia, born in Candia, Dec. 16, 1827. She became the wife of the late Harrison Eaton, M. D., who was for more than forty years "the beloved physician" of the towns of Merrimack and Litchfield. Dr. Eaton deceased Nov. 19, 1881. Mrs. Eaton resides upon the old homestead at Thornton's Ferry, Merrimack. She is a sister of Mary Blake Lane, whose poetry is found upon a later page of this volume.

### BEATITUDE.

Bright, coronal hour of a royal day!  
When in his calm, cheerful, beautiful way,  
Caressing my brow, he will fondly say:—  
Dear child! dearest wife! why, you are my own.  
It is you and I, and the crowd are flown!  
Let them go! why, you and I are alone!

Why they are good, and we honor them all;  
They may come and go, they may rise and fall  
Like tides of the sea; their love or their gall  
Is the same to me, since we are alone;  
Dear child! precious wife! my best and my own!  
And all but ourselves have fluttered and flown!

Into mine, look glorious eyes of blue,  
Of Heaven's clear depths, the type and the hue  
It is Heaven, love! for me and for you,  
When they all are gone, and the coast is clear,  
With nobody round, and nobody near  
Save two loving souls—wife and husband dear.

### MY MOAN.

Upon my husband's anguished face,  
The tears fell faster than the rain  
Beating without against the pane.

"Dear Love!" I cried, "one last embrace!  
You cannot press my hand, nor speak;—  
One sign, one word, I vainly seek.

If you do hear and love me now,  
Wilt love me through th' eternal years,  
Belovèd, kiss me through the tears!"

Bathing his cheeks, and pallid brow,  
Kisses and tears fell soft: the rain  
Without, beat hard against the pane.

Fond lips that met ; blest kisses, three ;  
Each sweetest, tenderest and best !  
Dear hands, that clasped me to his breast !—

Love was glorified ;—turning me  
From the warm clay, I knelt to praise ;  
His, “ no more pain ” through endless days !

I rose ; then sank beneath the weight  
Of my unutterable woe ;—  
Such alternations come and go.

As was thy gift, my loss is great ;  
Grieving ’neath widowhood’s dark pall,  
I bless thy name, but hot tears fall,—

And, till the resurrection morn,  
Whose dawning shall dispel the rain,  
Whose glory break against the pane,

Sweet Heart ! I, for thy love, shall yearn ;  
Would God that I this day might die !  
’Neath the cold sod, with thee, to lie !

---

#### THE RAIN.

When I was a child, and slept ’neath the roof  
Of the cottage on Maple Hill,  
It rained, and the rain had a peaceful sound,—  
Does it rain on the roof there still ?

When I was a bride, and smiled ’neath the roof  
Of the cottage on Maple Hill,  
It rained, and the rain had a joyful sound,  
Showers of blessings on me still.

When the other day I turned from his side,  
A widow ! lone, and heart-broken,  
It rained, as it rained when I was a child ;  
Was the rain, of woe, a token ?

It rained, as it rained when I was a bride,—  
It rains to-night on Maple Hill ;  
It rains on my heart ; it rains on a mound  
In the graveyard, gloomy and chill !

Neither child, nor mother, nor living soul  
Sleeps to-night upon Maple Hill,  
But the rain no doubt, has a pleasant sound,  
Falling fast on the roof there still.

And what of the sleeper under the sod,  
Who wed me upon Maple Hill?—  
While Heaven's tears fall with mine, 'tis sure  
Heaven's love is enfolding him still.

It may rain, and rain, and forever rain,  
Though a widow, and heart-broken,  
Of peace, and of joy, and of love, I know,  
The rain is a certain token!

---

OLD JOHN.

Out through blossoming apple trees,  
Budding clover, and humming bees,  
Through fragrant breath of shining Morn,  
They've led a prince, a king,—Old John!

White daffodil, and barberry spray  
Wreathed his neck as he turned away,  
Firm clasp of loving arms up-spread,  
Drew quick to lips, the high, gray head.

Through garden-gate I watched him go,  
The flashing tail through currant-row;  
Farewell old John! and grief had way,  
Beloved! up there! dost see to-day?

To orchard-grave, by quiet wood,  
They've led the faithful, brave and good;  
With sobbing heart I fly the spot,  
My ears, hear not the dreadful shot!

Oh, honest heart! Oh, graceful head!  
Oh, perfect feet! Oh, cheerful tread!  
Rushing mem'ries, tender and true!  
Oh, gladsome rides, we've had with you!

Dear fellow! you were one of three  
That happy were as we could be!  
Arab steed nor charger of Don,  
Gay as you, old rollicking John!

Over highway, through wild and glen,  
Joyous and fleet, you bore us then,  
No laggard drop in loyal veins,  
Though Doctor read nor held the reins.

You had some playful, prankish ways,—  
Too queer to scold, too bad to praise;



You never gnawed the pickets straight,  
Nor wrenched from hinges, painted gate,

But like a sinner, laid about  
Old brown fence in lively rout,  
And oft made mouths at Doctor sly,  
As his soiled coat would testify.

You knew the calls of round before,  
You stopped unbid at patients' door,  
Centaur might be a myth or true,  
One willing *soul*, master and you!

Through toilsome sands, or driving hail,  
O'er Ferry dark, in wind and gale,  
In every storm, through useful years,  
Your awkward, friendly form appears.

That shot the end?—or, horse of fire,  
Speed you through Heaven his desire?  
Is resonant its golden floor—  
With spirit hoofs—forevermore?

---

### William Copp Fox.

Fox resides in Wolfeborough, his native town. He was born December 1832, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1852; studied law and has followed that in Carroll County since 1855. For several years past he has been president of the Wolfeborough Savings Bank.

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### TOM BROWN'S REFORMATION.

One Thomas Brown, of 'Saukee town,  
Had gotten much infected  
With fragrant "slings," and such hot things,  
And his good wife neglected;  
While she, poor Kate, so delicate,  
Each sorrow seemed a crushing weight,  
Sat all the day dejected—  
Alone and unprotected.

Now Kate was true as Prussian blue  
To all her nuptial vows—  
To serve and love, and ever prove  
A blessing to her spouse,  
But wept at night, as well she might,  
To see the graceless, fuddled wight  
Return from long carouse—  
And sometimes knit her brows.

When woman's smiles and softer wiles  
 Can no impression make ;  
 When trembling fears and burning tears  
 Man's purpose cannot shake ;  
 When all her arts like broken darts  
 Fall shiver'd from our stony hearts,  
 Perhaps revenge she'll take—  
 She's often "wide awake."

And much I grieve, that Kate, one eve,  
 Was quite enraged to find  
 Before the door, with rather more  
 Than "three sheets in the wind,"  
 One Thomas Brown, a drunken clown,  
 Now staggering up, now tumbling down,  
 Seeking his door to find—  
 For Tom had "gone it blind."

How Tom got in, let fancy spin  
 The thread of that narration ;  
 How on the floor he 'gan to snore,  
 So let imagination ;  
 But lucky hit of woman's wit !  
 Most surely, Kate, thy course were fit  
 Example for a nation—  
 Of wives and dissipation.

Thus Katy did :—a coverlid,  
 As deep in sleep he lay,  
 She careful rolled with many a fold  
 About his torpid clay ;  
 Then in it tight she sewed the wight  
 (A sort of chrysalis that night.)  
 And bagged him snug away—  
 Tom woke to beg and pray.

Morn smiled again, but Tom in vain  
 With living shroud contended ;  
 Cried Kate, "My dear, I'll starve you here,  
 Unless your ways are mended."  
 Tom felt the yoke, his pride it broke ;  
 Repentant he confessed the joke,  
 And meek his voice ascended—  
 "Our revels now are ended !"

## WOLFEBOROUGH CENTENNIAL, JULY 9, 1870.

By an Indigenous, Indigent and Indignant Bard.

Old Town! to-day, the records say,  
You've jogged along your temp'ral way,  
Through annual and biennial,  
Since first endowed with corporate name,—  
Lank ghost of *Wolfe* forgive the same!—  
Till you have won the grizzly fame  
That crowns a ripe Centennial.

Full many a one, now "dead and gone,"  
Whose race within thee was begun,  
Loved e'en thy *Wolf*-ish origin,—  
As erst the Ilian Twins the face  
Of Lupine nurse,— a "Roman case,"—  
Till *Rommy* "hit" the ticklish place  
That *Remus* stowed his porridge in!

One hundred years! Why, it appears  
As if with grateful smiles—or tears,  
We might just drop a penny all,  
And filing in behind a crate  
Of bon-bons march with steps elate  
To Millville Grove—and celebrate  
Our good old Town's Centennial.

But thrift and gain are sued in vain,  
While avarice pulls with tight'ning strain  
The pucker of our purses all,  
And when our cits like Highland clan  
Should rouse and muster to a man,  
Of zeal or tribute one may scan,  
A batch of doggerel verse is all!

How many a shade by sexton's spade  
Forever laid, to-day betrayed  
And cheated of due reverence,  
May writhe and twist beneath the stones  
That mark (and mar) where rot his bones,  
And supplicate in hollow tones  
From native soil disseverance!

Then suffer rhyme like hops to climb  
And wreath the century-pole of Time,  
With raspy leaves perennial,  
Lest all the founders of the Town,  
From Treadwell, Apthorp, Cutter, down  
To "Fiddler Jim," forever frown  
Upon our lost Centennial!



## LINES,

To my friends Worster and Gafney, Lawyers, on the presentation of a stuffed Red Fox.

Brothers Worster and "Gaf.:" You have made me to laugh.  
Till my very ribs crackle and shiver,  
While an ear-to-ear grin has distorted my skin,  
And the bile fairly "biles" in my liver!  
Yea, I chuckle and shake, till my *viscera* ache,  
In a sort of hysterical puzzle:  
With hilarious grimaces wholly ruined my face is,  
But with fatness I'm full to the muzzle!

What a present (in "fee"), and how "foxy" to see,  
Is the yellow-eyed, sanctified joker!  
How his craftiness shows—e'en the tip of his nose  
Is the synonyme true of "draw-poker!"  
See the prick of his ear, and his chicken-roost-leer,  
And the "hang" of his caudal appendage;  
Shod with puff-balls his "trotters"—*ne plus ultra* of "squatters."  
He's the Robin of leg-al brigandage!

The rascal, no doubt, in a way roundabout,  
Was a type of our legal profession:  
The scamp was well "red," and had some length of head,  
And could make the "fur fly" on occasion.  
From hens, hares and geese he extorted his "fees"  
With most sanctimonious dryness,  
And won reputation from each civil nation  
As the nonpareil emblem of slyness.

For the gift, many thanks! Could I turn forty cranks,  
With quick simultaneous rotation,  
Scuve a decade could serve, at the stretch of each nerve,  
To grind out my grateful oration.  
Bernani—Vulpes—"Aaaaaj!" Among the white snow-peaks  
No more he will cuddle his fleece up,  
But set up in my house, shall be my mute Momus,  
And "mouse" through the faeries of Æsop!

## OCTOBER.

Let thankful hani his damage pay  
In days warm to showery May;

I, fondly sober,  
With statelier welcome greet the time  
Of ripening fruits in Eden clime,  
And pledge my troth in prouder rhyme  
To brown October.

O balmy air ! O happy soul,  
Bathed in this liquid aureole  
Of molten light !  
O'er field and wood, o'er lake and isle,  
O'er distant hill and mountain pile,  
I see the noon of Autumn smile,  
And bless the sight.

The trees, like nymphs, enrobed in chintz,  
Bright fleck'd in myriad Tyrian tints,  
Their charms diffuse ;  
Not she such gorgeous drapery bore  
Through high Olympian halls of yore,—  
Iris, with all her dazzling store  
Of rainbow hues.

Far on the blue of Western sky,  
Soft clouds in shoals of amber lie,  
Dissolving slow ;  
O'er orchards flushed and shocks of maize,  
The sun distils a golden haze  
From halos that becalm the blaze  
Of days ago.

Nor, Phœbus, shalt thou rule alone  
The season from thy ruby throne ;  
Advancing soon,  
In flowing veil of silvery sheen,  
Her scepter o'er th' enchanted scene  
Shall sway thy night-dispelling queen,  
The harvest moon.

Let younger bards of Flora sing,  
Sweet princess of the budding Spring,  
But, more serene,  
Of all the graces of the year,  
I choose, my heart and hearth to cheer,  
The brown-eyed Ceres for my dear,  
My bosom queen.

### Josiah Moody Fletcher.

J. M. Fletcher was born in Halifax, Mass., January 14, 1838. He graduated at the Lowell High School in 1842, and came the next year to Nashua, where he settled and has resided till the present time, with the exception of a year in Mexico and California. He was married in 1851 to Miss Adaline Jane Eastman, of Rumney. From 1848 to 1854 he was engaged as a bookseller and publisher, and since the latter date has been in business as a manufacturer of furniture. He is president of the Fletcher and Webster Furniture Company, and the proprietor of the Nashua Novelty Works. His life thus far has been a life of business activity, and he has turned to poetry rather as a recreation than from hope of achieving literary success. He has been more or less engaged as a book and magazine writer, editor and compiler. His first literary adventure was the compilation of the "Golden Gift," when eighteen years of age, which contained a half dozen of his own pieces, and had a sale of over 100,000 copies.

#### TO ADALINE.

When summer gilds the meadows,  
And meadows scent the gales,  
And rivers flow with murmurs low  
Along the verdant vales,  
When blossoms on the highlands,  
And blossoms on the lea,  
Reflect the rays of summer days,  
How sweet to think of thee.

I treasure thee forever,  
But oh! when summer brings  
The birds, and bees, and leafy trees,  
I almost sigh for wings  
To bear my soul, exultant,  
Above the land and sea,  
And gather earth's divinest things  
For thee, my love, for thee.

I hie to pleasant valleys,  
And sit by silver streams,  
And half believe the angels weave  
A portion of my dreams,  
So sweet to me is summer,  
So full of joy and glee,  
And sweetest of my summer dreams  
Are pleasant dreams of thee.

#### ADVERSITY.

The Father's love is over all,  
Compassionate and holy,  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
The lofty and the lowly;

Adjusted to their various needs  
Are all his ministrations ;  
The wounded spirit never bleeds  
Without its consolations.

Let us be patient with our lot,  
And hopeful of the morrow,  
Remembering there liveth not  
A soul exempt from sorrow ;  
And even should the cruel hand  
Of poverty oppress us,  
Its evils we can best withstand  
If hopeful hearts possess us.

Contentment cometh not from wealth,  
Nor ease from costly living ;  
The best of blessings, peace and health,  
Are not of fortune's giving ;  
A happy heart dependeth not  
On fortune's fickle treasures,  
But rather seeks a lowly lot,  
Content with simple pleasures.

The ways of God are just and wise  
To every living creature,  
In every ill there underlies  
Some compensating feature,  
And when the lowly feel the rod  
Most sorely on them pressing,  
Full often is the living God  
Most lavish in His blessing.

---

#### ANGELS BY AND BY.

We should live as if expecting  
To be angels by and by,  
Every moment recollecting  
The immortal life on high,  
Where, in purity and glory,  
The angelic throngs above  
Hymn the never ending story  
Of the great Creator's love.

We should live for something higher,  
Than to grovel here for gold,  
And to holiness aspire  
Like the sainted ones of old ;

We should live in the endeavor  
Human passions to control,  
And to hold the truth forever  
As the anchor of the soul.

We should live for one another,  
For humanity and right,  
True to God and to each other,  
And the soul's divinest light ;  
We should live for those in sorrow,  
On the waves of trouble cast,  
With an ever firm endeavor  
To be faithful to the last.

In the narrow path of duty,  
In the shining path of love,  
In the purity and beauty  
Of angelic life above,  
Every moment recollecting  
The immortal life on high,  
We should live as if expecting  
To be angels by and by.

---

LITTLE ELOISE.

It was a summer holiday, as bright as ever shone ;  
And pretty little Eloise had wandered forth alone ;  
For there were roses in the vale, and blossoms on the trees,—  
And hunting wildwood flowers was the joy of Eloise.

In many a winding path she strayed, by bonny bank and stream,  
Until at length she laid her down and had a pleasant dream,  
And one as young and fair as she then took her by the hand,  
And led her far and far away unto a shining land.

And there the fields were carpeted with fresh and dewy flowers,  
And there a golden light was shed thro' all the gladsome hours,  
And there such happy murmurs swelled from scenes so fresh  
and fair,  
It seemed as if a holy song was filling all the air.

And then he led her to a seat, that little boy,—her guide,  
And said that he was Willie dear, her brother who had died.  
“And now we are in Heaven,” he said, “and I have called you  
here  
To show how very beautiful its blissful scenes appear.”

---

"It is your spirit that can see these wondrous things around,  
And you will wake and find you've been asleep upon the ground."  
'Twas thus that little Willie spake, her little angel brother ;  
Half buried in the blooming flowers they blessed and kissed  
each other.

And then a mist came o'er her eyes, and waking from her dream,  
She felt the breeze upon her cheek, and heard the purling stream ;  
And running home, and staying not till she had found her mother,  
She climbed into her lap and asked, "Had I a little brother?"

"For while I was asleep to-day he came to be my guide,  
And said that he was Willie dear, my brother who had died ;  
And 'twas in heaven he said we were, and all was happy there,  
He told me it was always bright, and all its scenes were fair."

"And twined within each other's arms we blessed and kissed  
each other,  
Now can it be that I had once so sweet a little brother?"  
Thus questioned little Eloise, with a delighted eye,  
The while her mother's filled with tears as thus she made reply.

"Yes, darling child, before your eyes had scanned this worldly tide,  
Our precious little Willie lived, our darling Willie died ;  
And if I dimly saw before that world so pure and blest,  
Thy simple words, my child, have set my doubts and fears to rest."

And clasping then her darling girl, with mother love, so true,  
As if in clasping Eloise she clasped her Willie too,  
She seemed to see that bright world ope, and this one fade away,  
As did her darling Eloise upon that holiday.

---

#### RUMNEY HILLS.

The rippling rills from Rumney hills  
Flow down to Baker's river,  
And how my heart with rapture thrills  
To see them flash and quiver,  
For there, along those bonny banks,  
Beside those sparkling waters,  
The maiden walked who won my love,  
The flower of Grafton's daughters.

How proudly stand the mountains grand  
On Rumney's rocky border,  
Upheaved by the Creator's hand  
In eloquent disorder,

But beauty dwells in all the dells,  
And e'en the mountains hoary  
Give lessons of the power of God,  
And glimpses of His glory.

There cradled, lived the girl who came  
To bless my lowland dwelling,  
How much I love the brave old place  
My words are weak in telling.  
But like a picture of the bright  
Elysian lands of story,  
The halo of a deathless love  
Surrounds it with its glory.

---

GOOD WISHES.

Good wishes to the world I send,  
To rich and poor, to high and low,  
To false and true, to foe and friend,  
To one and all, good wishes, go.

To endless summer's spicy vales,  
And frozen zones of ice and snow,  
Like perfume of the gentle gales,  
On viewless wings, good wishes, go.

To lowly cot and lordly hall,  
To courts of vice and haunts of woe,  
To children taught, if taught at all,  
The ways of crime, good wishes, go.


To mourning halls and bridal bowers  
Where grief and joy are wont to flow,  
To convict cells and prison towers,  
With healing voice, good wishes, go.

To slave and master, bond and free,  
To king and peasant, friend and foe,  
Whatever they may feel for me,  
To one and all, good wishes, go.

---

MOURN NOT FOR ME WHEN I AM DEAD.

Mourn not for me when I am dead,  
Turn gently back the falling tear,  
And rather let rejoicing shed  
Its kindly beams above my bier,



---

For grief is useless, tears are vain,  
They can not help the sleeper there,  
And, waking into life again,  
His soul the mourner's grief may share.

Mourn not for me when I am gone,  
Why did I write that sad word "dead"?  
They are not dead—the newly born  
Into a life we should not dread!  
The spirit's freedom once attained,  
'Twill pierce the earth and cleave the sky,  
Why then, when more of life is gained,  
Do mortals weep and say, "we die"?

Mourn not for me when I am free,  
Why did I write the sad word, "gone"?  
Gone from our loved? It cannot be!  
The everlasting soul lives on,  
And true to nature's law will go  
Wherever led by inmost love,  
And seek the scenes of earth below,  
As well as fairer scenes above.

---

#### THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

The stars above are shining, love,  
The clouds are silver white,  
And we are all alone, my own,  
This regal winter night.  
Then nestle near without a fear  
That prying eyes will see,  
And we may say whate'er we may,  
And none the wiser be.

The winter skies with sweeter dyes  
Were never known to glow,  
And never steed with swifter speed  
Flew o'er the fleecy snow,  
And never night, however bright  
The starry dome above,  
Outrivalled this in joy and bliss,  
That now we give to love.

The music swells from silver bells,  
And echoes far and wide,  
As over vale and hill and dale  
Right merrily we ride;



But more to me than melody,  
However sweet its fall,  
Is woman's face of winning grace,  
The crowning charm of all.

Then banish care and fondly share  
This season of delight,  
For we are all alone, my own,  
This regal winter night ;  
And nestle near without a fear  
That other eyes will see,  
And we may say whate'er we may  
And none the wiser be.

---

#### THE STOLEN KISS.

Oh ! how my heart upbraided me  
When, in a moment dire,  
I kissed sweet Jennie's snow-white hand,  
O'ercome by my desire,  
And saw within her pretty eyes  
A rising look of ire.

I begged she would not take offence,  
Quite overcome with fear,  
"Offence ! why should I not ?" she said,  
In accents low and clear,  
"That you should kiss a lady's hand  
When—when her lips were near !"

---

#### LINES TO THE AMERICAN FLAG,

ON THE 4TH OF JULY.

Thou glorious banner of the free,  
Flung out from countless quivering spars  
On hill and plain, o'er land and sea,  
My country's flag of stripes and stars,  
What joy to see thy colors bright  
High in the heavenly arch of blue,  
Baptized in freedom's holy light,  
And to the star of progress true !

What raptures rise in loyal breasts  
To see those gallant folds unfurled,  
Divine with freedom's high behests,  
And broad enough for all the world !

---

What royalty around it clings,  
Victorious in so many wars,  
Surmounted by the bird whose wings  
Soar nearest to the sun and stars !

O flag of hope ! what glories blend  
With every star, with every fold,  
Till heaven itself could scarcely lend  
More lustre to thy gleams of gold !  
Wide as the world extends thy fame,  
And millions join in loud huzzas,  
And glory in thy glorious name,  
My country's flag of stripes and stars !

---

THE PAUPER MILL.

Yonder swings a gilded sign  
Lettered "Lager beer and wine."  
It were well if those who gaze  
Saw it as it should appear,  
"Wine that wins from virtue's ways,  
Beer that brings you to your bier."  
Or it might, with reason still,  
Read "The people's pauper mill."

Stepping in, a gilded show  
Hides an under wave of woe.  
Here are gathered tell-tale lips,  
There is seen a tell-tale nose,  
Showing how the one who sips,  
Surely down to ruin goes.  
Though all business else is still,  
Blithely goes the pauper mill.

Hearts may break and homes may be  
Desolated hopelessly ;  
Grief and sorrow, want and woe,  
Crime and ruin, hand in hand,  
From the poison cup may flow,  
Desolating all the land,  
Yet do christian people still  
Tolerate the pauper mill.

---

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

With reverence and with awe we bow,  
Proud mountain of the North, to thee,

Upon whose heaven-ascending brow  
Is throned eternal majesty.  
Can man, unmoved, thy glories trace?  
Unawed, within thy presence stand?  
Ah, no! the humblest of the race  
Pay homage to our mountain land.

How proudly, in the morning light,  
Thy walls reflect the roseate rays  
That on thy far ascending height  
Like banners of an army blaze;  
How proudly when the sun ascends,  
And day's meridian charms expand,  
Thy summit with the azure blends,  
Thou monarch of our mountain land.

And when the clouds, with sullen gloom,  
To fierce and fiery conflict march,  
And belts of lurid flame illumine  
The chaos of the heavenly arch,  
More proudly still, amidst the fierce  
And flaming fury of the blast,  
With mail no fiery bolt can pierce,  
Ascends thy summit, grim and vast.

The works of man—at best they rise,  
The fleeting wonder of a day,  
Whilst thou shalt proudly pierce the skies  
Long as the sun and stars have sway.  
The boasted monuments of art—  
How puny when compared with thee,  
Whose fadeless grandeur moves the heart  
As mighty tempests move the sea.

'Tis fitting that thy lordly height  
Should bear Columbia's proudest name,  
And keep forever green and bright  
The glorious record of his fame;  
And towering o'er our fruitful land,  
Such love of freedom should inspire,  
As nerves the heart and moves the hand  
To guard it with a wall of fire.

Around thee sweep the chilling blasts  
Of winter in his wild career,  
But winter's self a halo casts  
Around thy forehead, calm and clear,

And when the snows of winter melt,  
And creep away in shining streams,  
Upon thy brow the lessening belt  
Of snow and ice with beauty gleams.

Thy base, with summer foliage crowned,  
Invites the pilgrim to its shade,  
And there, as if on hallowed ground,  
His soul responds to Him who made  
The mountain's summit rise above  
The storms that roll around its base,  
And catch the gleams of light and love,  
A lesson to the human race.

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### Aurin M. Payson.

Payson formerly resided in Portsmouth, and more recently in Lymefield, in 1864 he, with Albert Lighton, compiled the "Poets of Portsmouth," a great value.

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#### SEDES MUSARUM.

If thou would'st love to strike the lyre,  
And wake the choral song of heaven,  
Believe not inspiration's fire  
Burns brightest at the dusk of even.

But haste to where the laurels bend  
Their graceful boughs at morning dawn,  
And Nature's voices sweetly blend  
In joyous music o'er the lawn.

In whispering branches o'er thy head,  
And laughing brooks beneath thy feet,  
Around the graves of hallowed dead,  
The sacred Muses hold their seat.

On hill-tops and in grottos green ;  
Amid the strife of tempests dire ;  
Or where we watch the nightly queen,  
Whose silver light sweet thoughts inspire ;

Amid lone silence, deep, profound ;  
Up where no creature's foot hath trod,  
Or voice was ever heard to sound  
On mountain peak but that of God !

Within the halls of Memory, too,  
Where legends of the past are hung ;

And o'er whose tablets, waiting you,  
Are gems of beauty loosely flung ;

In pattering rain-drops on the towers ;  
The heaving ocean's low bass-tone ;  
Beneath the grass, mid tiny flowers ;  
The sighing zephyr's gentle moan ;

Along Piscataqua's sunny shore,  
Where sweeps the deep resistless tide,—  
Their echoes answer, evermore  
Down toward eternity we glide !

Out on those dark sequestered strands,  
When forms were transformed into ghosts  
In years long past, bright laurelled bands  
Of Muses strolled along the coasts.

Could some clear panoramic view  
Of dusky olden time be given,  
And scenes of centuries lost renew,  
Beneath this deep blue vault of heaven,

Perhaps those spirit forms might *now*,  
All floating toward the dark-blue sea,  
Be seen with garlands on their brow,  
Waking the harp's sweet minstrelsy.

### Samuel Crofut Keeler.

Rev. Samuel Crofut Keeler was born April 1, 1828, in Redding Conn., but was reared from early infancy in the town of Bethel in that state. He joined the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in April, 1853, and was ordained a deacon in 1853, and an elder in 1857. He has received five pastoral appointments in his native state, viz: Wolcottville, Colebrook River, Trum bull, Milford and Georgetown. He was stationed eleven years in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and was pastor of four churches in those cities, one of them being the old, historical, John Street Church, the first and oldest Methodist Church established in this country. He was also engaged as Agent of the Am. Seamen's Friend Society and in City Mission Work for a time. In the spring of 1877 he was transferred to the New Hampshire Conference and stationed at Suncook where he remained three years. The third year of his pastorate of the church in Sunapee expired in April, 1883. In 1878 he published a neat volume containing a poem "In Memoriam" of Josiah Langmaid.

### BROKEN-HEARTED.

To blight a worthy and virtuous name,  
A scandal, born of an envious mind,  
Was loaded full with a burden of shame,  
And given, then, to the wings of the wind ;  
And onward they bore the whispering breath,  
With the cruel message of woe and death.

Clearer and stronger it speedily grew,  
 As wider and farther it wandered round ;  
 From one to another it swiftly flew,  
 Till at last the scandal its victim found ;  
 And her soul was pierced by the poison-dart,  
 A reproach that was aimed to break her heart.

Pure as the treasures of snow in the sky,  
 Enwrapt in the heavens that gave them birth,  
 And borne o'er the paths where the seraphs fly,  
 Unstained by the touch of the soiling earth—  
 Yet a sland'rous tongue had set her apart,  
 To bear its reproach and to break her heart.

And the world grew darker day by day,  
 And her desolate life grew still more sad,  
 From the heartless scoff of the rude and gay,  
 And the cold distrust of the good and bad :  
 Yet mutely she bore her sorrowful part,  
 While cruel reproach was breaking her heart.

From the scourge of tongues though bleeding and torn,  
 To appeal for mercy to man were vain,  
 And her cry to Heaven alone was borne,  
 As she strove to hide her sorrow and pain.  
 But the foes of her peace still plied their art,  
 While reproach was surely breaking her heart.

O'er full, at last, was the cup of her woe,  
 And a sweet release to her soul was given ;  
 From the scourging of evil tongues below  
 She went to the "great reward" in heaven.  
 As the fleshly walls were bursting apart,  
 "Reproach," she exclaimed, "hath broken my heart."

#### THE SILENT DEAD.

He lay in his crib, where oft he had slept,  
 And innocent joys o'er his features were beaming ;  
 Like one who in slumber by angels is kept,  
 To me did he seem to be sleeping and dreaming.  
 "Fishing 'twere thus, alas ! such was my thought ;  
 And, "Willie," I call'd, but he answer'd me not.

Our summers he lived, and soon they had flown,  
 For joys that were new with each he was bringing ;  
 As light was his presence, its music his own :

But hush'd is his music, that light is not shining.  
And sadly I miss him with the blessings he brought ;  
And, "Willie," I call, but he answers me not.

I've stood by his grave, where gently they laid him :  
Cold were the winds that o'er him were wailing ;  
But, deep in his sleep, where the frost has bound him.  
He hears not the wind, nor heeds he my yearning ;  
His name to my ear, by echoes was brought ;  
As, "Willie," I call'd, and he answer'd me not.

I dream he is near me : as upward I gaze,  
His beautiful form on the air is reclining ;  
O'er my sorrowing heart, and my darken'd days,  
His presence its light, its fragrance is shedding :  
He'll answer me now, so sweetly I've thought ;  
And, "Willie," I've call'd, but he answer'd me not.

I know he has gone, and safely passed o'er,  
To the land of the bless'd, where now he is dwelling ;  
I've follow'd him down to the shadowy shore,  
His footsteps I've traced on the land he was leaving :  
There vainly I've wept, him in vain I have sought,  
For, "Willie," I've call'd, but he answer'd me not.

Unseen are the things by faith I behold ;  
A city with beauty and glory all gleaming ;  
Its gates are of pearl, its streets are of gold,  
And sweet are the songs that there they are singing ;  
There I have seen him, his strains I have caught,  
And, "Willie," I've call'd, but he answer'd me not.

When before me the veil by death shall be riven,  
Changing my being, my grossness refining ;  
Then, organs like his to me shall be given,  
Seeing as I'm seen, and heard as I'm hearing ;  
No visions nor echoes my senses shall mock ;  
Nor, "Willie," I call, and he answer me not.

### Caroline E. K. Parker.

Mrs. Caroline Eustis Parker is the daughter of the late Edmund and Catharine Langdon Roberts, of Portsmouth, where her early life was spent. In the year 1849 she married Robert Parker, a lawyer of Delhi, Delaware County, N. Y., and she has resided in Delhi since her marriage; and has continued to contribute articles both in prose and verse, to some of the best periodicals in this country, and for a long while she wrote regularly for papers published in London, England. Many of her choice poems and songs have been set to music, by composers of no ordinary standing. Mrs. Parker has also published a number of books for children, among others, "Work and Play," "Stories for Little Ones at Home," "Wilson's Kindling Depot," and a small volume entitled "The Old Kitchen Fire, and other poems" published by the Am. Tract Society, New York.

## OUR LAMB.

Take away the little baby,  
Folded in his garments white ;  
Place him in the rosewood casket,  
Close the lid upon him tight ;  
Throw the pall upon the coffin,  
Bear our little one away ;  
Leave me in my quiet chamber,—  
We have lost our lamb to-day.

Bear the casket and its jewel  
Out beneath the open sky :  
Dust to dust, our little treasure  
With its mother-earth must lie.  
Heap the sod upon the coffin,  
Hide our darling quite away ;  
Leave me in my quiet chamber,—  
We have lost our lamb to-day.

Let him sleep on, while the daisies  
Bloom upon the grassy sod :  
Leave him there, our fairest flower,  
Leave our darling with his God !  
Very lonely, sad, and heart-sick,  
On my bed I weep and pray ;  
Leave me in my quiet chamber,—  
We have lost our lamb to-day.

Only three short weeks I had him  
Folded in my arms of love ;  
Then the Heavenly Shepherd called him  
To that other fold above.  
Oh ! I know my child is safest,  
Borne on angel wings away ;  
Yet my tears are falling, falling,  
For we've lost our lamb to-day.

Bear him, angels, far above us,  
To the regions of the blest :  
No more pain, no sin, no sorrow,—  
Safe within the fold of rest.  
Throbbing heart-aches, tears of anguish,  
Let me banish you away !  
Oh, rejoice ! though sick and lonely,—  
Heaven has gained our lamb to-day.



God, in his good time, will send us  
 Blessèd comfort from above :  
 He who wept o'er Lazarus sleeping  
 Looks on us with pitying love.  
 Little lamb, in Jesus' keeping,  
 Christ himself hath called away ;  
 Heavenly Shepherd, gently, gently,  
 Guide our little lamb to-day.

### Sarah Roberts Boyle.

Mrs. Boyle was a native of Portsmouth, and second daughter of Edmund and Catharine Langton Roberts. In the year 1853 she married Dr. James Boyle, a physician of New York city. She was a great invalid for many years, and bore with wonderful patience and Christian fortitude the severe suffering she was called upon to endure. She died on the 16th of March, 1868. Her life was an exemplification of the very "beauty of holiness." Her poems are of a very high order, many of them breathing a spirit of pure and true devotion, have become household words among her many friends. Mrs. Boyle also wrote many books for children, among others, "The Stepmother," "Our Opposite Neighbor," and "The Good Grandmother," issued by the Episcopal S. S. Union. Her books and poems had a very large circulation in this country, and many of them were republished in England.

### THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
 By the dusty roadside,  
 On the sunny hillside,  
 Close by the noisy brook,  
 In every shady nook,  
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere :  
 All round the open door,  
 Where sit the aged poor,  
 Here, where the children play  
 In the bright and merry May,  
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
 In the noisy city street  
 My pleasant face you'll meet,  
 Cheering the sick at heart,  
 Toiling his busy part :  
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
 You cannot see me coming,  
 Nor hear my low sweet hum

For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours :  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
When you're numbered with the dead  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy spring I'll come,  
And deck your silent home ;  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere :  
My humble song of praise,  
Most gratefully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land ;  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

### Abbie Huntoon McCrillis.

Mrs. McCrillis was born in Unity in 1828. She resided in her native town until she was married in 1851 to Mr. William H. McCrillis of Goshen. Their home was in Goshen until 1874 when they removed to Newport.

#### THE DAISY.

I am a laughing daisy, a-dancing in the sun ;  
The farmer tries to stop me as o'er his fields I run.  
The more he plans and ponders some means to drive me out,  
The more the people love me, and tote me all about.

And little children love me, and we together play ;  
We're nodding in the sunshine all through the summer's day.  
They shower my pure white petals around like falling snow,  
I join in fun and mischief, as through the grass we go.

What care I for farmer? with happy children's love,  
I read his grounds all over, like white snows from above.  
In early summer, and stay till dreary fall,  
I am in my favor ; for I'm the pet of all.

I'm painted on a panel to fill an empty space ;  
Wrought into window shading, and in the finest lace.  
I'm on the richest satin, of every hue and shade,  
Of which the very loveliest of Christmas gifts are made.

I'm woven into carpets in many a sweet bouquet,  
And here I bloom all winter, as brightly as in May.  
I go to church in summer on hats of dainty style ;  
I do not join the service, but bow my head the while.

I go to balls and parties twined gracefully among  
The silver locks of sixty and golden of the young.  
I'm on the silver service, and on the china ware ;  
It's seldom you will miss me, for I am everywhere.

### Jeremiah Eams Rankin.

J. E. Rankin, D. D., son of Rev. Andrew and Lois E. Rankin, is a native of Thornton. Much of his boyhood was spent in Salisbury and Concord; and he once taught the academy at Sanbornton Square; graduated at Middlebury College in 1848; at Andover Theological Seminary in 1854; has preached in Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell and Charleston, Mass., and for thirteen years has been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C. He is called the Ecclial Poet Preacher of the Capital. Dr. Rankin has a clear, sympathetic voice, and is one of the most popular preachers. He has published many hymns, poems, and sermons. A volume entitled "Subduing Kingdoms, and other Sermons," appeared in 1882.

### SLEEP HERE IN PEACE.

Sleep here in peace !  
To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee,  
No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee ;  
No fever-thirst, no grief that needs assuaging,  
No tempest burst above thy head loud raging.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning shining,  
No more the glory of the day's declining ;  
No more the night that stoops serene above thee,  
Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love thee.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
Unknown to thee, the spring will come with blessing,  
The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing ;  
Unknown will come the autumn, rich and mellow,  
Sprinkling thy couch with foliage, golden yellow.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,  
 Where she has garnered up our dear departed ;  
 The prattling babe, the wife, the old man hoary,  
 The tired of human life, the crowned with glory.  
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 This is the gate for thee to walks immortal,  
 This is the entrance to the pearly portal ;  
 The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,  
 Whose feet now walk Jerusalem the Golden.  
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 For not on earth shall be man's rest eternal ;  
 Faith's morn shall come ! Each setting sun diurnal,  
 Each human sleeping, and each human waking,  
 Hastens the day that shall on earth be breaking.  
 Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !  
 Faith's morn shall come ! when He, our Lord and Maker,  
 Shall claim His own that slumber in God's Acre ;  
 When He, who once for man death's anguish tasted,  
 Shall show death's gloomy realm despoiled and wasted !  
 Sleep here in peace !

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#### IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

I sat alone with life's memories  
 In sight of the crystal sea ;  
 And I saw the thrones of the star-crown'd ones,  
 With never a crown for me.  
 And then the voice of the Judge said, "Come,"  
 Of the Judge on the great white throne ;  
 And I saw the star-crowned take their seats,  
 But none could I call my own.

I thought me then of my childhood days,  
 The prayer at my mother's knee ;  
 Of the counsels grave that my father gave—  
 The wrath I was warned to flee ;  
 I said, "Is it then too late, too late ?  
 Shut without, must I stand for aye ?  
 And the Judge, will He say, 'I know you not,'  
 Howe'er I may knock and pray?"

I thought, I thought of the days of God  
I'd wasted in folly and sin—  
Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd,  
And I would not let Him in.  
I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made  
When I lay at death's dark door—  
"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife,  
And serve Him forever more."

I heard a voice, like the voice of God—  
"Remember, remember, my son!  
Remember thy ways in the former days,  
The crown that thou might'st have won!"  
I thought, I thought and my thoughts ran on,  
Like the tide of a sunless sea—  
"Am I living or dead?" to myself I said,  
"An end is there ne'er to be?"

It seemed as though I woke from a dream,  
How sweet was the light of day!  
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells  
From towers that were far away.  
I then became as a little child,  
And I wept, and wept afresh;  
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,  
And given a heart of flesh.

Still oft I sit with life's memories,  
And think of the crystal sea;  
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones;  
I know there's a crown for me.  
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come,"  
Of the Judge on the great white throne,  
I know mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones  
There's one I shall call my own.

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#### AFTER SNOW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

After snow, after snow  
Do the sweet-breathed violets blow;  
Then grim winter is departing,  
And the emerald clover starting:  
While the lark mounts high, you know,  
After snow.

---

As God will, as God will !  
 Be it mine but to hold still :  
 Should the clouds above me thicken,  
 Rain will but the grasses quicken,  
 And God's treasure-houses fill :  
 As God will.

Hush my heart ! hush my heart !  
 Ease must interchange with smart ;  
 Though thick troubles now enfold thee,  
 Let sweet trust in God uphold thee ;  
 Look above : 'tis faith's high art :  
 Hush, my heart !

#### THE BABIE.\*

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,  
 Nae stockin' on her feet ;  
 Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
 Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
 Her double, dimplit chin,  
 Her puckered lips, and baumy mou',  
 With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,  
 Twa gentle, liquid things ;  
 Her face is like an angel's face :  
 We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,  
 A giftie God gied us :  
 We maun na luve the gift owre weel ;  
 Twad be nae blessin' thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,  
 An' see Him in the given ;  
 An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,  
 Our bairn straight frae Heaven.

\* In the copy of sheet music published by Ditson & Co., this stanza is introduced as a chorus :—

Bonnie bairn, clean and sweet,  
 Now ye craw, and now ye greet.  
 Nane but God can ever see  
 What ye are to wife and me.

### Edmund Hayward.

Rev. Edmund Hayward, the son of Dea. Amherst and Sarah (Fish) Hayward, was born in Gilsum, December 1, 1828. His mother is first cousin to the late William C. Bryant. He first for college at home, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1851. He then engaged in teaching, was preceptor of the Academy at Franconstown three years, at Wilmot & Paula, Vt., two years; and at Pembroke one year. He was a teacher at Kimball Union Academy, and at New Ipswich Appleton Academy, one year each. Having been nominated as a candidate for the ministry, he supplied the pulpit of the Second Church in New Ipswich nine months. He was ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Dummerston, Oct. 9, 1851; was dismissed May 1, 1856, and installed at South Berwick, Maine, May 11, 1856, where he remained seven years. In 1860 he was called by the American Missionary Association to a Professorship of Mathematics in Fiske University, at Nashville, Tenn., where he remained two years. For the next five years he was engaged mostly in writing the *History of Gilsum*, which was published in 1861. He was installed pastor of the Evangelical Free Church at Grove Village in Southbridge, Mass., Dec. 29, 1864. In July 1868, he delivered at Dartmouth College, a poem, entitled, "Bras and Beams."

#### LINES AT SUNSET.

O! could I but fly with spirit-like speed  
 Out on to the setting sun!  
 And still where the wave of his bright glories lead,  
 In ecstasies follow on!

O! how would I bask in the lambent light,  
 And float in the floods of gold!  
 I would bend my bow with the purple bright,  
 And the arrow around me fold!

I would rest on the wings of the white curling mist,  
 The lightest the breeze ever bore!  
 By the sweet Eyes of Beauty my cheeks should be kissed,  
 And to each I'd remain evermore!

#### TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Little infant, softly slumber,  
 Three, while life in weeks we number,  
 Wordly cares cannot encounter.  
 Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Rest thee still, for while thou'rt sleeping,  
 Thoughts of sorrow o'er thee creeping  
 Cannot give thee cause for weeping.  
 Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Life is coming with its troubles,  
 Pleasures emptier than bubbles,  
 Weigh that every sorrow doubles.  
 Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Smiles upon thy face are beaming,  
Rays of glittering glory gleaming  
From the far off land of dreaming.  
Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Or do poets tell us rightly,  
That when infants smile so brightly,  
Angels o'er them whisper lightly?  
Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Let those whispers ever guide thee,  
Then, whate'er in life betide thee,  
Spirits bright shall smile beside thee,  
Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Short the time till life forsaking,  
Deeper rest shalt thou be taking  
In "the sleep that knows no waking."  
Sleep on, my child, sleep on.

Nay! a glorious hope is given;  
Lo, the bonds of Death are riven!  
To the crystal dawn of Heaven,  
Awake, my child, awake!

---

OR THE DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

"Procul, O procul, este profani!"

Ye who ope this book, beware!  
Let indifference never dare  
Stain the page that now is fair.

This is Friendship's holy shrine,  
Here Affection's tendrils twine,  
And from clusters of her vine  
Love shall press his golden wine.

Freely quaff that sparkling flood;  
'Tis the heart's most precious blood;  
'Tis the only earthly good.

May you, with those recorded here,  
Find its currents bright and clear,  
Unalloyed with bitter tear,

And beyond these clouded skies,  
When the eternal morn shall rise,  
Drink it pure in Paradise.



## THRENODY.

O blessèd Jesus, how my heart is yearning  
 To clasp the darlings thou hast called away !  
 With quenchless sorrow all my soul is burning  
 To see, embrace, and hear them, if I may.  
 How sweet the music of their happy voices !  
 How dear the pattering of their feet at play !  
 With ceaseless billows all my bosom tosses,  
 Lorn of the darlings thou hast called away.

I know that from all earthly storms defended  
 Like tender lambs they lie upon thy breast ;  
 No more they weep ; all childish griefs are ended ;  
 Safe folded in thy loving arms they rest.  
 But, Lord, my eyes are dim with mists of sadness ;  
 My faith is weak, and darkness blots the day ;  
 I cannot see the beauty and the gladness  
 That crown the darlings thou hast called away.

Lord, touch my sightless eyes that upward turning  
 Still fail with longing their delights to see,  
 That healed and cleansed they may, with faith's discerning,  
 Look on the mansions where they rest with thee.  
 Let the dark pinions of this sorrow nearer  
 Bring thee, O Saviour, to my soul, I pray ;  
 Sweeter the richness of thy love and dearer  
*Because my darlings thou hast called away.*

Shrouded in darkness, drinking down the bitter,  
 Thy love can sweeten every scalding drop ;  
 Thy smile can make the murky midnight glitter  
 With the bright dawning of eternal hope.  
 Through life's slow cadence nevermore forsaken,  
 O lead me in thy loving steps each day,  
 Till with thy likeness satisfied I waken,  
 And find the darlings thou hast called away.

---

**Thomas P. Russell.**

T. P. Russell was the son of a farmer in Plainfield. Having in youth had the misfortune to lose a leg by amputation, he learned the trade of a tailor. He also taught penmanship and was a book-keeper for some time in the office of the Claremont Manufacturing Company in Claremont. His verses occasionally appeared in the newspapers. The piece given below was composed while he was tending the boiling of maple sap in the woods, it being suggested by the falling of a leaf. He died, while yet a young man, in 1860.

---

 LINES TO A LEAF.

Why cling to thy parent tree, Old Leaf—  
 When all thy mates are gone?  
 Thou seems't like one, whom the phials of grief  
 Are poured unsparingly on—  
 Thou remind'st me of man, whose head is bleached  
 By four-score winters and ten;  
 Whose kindred, the hand of death has reached,  
 And turned unto dust again.

Thou hast staid in thy native place! Old Leaf—  
 Till time hath bronzed thy face;—  
 But soon thou must leave it, for time is brief,  
 Ere others will take thy place:  
 And 'tis thus with man—his childhood home  
 Is the dearest spot to his heart;  
 He feels delight o'er its precincts to roam,  
 And a pang of regret to part.

Thou hast battled with many a storm! Old Leaf—  
 And in many a breeze didst play,  
 While Time with his sickle (a sly old thief),  
 Was reaping thy kindred away.  
 And man on the stormy ocean of time,  
 With many a tempest doth meet,  
 And zephyrs, wafted from sunnier climes,  
 With odors delicious, replete.

But the days of thy glory are past! Old Leaf—  
 Thy beauty hath faded away;  
 Then strive not longer to bear thy grief,  
 But fall to the ground and decay.  
 So man, when his number of days is past,  
 Will experience the common lot,  
 When the angel of Death blows his summoning blast,  
 He must die—be buried—forgot.

---

 Celestia S. Goodale.

Mrs. Goodale, a daughter of John Mooney, Esq., of Northfield, was born in 1820. She was married to John H. Goodale, editor of the *Manchester Democrat*, in 1848, and died in 1863. She was an apt and accomplished writer, largely aiding her husband in his editorial work, and contributing many articles to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

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 THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Methinks the sun is brighter, dear, than 'twas a year ago;  
 The flowers wear a richer hue, and time moves not so slow.

This earth that I have looked upon since first I saw the light—  
Sure it is fresher, lovelier, now, than when first spake from night.

The song of birds is sweeter, dear, than 'twas a year this time:  
The music of the flowing stream hath melody of chime.  
The sunset wears a richer hue than when I gazed alone;  
The moon that used to look so cold has very pleasant grown.

And sure the heart that worshipped thee, a whole year long ago,  
Still turns to thee, its idol-shrine, and burns its incense low.  
The world has naught to charm away, from willing worship given:  
Why should the spirit stoop to earth, that rested once in heaven.

Our sky is fair, no sorrows, dear, have dimmed its glory yet:  
And in its blue, so clear and bright, there are no warnings set.  
Yet for all this we lie not down to sleep, when done is life,  
Without the drinking of the cup, without the bitter strife.

Earth never held the favored one whom sorrow has not known:  
Whose cup has not been running o'er with bitter draughts alone:  
And yet the cup our Father gives, shall we not drink? In vain  
The supplicating cry goes up, "Spare us, O God, this pain!"

Yet why grieve now? Our hearts, my dear, will not grow cold  
in need;

We'll not forget the promise given when light was overhead.  
Its truths shall lead us on through life, an angel in earth-guise:  
Shall it not guide us to that land,—its home, beyond the skies?

### Mary Dwinell Chellis Lund.

Mrs. Lund, who resides in Newport, is the wife of S. Frank Lund, and a daughter of the late Seth Chellis. She is a native of Goshen, and is known in the literary world as Mary Dwinell Chellis. Besides being a voluminous writer of newspaper stories and sketches, she is the author of over thirty books which have had an extensive sale. These books are found in nearly all our Sunday School libraries, as well as in many public libraries. Several have been republished in other countries.

#### THE BOBOLINK.

Down in the meadow the rollicking fellow  
Singing and whistling from morning till night,  
Loudest and clearest when sunshine is yellow,  
Resting in silence when fadeth the light.

Swinging so gently when rocked by the zephyr,  
Pluming his feathers of sable and white,  
Daintiest dandy in early June weather,  
Winning his mistress by song and by right.

looms, filling the air with their sweetness,  
t him to linger mid beauty so rare ;  
his staying ; with arrowy fleetness  
as he exulting once more to the air.

bend lightly, and clover tops nodding,  
ing this songster of meadow and field ;  
and gleeful, what knows he of plodding ?  
ess of danger the future may yield.

re laughter, or bells in their chiming,  
ng and ringing, half gifted with thought ;  
of gladness with merry hearts timing,  
es of jingle with melody fraught.

e often while wild bees are humming,  
to catch the first notes of his song ;  
, rejoicing, we welcome his coming,  
l of summer and days that are long.

#### THE WATER SPRITE.

|              |                            |
|--------------|----------------------------|
| r sprite,    | "See the bottle imp,       |
| e night,     | Long, and lank, and limp ; |
| e day ;      | See his bony arms,         |
| I've to say. | See his serpent charms.    |

|                |                           |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| children dear, | "With the chime of bells  |
| draw near ;    | We will weave our spells, |
| or you         | Till he cries at last     |
| ed with dew.   | 'You have bound me fast.' |

|               |                           |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| lwell with me | "Then beneath the wave    |
| d sea ;       | He shall find a grave ;   |
| pearls        | While for you and me      |
| ssy curls.    | Mirth and song shall be." |

#### POEM.

ly dedicated to Lemuel Osgood on his ninety-first birthday.

|                 |                                 |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| ey are many,    | Dear brothers and sisters       |
| nd one ;        | Have passed on before ;         |
| vs a-weary,     | Companions yet dearer           |
| ost done.       | Have reached the far shore.     |
| ld we sorrow ?  | But glad are the greetings      |
| nd despond ?    | Where friend meets with friend, |
| for the morrow, | To join in the praises          |
| yond.           | Which never shall end.          |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>The roof-tree which sheltered<br/>The mother and son<br/>Is moss-grown and hoary<br/>With years ninety-one.<br/>The house in the heavens,<br/>Not builded with hands,<br/>The house that is waiting,<br/>Eternally stands.</p> <p>The sunlight and shadow,<br/>The mist's silver sheen,<br/>On upland and meadow<br/>But dimly are seen.<br/>In city celestial,<br/>With pavements of gold,<br/>Forever and ever<br/>New beauties unfold.</p> | <p>Now bending to listen ;<br/>Half wearied to know<br/>The words which seem spoken<br/>So softly and low.<br/>Where worship the ransomed.<br/>All nations shall hear :<br/>Each song and hosanna<br/>Fall full on the ear.</p> <p>Now moving so slowly,<br/>Once stalwart and strong ;<br/>The footsteps they falter ;<br/>The march has been long.<br/>Yet pass through the portal,<br/>This life's work well done ;<br/>Youth's crown is immortal,<br/>Though ninety and one.</p> |
|--|--|

### Mary Elizabeth Ferguson Brett.

Miss Brett is a native of Easton, Mass. When she was ten years of age her parents removed to Gilmanton. Their home there was called "Elmwood," from the beautiful elm-trees around it. She graduated at Gilmanton Academy, and afterwards spent some time at Mystic Hall Seminary, West Medford, Mass. From Gilmanton the family removed to Concord, and a few years later to Newport, where their home was called "Riverside Cottage." For the past ten years they have resided in Boston.

#### "BALL'S BLUFF."

Oct. 21, 1861.

Hear ye the moan of the wind in the trees?  
Know ye the story that's told by the breeze?  
As it sweeps through the vale  
The leaf, withered and pale,  
And courser-like flies o'er brown hill and dale.

Methinks 'tis the requiem, mournfully breathed  
For names that come to us cypress enwreathed,  
Of the gallant and brave  
Who sank 'neath the wave,  
And found mid Potomac's dark waters a grave!

Oh fearful the tale, that's borne o'er the land,  
Of the fierce battle fray, the fight hand to hand,  
While a dark, crimson flood  
Of precious life blood,  
In baptismal drops on the green earth is poured!

Alas for the young brow, where Death's seal is set !  
 Alas for the veteran, for whom eyes are wet !  
     Who have fought side by side,  
     Who have gone in their pride,  
 And for our bright banner have bled and have died !

Alas for the dear ones, for whom the tear swells !  
 And mournfully sweet as the cadence of bells,  
     Is the memory we'll keep,  
     Of them, as they sleep—  
 Though in desolate homes, the mourner doth weep !

Fadeless the chaplet, that crowns each bright name,  
 Of glory and honor ! and deathless the fame  
     Of that true, Spartan band,  
     That Thermopylae band,  
 Whose valorous deeds have thrilled through the land !

---

LINEs WRITTEN FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Upon this "Golden Wedding" day,  
     With joyous hearts we come,  
 Assembling friends and kindred dear,  
     In the paternal home ;  
 The home where passed life's sweet May-time,  
     Its glowing summer hours,  
 Where Love a sacred shrine hath reared,  
     Which Memory crowns with flowers.

Within this home for fifty years  
     Of changing light and shade,  
 Affection's sunshine—sorrow's tears—  
     Have grief or gladness made.  
 For fifty years ! how long the time !  
     And yet how quickly fled,  
 To those who here have passed life's prime ;  
     Our household's honored head !

Some sit not at the festal board,  
     Whose names, in by-gone hours,  
 Have been familiar household words—  
     They faded like the flowers.  
 Our hearts their memories green still keep—  
     They've only "gone before"—  
 When life is done, earth's parted meet  
     Upon the other shore.

And on this "Golden Wedding" day,  
 While autumn reigns abroad,  
 While wind-harps breathe a plaintive lay,  
 Our lips speak grateful words;  
 Grateful to Him who spares so long  
 To us, the friends we love,—  
 Oh may we meet to join the song  
 Of shining ones above!

---

### Sarah S. Converse.

Mrs. Converse is a native of Corinth, Vt. In 1857, soon after her marriage to Mr. P. M. Converse, she came to Lyme, where they still reside. Her poems have appeared occasionally in the *Christian Observer* and in the *Morning Star*.

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#### STANZAS.

Sweet Spring, why dost thou linger?  
 O haste, and bring once more  
 The gush of untold gladness  
 Thou didst in days of yore,  
 When life's first dreams of hope and love  
 Made earth seem fair as heaven above.

We breathed the scented zephyr,  
 Where laughing streamlets played,  
 And heard the song-bird's music  
 Swell joyous from the glade,  
 In other days, when spring came round,  
 With a delight that knew no bound.

But since full many a sorrow  
 Hath bowed us to the dust,  
 And taught in earthly treasures  
 How dangerous 'tis to trust,  
 While Faith has soothed the spirit riven,  
 By promise of a home in heaven.

And in that home of beauty  
 No wintry storms are known,  
 But free throughout its borders  
 Perennial joys are strown:  
 Still here to toil, and hope, and pray,  
 Gladly we linger life's brief day:

And would in childish gladness  
 Bless God for birds and flowers;  
 He formed and gives them notice—

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Can aught place them 'neath ours?  
Nay, haste then, Spring, thy pleasures new  
Shall make our hearts to heaven more true.

---

TRUE BEAUTY.

There's beauty in the calm blue sky,  
Its fleecy clouds of white ;  
There's beauty in the glittering stars,  
That gem the brow of night ;  
Yet nobler beauty in the soul  
That bows to wisdom's grand control.

There's beauty in the day's soft close,  
When thought bright circlet weaves ;  
There's beauty in the gorgeous tints,  
That dye the autumn leaves ;  
Yet richer beauty dwells apart,  
In the warm sympathizing heart.

There's beauty in the morning ray,  
That steals the last night's gloom ;  
There's beauty in the mellow light,  
When shines the silver moon ;  
Yet beauty sweeter in the eye,  
Whose love-light checks the rising sigh.

There's beauty in the rippling streams,  
And in the wild bird's song ;  
There's beauty in æolian strain,  
When zephyrs steal along ;  
Yet holier beauty in the love,  
That foretaste given of heaven above.

There's beauty in sweet childhood's home,  
Its each heart-cherished scene—  
The cosey nook, the shaded grove,  
The brook, the hillside green ;  
But yet, methinks blest heaven's clime  
Exceeds in beauty aught of time.

---

SPRING.

The spring has come with skies of blue,  
And birds and leafy bowers,  
And glad I wander in the grove,  
And breathe the breath of flowers ;



Yet still a feeling stirs my heart  
That seems akin to pain,  
While mem'ry speaks of spring-time joys  
That ne'er will come again.

As joyous flows the silvery brook,  
Soft murmuring through the glade,  
As when a child I gaily stole  
To this green willow's shade :  
Yet though as then I gaze around,  
And count earth's beauties o'er,  
In pensive mood I sigh for joys  
That can be mine no more.

Once when this happy season came,  
And fragrant bloomed the spray,  
My gentle brother walked the vale,  
And blessed with me the May :  
But now the wild flowers that he loved  
O'er him in beauty wave,  
For in yon church-yard low he sleeps  
Beside my mother's grave.

'Twas on May morning sweet as this  
That he in calmness died :  
The notes of singing birds were gay,  
Through flowers the soft wind sighed :  
Yet when the love-light faded out,  
From his deep, mild blue eye,  
I felt a sickness of the soul,  
And wished I too could die.

But springs have come and gone since then,  
And time has soothed my grief,  
And God has taught the welcome truth,  
Earth's sorrows all are brief :  
Yet oft, though gladness beams without,  
The day to me looks dim,  
And my poor heart yearns for the time  
When I may rest with him.

### Albert Laighton.

Albert Laighton was born in Portsmouth in 1829. He resides in that city, and is connected in business with the Kensington National Bank. In 1859 he published a volume of poems, and an other edition enlarged and dedicated to his cousin, Mrs. Emily Thaxter, was issued from the press of John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, in 1861. It is an elegant volume. Mr. Laighton stands in the front rank of New England poets. His poems are beautiful and finished productions, and are known and much admired.

## TO MY SOUL.

Guest from a holier world,  
Oh, tell me where the peaceful valleys lie?  
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,  
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?  
Where the green pastures that the blessed roam?  
Impatient dweller in thy clay-built home,  
Where is thy heavenly rest?

On some immortal shore,  
Some realm away from earth and time, I know;  
A land of bloom, where living waters flow,  
And grief comes nevermore.

Faith turns my eyes above;  
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;  
Night watches calmly with her starry eyes  
All tremulous with love.

And as entranced I gaze,  
Sweet music floats to me from distant lyres:  
I see a temple, round whose golden spires  
Unearthly glory plays!

Beyond those azure deeps  
I fix thy home,—a mansion kept for thee  
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key  
Kind Death, the warder, keeps!

## FOUND DEAD.

Found dead! dead and alone!  
There was nobody near, nobody near,  
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—  
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,  
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear,—  
Oh, the city slept when he died alone  
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,  
While wretched and worn he begged for bread,  
Tired of life, and longing to lie  
Peacefully down with the silent dead;

Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,  
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,  
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,  
With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found.

Found dead ! dead and alone,  
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street ;  
Nobody heard his last faint moan,  
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat ;  
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,  
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,  
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound  
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead ! yet *not* alone ;  
There was somebody near,—somebody near  
To claim the wanderer as his own,  
And find a home for the homeless here ;  
One, when every human door  
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,  
Who opens the heavenly portal wide ;  
Ah, God was near when the outcast died.

#### MY NATIVE RIVER.

Like an azure vein from the heart of the main,  
Pulsing with joy for ever,  
By verdurous isles, with dimpled smiles,  
Floweth my native river ;

Singing a song as it flows along,  
Hushed by the Ice-king never ;  
For he strives in vain to clasp a chain  
O'er thy fetterless heart, brave river !

Singing to me as full and free  
As it sang to the dusky daughters,  
When the light canoe like a sea-bird flew  
Over its peaceful waters ;

Or when by the shore of Sagamore  
They joined in their mystic dances ;  
Where the lover's vow is whispered now,  
By the light of maiden glances.

Oh, when the dart shall strike my heart,  
Speeding from Death's full quiver,  
May I close my eyes where smiling skies  
Bend o'er my native river.

---

NEW ENGLAND.

What though they boast of fairer lands,  
Give me New England's hallowed soil,  
The fearless hearts, the swarthy hands  
Stamped with the heraldry of toil.

I love her valleys broad and fair,  
The pathless wood, the gleaming lake,  
The bold and rocky bastions, where  
The billows of the ocean break ;

The grandeur of each mountain peak  
That lifts to heaven its granite form,  
The craggy cliffs where eagles shriek  
Amid the thunder and the storm.

And dear to me each noble deed  
Wrought by the iron wills of yore,—  
The Pilgrim hands that sowed the seed  
Of Freedom on her sterile shore.

---

## EBB AND FLOW.

I wandered alone beside the stream ;  
The tide was out and the sands were bare ;  
The tremulous tone of the sea-bird's scream  
Like a wingèd arrow pierced the air.

I roamed till the sun in the west was low,  
And the robes of twilight trailed in the sea ;  
The waves pulsed in with a rhythmical flow,  
And a song from the woodland came to me.

All day I roam by the stream of Song ;  
The tide is out, and my life is bare,  
While shadows of evil round me throng,  
And drearily croaks the bird of Care.

But at night the waves roll back again,  
And flow in music over my heart,  
Till the dusky phantoms of grief and pain  
From the charmed shores of my brain depart.

---

## THE DEAD.

I cannot tell you if the dead,  
That loved us fondly when on earth,

Walk by our side, sit at our hearth,  
By ties of old affection led ;

Or, looking earnestly within,  
Know all our joys, hear all our sighs,  
And watch us with their holy eyes  
Whene'er we tread the paths of sin ;

Or if with mystic lore and sign,  
They speak to us, or press our hand,  
And strive to make us understand  
The nearness of their forms divine.

But this I know.—in many dreams  
They come to us from realms afar,  
And leave the golden gates ajar,  
Through which immortal glory streams.

---

#### BY THE SEA.

A waning of the golden lamps  
In heaven's eternal dome,  
A glimmer on the dusky sands  
(Ghost-like creeps up the foam) ;

A blended hue above the waves,—  
The lily and the rose,—  
A fleecy cloud of dappled bloom,  
Like that the pansy shows ;

A tinge the morning-glory wears,  
With pearly dew-drops wet ;  
A blush as of the columbine,  
A tint of violet ;

And ever in the brightening sky,  
Some changing splendor born,  
Till leaf by leaf, a perfect flower,  
Unfolds the bud of morn.

---

#### FARRAGUT.

Grand in his dreamless sleep our Admiral lies,  
The brave heart still, so fondly loved and blest ;  
The light gone forth from those prophetic eyes,  
The guiding hand at rest.

His star in glory set—his great work done ;—  
Muffle the drum, and toll the solemn bell ;  
And let the deep voice of the minute-gun  
A people's sorrow tell.

A friend who failed not in the darkest hour ;  
A valiant soul who at his country's call  
Battled with treason born of hate and power,  
And triumphed over all.

One noble life the less for Heaven to take ;  
One hero more passed from this land of ours ;—  
Lay fairest garlands on his bier, and make  
Death beautiful with flowers.

A nation's heart shall be his funeral urn,  
While time shall add new lustre to his fame ;  
And Freedom's fires with holier light shall burn,  
Where'er is breathed his name.

### Bela Chapin.

Bela Chapin was born in Newport, February 19, 1829. After learning the trade of printer in the office of the *National Eagle* in Claremont he worked during a winter on the *Northern Advocate* in Winchester, and a summer on the *American News* in Keene. He then went to Meriden and pursued a course of study about three years in Kimball Union Academy. He went to Concord in 1855, and was employed as foreman in the office of the *Crusader of Reform*, a temperance paper which afterwards became the *New Hampshire Phoenix*. He was subsequently employed in the job printing office of Morrill and Silsby ; in the *State Capital Reporter* office ; and for several years as compositor in the *N. H. Statesman* office. He has also worked as journeyman printer in Lebanon, on the *Granite State Whig* ; in Newport on the *Argus and Spectator* ; in Springfield, Mass., on the *Independent American* ; and in the "Old Stone Mill" of the Claremont Book Manufacturing Company. About 1860 he returned to his native town, and bought a farm where he carried on farming business till 1866, when he sold his homestead and removed to Hanover, where he purchased the Dartmouth Press printing office of Rev. David Kimball, and the book bindery of the estate of B. D. Howe. In 1870, after disposing of his establishment and residence in Hanover, he removed to Claremont, and purchased a farm near the base of Green Mountain, where he still resides. The events of his life have been unimportant, and much of his time has been spent in his library. In 1881 he formed a design of collecting specimen poems of the New Hampshire Poets, and this volume is the result of his undertaking.

### THE REALM OF RHADAMANTIUS.

Begemmed upon old Ocean's breast,  
Where gentle billows swell,  
Lie the feigned islands of the blest,  
Where souls departed dwell.

Not in Cimmerian gloom profound,  
Where ebon night pervades,  
But in a realm where joys abound,  
Rest unsubstantial shades.

There in that clime, forever bright,  
The sun with equal ray  
Illuminates the tranquil night  
And gilds the cloudless day.

There fields of asphodel and balm  
And roses bloom for aye ;  
There naught can mar the soul's sweet calm,  
And love finds no decay.

There hero-shades with joy possess  
An ever-peaceful home,  
A seat exempt from all excess  
Where pain can never come.

There where enchanting beauty teems  
In exquisite delight,  
Mid citron groves, by crystal streams,  
Walk chiefs of former might.

O'er those feigned isles no storms prevail,  
No snow white-drifting there ;  
No raging blast, nor rain, nor hail,  
Nor pestilential air.

There fragrant breezes, balmy airs,  
Pure offspring of the main,  
Sweep from the isles corroding cares  
And fan the lovely plain.

There smiling fields afar extend  
In living verdure new ;  
There trees with fruits ambrosial bend,  
With flowers of every hue.

There bright-winged birds, on every tree,  
Pour forth their dulcet strains,  
While mirth, and song, and dance, and *glee*  
Pervade the flowery plains.

There Rhadamanthus rules in trust  
The realm of beings blest ;  
The brave, the noble and the just,  
They own his high behest.

They who, in truth and virtue strong,  
From guilt's contagion pure,  
Did ever keep their lives from wrong,  
Rest in the isles secure.

There with the honored gods so dear,  
With them forever blest,  
They dwell, and pass from year to year  
Their tearless age of rest.

They who were once o'er-fraught with care  
And bowed beneath the load,  
No heaviness their spirits bear  
In that their last abode.

And they whose weary days were spent  
In penury and pain,  
In sore disease and discontent,  
In hardship and disdain ;

And they who were by scorn and pride  
Down-trodden and oppressed,  
In joyfulness they all abide  
Where woes cannot molest.

And shades of men, the wise and good,  
Both old and young are there,  
Matrons and blooming womanhood,  
And youths unwed and fair.

No toil is there, nor languishment,  
There no deceit beguiles ;  
There pleasure reigns and glad content  
Within those halcyon isles.

No hurt nor ill that trouble yields  
Can reach that peaceful shore,  
But in the sweet elysian fields  
Is bliss forevermore.

In such a place the Greeks of old  
Hoped after death to rest,  
But earth doth not that region hold,  
Such islands of the blest.

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#### A GREEN MOUNTAIN LYRIC.

sant it is mid rural scenes to stray,  
ie glad quiet of the summer hours ;  
sant it is in unfrequented way  
valk amid the leafy woodland bowers,  
re blossom to the air unnoticed flowers,—  
a green fields and pastures, where the rills



Flow over pebbles, fed by springs and showers,—  
And pleasant 'tis the wood-embowered hills  
To climb, for there serene delight the bosom fills.

Among the cone-shaped spruce-trees, mid the fern  
That thickly clad the steep Green Mountain side.  
I climbed the zigzag pathway to discern  
The beautiful and lovely prospect wide.  
It was the season of the summer-tide.  
A joyful morning of June's longest day ;  
And soon I reached the height, and there descried  
Objects of beauty, near and far away,—  
Sweet fields, and groves, and streams, bathed in the morning  
ray.

There, 'neath the covert of a fragrant pine,  
Overshaded with its whispering evergreen,  
Upon a mossy seat did I recline.  
In the enjoyment of each pleasing scene.  
Bland were the breezes, and the sky serene,  
With white clouds floating in the upper air,  
Which like aerial ships did glide between  
The sunbeams and the earth: O, bright and fair  
Did all things seem, that day, around me everywhere.

Adown the south, precipitous and steep,  
Untrodden man, sunk the declivity:  
Rock upon rock seemed piled in wondrous heap:  
And just below, a grove of greenery,  
Of giant trees, most beautiful to see,  
Filled a wide space, with boughs uplifted high.  
Which in the sunshine glamed enchantingly:  
It was a wealth of woods that stood thereby.  
A sea of waving leaves, most pleasing to the eye.

Above the woods I listened to the song  
Of many a warbler mid the boughs below:  
Notes of gladness from the feathered throng  
As if I heard in days of long ago.  
So wild it be to years that reared and flew,  
And such is the bird-song as I heard that day.  
And such fair flowers that round my pathway grow.  
Will bless or beautify the world for aye.—  
Will gladden and delight, when we are passed away.

In the low pasture, through the fertile lee,  
There runs in winding way my native stream:  
A thing of beauty, ever dear to me:

A river meet for any poet's theme.  
Along its banks unnumbered flowers teem ;  
Along its banks the spreading elm trees grow ;  
Its silvery waters in the sunbeams gleam ;—  
O, stream beloved ! flow on, forever flow ;  
Of thee fond memories spring up from the long ago.

And thou, Green Mountain, thou art ever dear ;  
Thy drift-worn ledges, and thy rocks of white,  
Thy groves umbrageous, and thy fountains clear,  
Where oft in boyhood I, with fond delight,  
Hurried from rock to rock, from height to height,  
In admiration of each object rare.  
Sweet mountain scenes, for aye in memory bright !  
I love them still ; I love the mountain air ;  
I love those rocky hills, for there is beauty there.

---

#### THE TRULY BLESSED.

How blest, how truly blest are they  
Whose hopes in God abide,  
Who trust his goodness day by day,  
Whatever may betide ;  
Who in the Lamb, their risen Lord,  
Have built their faith secure,  
In Him whose promises afford  
Foundation ever sure.

If sore affliction be their lot,  
And much of body pain,  
Their God will then forsake them not,  
He will their souls sustain.  
He heals the wounds that sin has made  
In souls to him resigned,  
He gives the contrite spirit aid  
And sanctifies the mind.

For life's sad things and tears of grief,  
Which everywhere abound,  
Sweet consolation and relief  
In God is surely found.  
He knows our frame, and if in him  
Our hopes of heaven rely,  
Though all the joys of earth grow dim  
He will be ever nigh.

The path in which the just delight  
 To walk leads not astray ;  
 'Tis as a light that shineth bright  
 Until the perfect day.  
 God giveth grace, he giveth strength  
 To all his people blest,  
 And he will help them on at length  
 To everlasting rest.

---

A HYMN.

O Lamb of God, who died for all,  
 Thou who didst die for me,  
 In penitence on thee I call,—  
 Give me a hope in thee.

Amid the vanities of life,  
 Oh, keep my spirit free  
 From sin's allurements and from strife,  
 And give me peace in thee.

And may I oft in worship sweet  
 Before thee bend the knee ;  
 And do thou guide my wayward feet  
 And grant me faith in thee.

Forgive the wrong that I have done,  
 Of whatsoe'er degree ;  
 And give me grace, thou Holy One,  
 To spend my days for thee.

Whatever ills my life betide,  
 Whate'er is mine to see,  
 Oh, may I still in hope abide,  
 And rest secure in thee.

When my departing hour is near,  
 Oh, joyful may it be  
 To cross death's stream devoid of fear,  
 Upheld, dear Lord, by thee.

---

Miram Ladd Spencer.

H. L. Spencer is a native of Castleton, Vt., born in 1829. In his youth he taught school in Unity and other towns in Sullivan Co. He removed to St. John, New Brunswick, in 1857, where he is a member of the Staff of the *St. John Daily and Weekly Telegraph*, the leading newspaper of the Maritime Provinces. While a resident of this State he was a frequent contributor to the *Claremont Eagle* and the *Newport Argus and Spectator*, and to *Sartain's* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

(then under the Editorial supervision of Lewis Gaylord Clark) and to the New York *Tribune*. In 1860 a volume of his poems was published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. During the last twenty years he has contributed to the leading periodicals in England and America, in prose and verse; Goldwin Smith, in the *Nation*, pronounces him the first of Canadian poets. In the spring of 1883, he published a volume of travels, entitled "Summer Saunterings away down East" which is a work of deep interest and much value. Mr. Spencer's poems are tinged with a melancholy of which those who know him best understand the origin.

### FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell ye granite hills  
 That tower, majestic, proud and high,—  
 Farewell, farewell ye tinkling rills  
 That answer to the wind's soft sigh;  
 Farewell ye skies so deep and blue,—  
 Ye white clouds floating gaily there,—  
 Farewell ye hearts so warm and true,  
 Whose friendship I am proud to share.

Farewell ye rivers deep and clear,  
 Entranced I've watched your silver tide,—  
 Farewell ye elms that proudly rear  
 Your branches by the mountain side;  
 Farewell thou lake whose waters blue  
 My fragile boat didst safely bear,—  
 Farewell ye hearts so warm and true,  
 Whose friendship I am proud to share.

Farewell! a fond, a last farewell,  
 To hill and valley, rock and grove,—  
 I've loved you all, I've loved you well,  
 And ye have all repaid my love;  
 Farewell ye hearts so warm and true,  
 Whose friendship I am proud to share,—  
 I will not for remembrance sue,  
 For well I know your love I bear.

### TO MY DAUGHTER.

#### A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

The coals grow brighter in the grate  
 As evening's dusky mantle falls,  
 And dimmer grow the eyes that look  
 Upon me from these pictured walls.

O, tender eyes, that into mine  
 From these gray walls have looked for years,  
 I wonder if unto the past  
 You turn, as mine turn, full of tears.

Blind, blind with grief and vain regret,  
 I press my head within my hands,  
 And dream, sweet Enie, that we walk  
 Again upon the white sea sands :

By willowy brook and ferny hill,  
 By lilled lake and mountain hoar,  
 Through groves of cedar, odorous vales,  
 Where we shall walk no more, no more.

Well, you have grown a woman now,  
 And I have wrinkled grown and gray,—  
 December ! ah, I feel its blasts,  
 While round you bloom the flowers of May.

Heaven grant a better, happier life  
 Than mine has been, your life may be !  
 The bells ring out, and how they dance  
 Below, around the Christmas tree !

---

#### THE HADJI SAID.

The Hadji said, "If o'er my tomb  
 Should grasses wave and roses bloom,  
 And if at times the spot should be  
 Bedewed with tears at thought of me,  
 My rest would be a blissful rest,  
 And I would count the Hadji blest."

No roses deck the Hadji's grave—  
 He sleeps beside a foreign wave—  
 And never woman's eye grows dim  
 In that strange land at thought of him ;  
 And yet methinks, the Hadji's rest  
 Is quite as sweet as if his breast  
 Were by a million roses prest,  
 And woman made his grave her quest.

---

#### SONNET.

A quaint inscription of the olden time  
 In letters rudely carved and choked with moss—  
*"Our feares are pueryle, our truste sublime,  
 Lyfe ys not gayne, and death, yt ys not losse."*  
 Above the sleeper bloomed the fern and rose,  
 As if kind Nature would such trust repay,

And there at morn, at noon, at evening's close,  
The birds sang many a sweet and soothing lay,  
And there we fondly thought the orb of day,  
The moon, the stars, looked down with kindest ray.—  
Ah, heart at rest, beyond the reach of ill!  
Ah, slumber blest, and peace without annoy!  
Not vain thy quest to reach the Heavenly Hill,  
The Sunlit Land, the Emerald fields of Joy.

---

SONNET.

When Enon died, I cried, "O heart, for thee  
Nor sun shall shine nor flower e'er bloom again!"  
When Enon died, I cried, "As falls the rain  
Shall fall my tears through all the years to be!"  
But as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine  
The recollections of the past grew gray:—  
Doth it disturb that long, long sleep of thine  
That thou art thus forgotten? Enon, say!  
I see the white sailed ships go down the Bay,  
Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam:  
Upon my pillow wearily I lay  
My aching head, and through the night I dream  
Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough,  
Lost and forgotten, Enon, as art thou.

---

SONNET.

So you and I, with all our joys and sorrows,  
Will never meet in this wide world again!  
We can anticipate no glad to-morrows,  
And no to-morrow's mingled grief and pain.  
'Tis true alas! I know how vain, how vain  
Our aspirations are! how vain our fears!  
In life's stern battle, see the maimed and slain,  
And who for such have time for sighs or tears?  
Well, it is well! The world goes over and over,  
And we who smile to-day, to-morrow sigh;—  
A marble monument or a bit of clover,  
No matter which, when 'neath at rest we lie.  
At rest, at rest! and echo answers "Blest!"  
Blessèd are we, for we at last find rest.

## SONNET.

It may be thought my life hath been of sorrow  
 Full to the brim! Of joy I've had my share;  
 Of grief I borrow, and of joy I borrow,  
 Of hope I borrow, and of blank despair!  
 To me the sunshine is a cure for care,—  
 To me the storm brings darkness and distress;  
 The garb that Nature wears I always wear,  
 Give love for love—for hate no tithe the less.  
 I, with the happy-hearted have been glad,  
 And with the sorrowing I have sorrowed too:  
 They dream who say that I am always sad,  
 Or that my joys are overpoised by woe!  
 But somehow we forget our joys while sorrows cling,  
 And through the years we writhe beneath their sting.

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

With eye suffused and heart dissolved with sorrow,  
 How often I have fled the realms of sleep,  
 And sought, not vainly, from thy page to borrow  
 That which forbids or eye or heart to weep!  
 Thy "Thanatopsis," fraught with tenderest feeling,  
 Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound heart;  
 To us, thy humble followers, revealing  
 The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art:  
 Still roll "The Ages," still "Green River" flows,  
 And odorous blossoms load the "Apple Tree,"—  
 Into "The Lake" still fall the fleecy snows,  
 And Nature everywhere, doth speak of thee.  
 Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy name!  
 But does it matter? Thine is deathless fame.

## WE ALL SHALL REST.

The gray birds twitter about the eaves,  
 The May-flowers bud 'neath the yellow leaves,  
 Green with lichens grow rock and wall,  
 And the red buds burst on the maples tall.

By brook and fen the willows bloom,  
 And fill the air with a strange perfume,  
 And here where the sun rests warm on the hill,  
 The violet buds and the pimpernel.

Sing, for the Summer shall come again  
With its harvest of fruit and golden grain :  
Sing, for at set of the Autumn sun  
We all shall rest, aye, everyone.

---

#### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago the birds  
Were singing as they sing now ;  
The fields were flecked with flocks, the flowers  
Were springing as they spring now :  
Men toiled as men are toiling now,  
And moiled as men are moiling now,  
And groped as men are groping now,  
And hoped as men are hoping now,  
And died as men are dying.

One lived for love and one for gold,  
And dreams of fame beguiled one,  
One basked in fortune's sunny smiles,  
Another a reviled one ;  
The moon looked down the tale to hear  
That still deceives the maiden's ear,  
And slander wove her web of slime  
Round many a heart in that old time,  
When years, as now, were flying.

A hundred years ago ! The graves  
That mourners wet with weeping,  
The plough hath furrowed—with their dead  
All those that wept are sleeping :  
Are sleeping as we soon shall sleep,  
No more to laugh, no more to weep,  
No more to hope, no more to fear,  
No more to ask. why are we here,  
A-weary and a-sighing.

---

#### LOVE'S BURIAL.

With folded wings and folded hands,  
We laid him down upon the sands—  
The white sea-sands—one night in June,  
While o'er us shone the full-orbed moon.

We made his grave upon the beach,  
A rood beyond the surge's reach !



With buds and flowers of rosy dyes,  
We heaped his grave,—with tearful eyes!

You said, "O Love! that he should die!"  
You said, "O Love! beneath the sky,  
Since Love is dead, what can remain,  
But sorrow, darkness, doubt and pain!"

We kissed the flowers that o'er him lay!  
We wept the lingering hours away!  
The spot we haunted many a year,  
With blinded eyes and hearts a-sear!

Where love lies buried, you and I,  
Though far apart, one day shall lie,—  
Shall lie asleep—to waken not,  
Our losses, like ourselves, forgot.

---

OLD.

He said, "Are you older than I am?"  
And my dreams did the question destroy,  
For he called to my memory Priam,  
Hecuba, and Hector of Troy;  
Is it possible I am as gray as  
This antedeluvian elf?  
That as far from me is the May as  
It is from December itself?

I remember the home of my childhood,  
The home where no moan of the sea  
Ever chilled the glad songs of the wildwood,  
Or drowned the dull drone of the bee;  
I remember, and it seems but a day, too,  
A day of unrest and of pain,  
Since I left it! O show me a way to  
The home that I loved so, again.

The home that you loved so! Alas, dear,  
A stranger you'd meet at the door,  
And they peacefully rest 'neath the grass, dear,  
The friends that you cherished of yore!  
You have dreamed while the years were a-flying,  
Forgetting how Time doth destroy—  
How living is blended with dying—  
How short is the life of a boy.

---

**Rhoda H. E. Kenerson.**

Mrs. Kenerson was an only daughter of Richard C. Everett of Newport. She was born Aug. 28, 1829. She was educated in that town, and became the wife of James M. Kenerson, who removed with his family to Wisconsin in 1856. Her death occurred about 1877.

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**TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.**

Thou of the mournful melody, thou of the plaintive strain,  
O why, through all the starry hours, why chant that sad refrain?  
Dost never wake thy sad sweet voice to numbers blithe and gay?  
Say canst thou sing no other song, save this one mystic lay?  
Art thou some spirit brooding now o'er unforgotten wrong,  
That thus you haunt the summer night with darkly mournful song?  
Hast done some dark unhallowed deed, that fills thee with unrest?  
Say, art thou doomed forever from the regions of the blest?  
That even in the tranquil night, and when the storm sweeps by,  
We hear thy drear lamenting song, thy wild despairing cry?  
Go back to your green bowers again, O bird so sad and lone;  
I'm weary of your plaining voice, your wild and moaning tone.  
It seemeth like an evil thing, your weird and boding lay;  
Farewell, O sorrowing stranger bird, hence to the woods away.

---

**MOONBEAMS.**

Part the curtains from the lattice, open wide the cabin door,  
Let the silvery moonbeams enter, let them flood the cabin floor.  
For I know that they are shining, as of old they used to shine,  
On that mountain-buried hamlet—on that dear old home of mine.  
Let them fall upon my tresses, let them fall upon my brow;  
I am thinking, I am thinking of another time than now.  
Nay, now, do not light the taper, do not break the spell too soon,  
For, believe me, there would never in the glaring light of noon,  
Such a host of tender mem'ries, throng around my heart and brain,  
Of the happy days departed, that will never come again.  
Half a score of years are falling, from this world-worn heart of mine,  
As I sit and weave these visions where the pearly moonbeams shine.  
And my footsteps seem to wander, mid the haunts of other days,  
Where a phantom throng is gathered, and, before my eager gaze,  
Rise the old familiar faces of the cherished ones and dear,  
And I meet the olden glances, and the olden voices hear.  
Let the silent footsteps enter, let the haunting faces come;  
Let the cadence of their voices linger round my lowly home.  
For my rude and simple cabin, like a thing of beauty seems;  
Like Aladdin's fairy palace, fraught with my fantastic dreams.

### Timothy Perry.

Timothy Perry was born in New Ipswich, Nov. 7, 1829. He was educated in the schools and in the Academy of his native town, and was afterwards teacher of mathematics in the Academy. He studied law in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is still practising his profession.

#### OF MAY AND OF ME.

|                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| She is an angel now,              | She is an angel now,—             |
| Resting at home ;                 | She that was mine !               |
| Earth's weary paths, her feet     | Wreathed is her seraph brow       |
| No longer roam.                   | With joy divine.                  |
| But I am sad and lonely here,     | But I am sad and lonely here,     |
| With grief oppressed ;            | And nought is given               |
| The way I tread is rough and      | But the poor solace of a tear,    |
| drear,                            | And hope of heaven.               |
| I have no rest.                   | She is an angel now,              |
| She is an angel now,              | Dwelling at home ;                |
| Dwelling in light ;               | Soon may I too be there,          |
| Glory ineffable                   | Never to roam.                    |
| Greets her glad sight.            | Then no more sad and lonely       |
| But I am sad and lonely here,     | here,                             |
| And faith's dim eye               | With grief oppressed,             |
| Sees scarce a single ray to cheer | But in some bright angelic sphere |
| The darkened sky.                 | Forever blest !                   |

#### TO THE ROBIN SINGING IN THE STORM.

Why O songster singing sweetly  
 When the eastern gale is high,  
 And cold winter frowns so sternly,  
 Why so happy—tell me why !

See you not your bright hopes blasted,  
 See you not the angry sky ?  
 Feel you not the icy tempest ?  
 Why so happy—tell me why !

Withered forests, fields all snow-bound,  
 Only meet your wistful eye :  
 Why amid such desolation  
 Why so happy—tell me why !

When no sunshine smiles about you,  
 When no sheltering rock is nigh,  
 When no fellow-songster cheers you,  
 Why so happy—tell me why !

Thus I questioned of the songster,  
 Singing when the gale was high,

And cold winter raged about him ;  
Still he gave me no reply.

But he taught my soul a lesson  
Which I may not soon forget,  
And although no words were spoken  
I can hear the counsel yet :—

When the skies are dark and lowering,  
When the furious tempests roar,  
I will smile and hope and labor,  
Hope and labor evermore.

### John Ordronaux.

John Ordronaux, LL. D., was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1850, and from Harvard Law School in 1852. He was lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in Dartmouth Medical College from 1864 till 1873, when he became professor of that branch of medical science. Trinity College conferred on him the degree of LL. D., in 1859. Although Professor Ordronaux does not claim to be "a poet or the son of a poet" yet the few poems he has written afford conclusive evidence of his great ability as a writer of verse both in Latin and in English.

### SHADOWS OF THE TEMPTER.

"Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—Luke xxii., 31, 32.

Some shadow crosses every day  
The sun-path of our Christian way ;  
Some shadow of the Evil One  
Pursues our steps from sun to sun,  
Intent to put our faith to rout,  
When chilled beneath the breath of Doubt.

One shadow steals the threshold o'er  
Wherever Faith unbars her door,  
And brings the thought—what if in death,  
The soul should perish with the breath?  
It is the shadow of Distrust,  
How we can rise in Christ from dust.

Another, like a twilight haze,  
Obscures e'en learning's brightest days ;  
The shadow of that sceptic lore  
Which doth an unknown God adore,  
Content, through pride of outward sight,  
To find in nature all its light.

Another whispers—Mind is free  
To censure an unjust decree ;  
Behold, yon sinner's lot seems blest,  
While 'round him saints are sore distressed :

How can we in a Ruler trust  
Whose judgments reason proves unjust?

Thus sin forever in our breast  
Sows seeds of treason and unrest;  
To make us gauge by finite sense  
Th' unfathomed depths of Providence;  
And daily, with Satanic art,  
At Faith unguarded, wings a dart.

Beneath such shadows shame that we  
Should let our faith thus vanquished be;  
Like babes at night, in deep alarm,  
Though sheltered by a parent's arm;  
How can we tremble in unrest  
When pillowed on a Saviour's breast?

Yet 'neath some shadow oft I wait,  
Like blind Bartimeus at the gate;  
Assured that when my Lord draws nigh,  
Sin, doubt, and darkness all shall fly.  
Hence to His cross I cling the more,  
Whene'er these shadows touch my door.

#### THE CHANT OF THE PILGRIM.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—Ps. 119: 54.

A weary pilgrim, laden sore,  
I long to rest on Canaan's shore,  
Where I shall tread in dust no more  
Life's treacherous road.

My cross at times I scarce could bear,  
Did not my Saviour's loving care  
Extend an heav'nly arm to share  
My grievous load.

I see it not—for sight is dim,  
Yet know, through faith, it comes from Him  
Who rules o'er hosts of seraphim  
In God-like reign.

And somehow feel no earthly arm  
Could give such strength, or pour such balm,  
For I have tried each sov'reign charm  
Of earth in vain.

My threadbare suit and sandals worn,  
From which the world recoils in scorn,  
He heedeth not—the man forlorn  
Is all He sees.

The sinner bruised is all He knows,  
The pilgrim reeling 'neath the blows  
Of Satan's darts—to such He goes  
To offer ease.

For when in darksome ways I've strayed,  
Crossed fens, or swollen streams, dismayed,  
Still o'er me shone, through gloom and shade,  
His saving light;  
One single beam, so faint, so small,  
I scarcely knew it shone at all,  
Till I looked up, when lo! night's pall  
Blushed ruby bright!

What if that light were veiled from me?  
What if I lost my chart at sea,  
And tempests raged and rocks a-lee  
My soul did fright?  
O wondrous Love! O Grace Divine!  
O Star of Hope! still on me shine,  
Nor this poor wand'ring soul consign  
To endless night.

Full long my weary feet have trod  
Towards the great city of my God,  
Nor have I fainted 'neath His rod,  
When scourged by strife;  
Full long pursued the Eastern star  
Which shines from Bethlehem's sky afar,  
Nor quailed before whate'er would bar  
The way to life!

Still, still unclimbed is Pisgah's height,  
Unviewed fair Beulah's land of light,  
While age's fast descending night  
Doth on me rest;  
Yet ne'er shall age nor time abate  
My zeal to reach the heav'nly gate,  
Where saints with boundless joy await  
The pilgrim guest.

Lord! help the pilgrim on his way,  
Help him, when weary in the fray,  
With trust unfalt'ring still to say,  
Thy will be done;  
Then, howe'er stricken, aged, sore,  
I'll bear my Cross with joy once more,  
Nor rest, until at Canaan's door,  
My Crown is won.

### ODE FOR THE DARTMOUTH CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

|                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Hail Dartmouth—Mother dear !    | Names that in church and state.  |
| Whom all the arts revere,       | Immortal fame await,             |
| Crowned with time's bays.       | And thine, in turn, translate    |
| Gathered from far and near,     | To ages gray.                    |
| See, all thy sons appear.       | Sprung from a kindred stem.      |
| Fair youth, and patriarch sere, | Strive we to follow them,        |
| Hymning thy praise.             | In high estate :                 |
| Not conquests of the earth.     | Life's path with deeds to strew, |
| Nor hoarded wealth gave birth   | Enduring ages through :          |
| To fame like thine :            | To Christ and country true,      |
| But wisdom dwelling here,       | Whate'er our fate.               |
| To mould each youth's career,   |                                  |
| For any part or sphere          | From mountains and from shore.   |
| God might design.               | We throng these halls once more. |
|                                 | A legion vast.                   |
| One hundred years of grace,     | Once more, as here we bend,      |
| Praise Him ! have changed the   | Our prayers to God ascend.       |
| place                           | May days to come transcend.      |
| Our fathers knew.               | Thy glorious past.               |
| The hoary wilderness            |                                  |
| Blooms in a Christian dress ;   | Farewell ! Thou mother dear :    |
| The muses' feet now press       | Stay not that proud career,      |
| Where forests grew.             | Earth knows, and sky.            |
|                                 | What's one brief century         |
| Forth from these halls have     | Of thy great destiny.            |
| passed                          | To teach a people free,          |
| Names that were born to last    | Their mission high !             |
| While time holds sway ;         |                                  |

### GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

RENDERED INTO LATIN.

|                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Me, fer, Tu potens Jehovah,   | Quum Jordanis ero vadis.        |
| Peregrinum in deserto,        | Ab pallente metu parce,         |
| Labor sed in Te vis tota,     | Strages Mortis ! Victor Hadis ! |
| Forti, tolle me, lacerto.     | Me cœlesti due in arce.         |
| Panis cœli ! Panis cœli !     | Carmen laudis ! carmen laudis ! |
| Pasce me per cursum avi.      | Jesu ! dabo cum vi cordis.      |
| Sit aperta speciosa,          | Meditans domo de nostro,        |
| Fons quo lympa vivens fluat,  | Volvens sedes sacras cœli.      |
| Fac ut nubes luminosa,        | Replet cor cum sancto voto,     |
| Me per vitam semper ducat.    | Veni Jesu ! citò veni !         |
| Numen tutum ! Numen tutum !   | Vana tantùm cerno, Tecum        |
| Esto mi, nunc vires, scutum ! | Jesu ! pœneam per ævum.         |

## WHILE THEE I SEEK, PROTECTING POWER.

RENDERED INTO LATIN.

|                            |                                |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| onec Te, tutorem Patrem,   | In quâcunque lætor horâ,       |
| Quæro, vana vota distent;  | Quisquis luctus adventabit,    |
| oram nunc sacrificalem     | Cor laudabit ad majora,        |
| Meliores spes assistent.   | Orans, aut se prosternabit.    |
| æc divus amor putare       | Quum Fortuna mi ridebit,       |
| Fecit me. De Te putarem;   | Tunc Tuam amorem volvam,       |
| u per vitam me tutare,     | Mutum, nlli me pigebit,        |
| Te, clementem adorarem.    | Me Tibi servum agnoscam.       |
| n! Tua per cuncta patet    | Supra spectans, nunquam flebo, |
| Dextra regens me securum;  | Si tempestas ingravescet;      |
| t bonum, mihi plus valet   | Forti corde, non timebo,       |
| Cordi quod ab Te tributum. | Nam, in Te, cor requiescet.    |

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Susan F. Colgate.

Mrs. Colgate is a native of New London, and an only daughter of the late Governor Anthony Colby. She was educated at the academy in her native town, and came a successful teacher. Mr. Colgate is a lawyer of New York city. They reside at Yonkers, N. Y.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

New Hampshire hills! New Hampshire hills!  
 Ye homes of rocks and purling rills,  
 Of fir-trees, huge and high,  
 Rugged and rough against the sky,  
 With joy I greet your forms, once more  
 My native hills, beloved of yore.

Engraved upon my youthful heart  
 With keener point than diamond's art,  
 I see you when the world's asleep  
 And memory wakes, with fancies deep,  
 Visions of scenes, though old, still new,  
 Then lost in dreams, I gaze on you.

New Hampshire hills! New Hampshire hills!  
 The electric sound my spirit thrills,  
 With thoughts of childish ecstasies,  
 And dreams of glorious symphonies,  
 While now, as then, I see you stand,  
 Erect to guard our granite land.



I've watched you, at the early dawn,  
Before the shades of night had gone,  
Arrayed in robes of soft gray mist,  
Before the sun your brow had kissed,  
Then laying this pure vest aside,  
Stand, nobly dressed in royal pride.

I've seen you in the moon's full light,  
When every dell was brought to light ;  
When rock and leaf and crag lay bare,  
Suffused with gleaming, glint and glare,  
Then blent with tints that knew no name,  
Thy hues and dyes seemed all the same.

I've watched you when departing day  
Shed o'er your forms a softer ray,  
Empurpling all your verdure o'er  
With richer hues than e'er before ;  
Then touching quick your peaks with gold,  
Too glorious made you to behold.

I've loved you when the moon's mild beams  
Shed lights and shades on hills and streams,  
Too strange, mysterious, dark and bright,  
For realms designed for human sight ;  
In silence then, I've stood amazed,  
And lost to all but you have gazed.

New Hampshire hills ! New Hampshire hills !  
The sight of you my spirit fills  
With raptures such as minstrels feel,  
When at the shrine of love they kneel,  
And all aglow with poet's fire,  
Strike with delight the living lyre.

New Hampshire hills ! New Hampshire hills !  
Sweet peace and health your air distils,  
As fresh as when the earth was new,  
And all the world was good and true ;  
Emblems ye are of royal state ;  
Majestic hills, bold, grand and great.

New Hampshire hills ! New Hampshire hills !  
Your presence every passion stills,  
And hushed to peace I long to press  
Far up your heights of loveliness,  
And stand, the world beneath my feet,  
Where earth and heaven enraptured meet.

### Nathan Franklin Carter.

Rev. N. F. Carter was born in Henniker, Jan. 6, 1830. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1853, and was Principal of the High School in Exeter during nine years ending in 1864. In 1865 he graduated at the Theological Seminary in Bangor, Maine, and was ordained, as a Congregational minister, in North Yarmouth in that state, where he remained till 1868, when he became pastor of a church in Orford, and continued there till 1874. He then went to Bellows Falls, Vt., and in 1879 to Quechee, where he now labors. Mr. Carter has written many articles, poems and sketches, in magazines and newspapers. He was, for several years, one of the editors of the *N. H. Journal of Education*.

#### IN THE SUNSHINE.

On the sunny side of life, for those that love me,  
 I am gladly working, praying, still,  
 With a kingly banner flying high above me,  
 Symbol of a Heavenly Master's will!  
 So with cheerful heart I bear my daily crosses,  
 In the sunshine of my daily joy,  
 Never counting duty's self-denying losses,  
 In such holy, sweet and blest employ;  
 For His presence brightens all the way,  
 And I know I'm climbing up to day!

In the shadowed valley, on the clouded mountain,  
 On the dry and sandy summer plain,  
 In the tangled forest, by the cooling fountain,  
 On the shore-land of the roaring main;—  
 I rejoice to make my pathway like a shining  
 Light of ever-gladdening, brightening ray,  
 All around my gleaming footprints, gem-like, twining  
 Love's sweet ministries to bless the day,  
 Wooing others up the sunny slopes,  
 Leading to the heaven of golden hopes!

On the sunny side of life I'm nightly lying  
 In the restful arms of sweet content,  
 With the self-same royal banner o'er me flying,  
 Gemmed, like stars in the blue firmament;  
 And I smile on coming shadows thickly folding  
 Dusky wings above my pillowed head,  
 For I know God's angels, ever holding  
 Silent watch around my lowly bed,  
 Guard me well, as guard they saintly throngs  
 In the blessed summer-land of songs!

Not that I am ever free from daily trials,  
 Like the glorified to whom I go;  
 Not that on my head are never poured the vials  
 Malice fills with bitterness and woe,

Filling all my soul, as streams the heaving ocean,  
With the fretting, moaning waves of pain ;  
Not that e'er against me waves of wild commotion  
In their direst madness beat in vain ;  
Not that sin has lost its power to harm ;  
Not that life is one perennial charm !

But I know full well that all things work together,  
Under love's sweet ruling, for my good ;  
Know as well the winter, as the summer weather,  
Comes with blessing as an angel would ;  
So in working, resting, so in waking, sleeping,  
Wears this changing world a smile, or frown,  
I have trust in One who has me in his keeping,  
And with joy press upward to my crown ;  
So serene with sunshine, every day  
Passes, like some strain of song, away !

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#### GREAT THOUGHTS.

Great thoughts in mighty souls born into life,  
Like towering mountains lean against the sky,  
Their radiant summits far above all strife,  
Fixing with wonder many a gazer's eye.  
So far above the common level rise  
Their morn-empurpled heights, they fill the soul  
With awe and reverence, till, in mute surprise,  
It deems them altars near the Eden goal,  
Whereon the incense of a great life burns,  
Diffusing sweetest fragrance evermore ;  
Or glow life watch-fires, blessing him who yearns  
For trusty guidance on Time's pilgrim shore !

The lowly one toils earnestly and long  
To climb their steep but ever verdant sides,  
Yet, rising higher, he feels his heart grow strong  
To mount where everlasting spring abides ;  
To gather holier sweets distilling there ;  
To see serener prospects yet unknown ;  
To breathe a purer life-awakening air,  
And find himself a nobler being grown.  
And thus he presses on, till victor-crowned,  
Upon the heights, he, with enraptured ken,  
Drinks in the vastness of the scene around,  
A better man among earth's worthy men !

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And these great thoughts of mighty souls are ours,  
Stamped with a time-long immortality ;  
A gift ne'er growing old, whose greatness towers  
Above all gifts by gold or fame made free,  
We feast upon them, as on viands rare,  
And feel a newer life spring up within.  
They give the longing spirit wings to dare  
A loftier flight for good we fain would win.  
Their influence wakes a hymn of blessedness,  
Sounding a victor's pæan in our ears,  
Whose sweet refrains, enshrined in good deeds, bless  
A plodding world, as stars a night of years !

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## IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

In the battle of life do the best that is in thee,  
Climb up with a will and an eye on the stars,  
The noblest of names aspiring to win thee,  
At the price, if need be, of perils and scars !  
There is room in the radiant spaces above thee ;  
On the tops of the mountains are conquerors' palms ;  
Live grandly for God,—make the great world love thee,  
For the sowing of sunshine and giving of alms !

Grow virtues and graces to ripen for glory ;  
Seek riches and honors that pass not away ;  
With manifold blessings make golden life's story ;  
For the good of humanity labor and pray !  
Be a peer and a prince in the grace of forgiving ;  
Keep ever to pathways the saintly have trod ;  
In love with the good, be the best of the living ;  
Do the best for the world by the favor of God !

With a bold, brave heart, and a holy endeavor,  
Girt surely and well with an armor divine,  
Press on to the conflict, surrendering never  
To the foes that confront thee in darkening line !  
What is servile and grovelling heartily scorning,  
With an eye on the prize, not a moment delay,  
But valiantly press to the Gates of the Morning,  
And live in its fulness of glory for aye !

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## LOVING HEARTS.

A pleasant sight are clear blue skies,  
When soft winds cheer us on to duty ;

Above, glad visions for the eyes,  
 Around, a world of growing beauty.  
 The world is wide, the world is bright,  
 O tell to all the story,  
 The world is full of living light,  
 The world is full of glory !

A merry heart and smiling face  
 Are better far than sunny weather ;  
 A noble life and forms of grace,  
 Like leaves and flowers, grow well together.  
 The world is dark, the world is cold,  
 O tell to all the story,  
 But loving hearts in young or old,  
 Can fringe its night with glory !

### Edna Dean Proctor.

Miss Proctor is a native of Henniker. On completing her school education she made Brooklyn, N. Y., her home, where she still resides. A volume of her poems, published in 1867, fixed her rank amongst the foremost of American female poets. She has travelled extensively in Europe, Syria, and Russia, and has ascended the Nile. An account of her travels in Russia was published in 1873.

#### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire !  
 Her steps are light and free,  
 Whether she treads the lofty heights  
 Or follows the brooks to the sea !  
 Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang  
 Over her hills of snow,  
 And her hair is dark as the densest shade  
 That falls where the fir-trees grow—  
 The fir-trees, slender and somber,  
 That climb from the vales below.  
 Sweet is her voice as the robin's,  
 In a lull of the wind of March,  
 Wooing the shy arbutus  
 At the roots of the budding larch ;  
 And rich as the ravishing echoes  
 On still Franconia's Lake,  
 When the boatman winds his magic horn,  
 And the tongues of the wood awake,  
 While the huge Stone Face forgets to frown  
 And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of dreary December  
But brighten the bloom on her cheek,  
And the snows rear her statelier temples  
Than to goddess were built by the Greek.  
She welcomes the fervid summer,  
And flies to the sounding shore  
Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward,  
Set in the billows' roar,  
And dreams of her sailors and fishers  
Till cool days come once more.

Then how fair is the Maiden,  
Crowned with the scarlet leaves,  
And wrapped in the tender, misty veil  
That Indian Summer weaves !  
While the aster blue, and the golden-rod,  
And immortelles, clustering sweet,  
From Canada down to the sea have spread  
A carpet for her feet ;  
And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold,  
Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reapers,  
The ring of the woodman's steel,  
The whirr of the glancing shuttle,  
The rush of the tireless wheel.  
But, if war befalls, her sons she calls  
From mill and forge and lea,  
And bids them uphold her banner  
Till the land from strife is free ;  
And she hews her oaks into vengeful ships  
That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire !  
For beauty and wit and will  
I'll mate her to-day with the fairest  
That rules over plain or hill !  
New York is a princess in purple,  
By the gems of her cities crowned ;  
Illinois with the garland of Ceres  
Her tresses of gold has bound—  
Queen of the limitless prairies,  
Whose great sheaves heap the ground ;  
And out by the far Pacific,  
Their gay young sisters say,  
"Ours are the mines of the Indies  
And the treasures of broad Cathay ;"

And the dames of the South walk proudly,  
Where the fig and the orange fall,  
And, hid in the high magnolias,  
The mocking thrushes call ;  
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,  
Is the rarest of them all !

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Written for, and read on the occasion of the Bi-Centennial celebration of the Settlement of the State of New Hampshire, by the New Hampshire Historical Society, at the State Capitol, Concord, May 23, 1873.

"A goodly realm !" said Captain Smith,  
Scanning the coast by the Isles of Shoals,  
While the wind blew fair, as in Indian myth  
Blows the breeze from the Land of Souls ;  
Blew from the marshes of Hampton spread  
Level and green that summer day,  
And over the brow of Great Boar's Head,  
From the pines that stretched to the west away ;  
And sunset died on the rippling sea,  
Ere to the south with the wind sailed he.  
But he told the story in London streets,  
And again to court and prince and king ;  
"A truce," men cried, "to Virginia heats ;  
The North is the land of hope and spring !"   
And in sixteen hundred and twenty-three,  
For Dover meadows and Portsmouth river,  
Bold and earnest they crossed the sea,  
And the realm was theirs and ours forever !

Up from the floods of Piscataqua,  
Slowly, slowly they made their way  
Back to the Merrimack's eager tide,  
Poured through its meadows rich and wide ;  
And the river that runs like a joyous brook—  
Monadnock's darling, the Contoocook ;—  
And westward turned for the warmer gales  
And the wealth of Connecticut's intervals ;  
And to Winnepesaukee's tranquil sea,  
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles  
Where the alder grows and the dark pine-tree,  
And the tired wind sleeps and the sunlight smiles ;  
Up and on to the mountains piled,  
Peak o'er peak, in the northern air,  
Home of streams and of winds that wild

Torrent and tempest valeward bear,—  
Where the Great Stone Face looms changeless, calm  
As the Sphinx that couches on Egypt's sands,  
And the fir and the sassafras yield their balm  
Sweet as the odors of Morning lands ;  
Where the eagle floats in the summer noon,  
While his comrade clouds drift, silent, by,  
And the waters fill with a mystic tune  
The fane the cliffs have built to the sky !  
And, beyond, to the woods where the huge moose browsed,  
And the dun deer drank at the rill, unroused  
By bound or horn, and the partridge brood  
Was alone in the leafy solitude ;  
And the lake where the beaver housed her young,  
And the loon's shrill cry from the border rung,  
The lake whence the beauteous river flows,  
Its fountains fed by Canadian snows.

What were the Labors of Hercules  
To the toils of heroes such as these?—  
Guarding their homes from Savage foes  
Cruel as fiends in craft and scorn ;  
Felling the forest with mighty blows ;  
Planting the meadow plots with corn ;  
Hunting the hungry wolf to his lair ;  
Trapping the panther and prowling bear ;  
Bridging the river ; building the mill  
Where the stream had leapt at its frolic will ;  
Rearing, in faith by sorrow tried,  
The church and the school-house, side by side ;  
Fighting the French on the long frontier,  
From Louisburg, set in the sea's domains,  
To proud Quebec and the woods that hear  
Ohio glide to the sunset plains ;  
And when rest and comfort they yearned to see,  
Risking their all to be nobly free !

Honor and love for the valiant Dead !  
With reverent breath let their names be read,—  
Hiltons, Pepperells, Sullivans, Weares,  
Broad is the scroll the list that bears  
Of men as ardent and brave and true  
As ever land in its peril knew,  
And women of pure and glowing lives,  
Meet to be heroes' mothers and wives !  
For not alone for the golden maize,  
And the fisher's spoils from the teeming bays,



And the treasures of forest, and hill, and mine,  
They gave their barks to the stormy brine,—  
Liberty, learning, righteous law  
Shone in the vision they dimly saw  
Of the age to come and the land to be ;  
And, looking to heaven, fervently  
They labored and longed through the dawning gray  
For the blessed break of that larger day.

When the wail of Harvard in sore distress  
Came to their ears through the wilderness,—  
Harvard, the hope of the Colonies twain,  
Planted with prayers by the lonely main—  
It was loyal, struggling Portsmouth town  
That sent this gracious message down :  
“Wishing our gratitude to prove,  
And the country and general court to move  
For the infant college beset with fears,  
 (“Its loss an omen of ill would be !)  
We promise to pay it, for seven years,  
Sixty pounds sterling, an annual sum,  
Trusting that fuller aid will come,”—  
And the court and the country heard their plea,  
And the sapling grew to the wide-boughed tree.  
And when a century had fled,  
And the war for freedom thrilled with dread  
Yet welcome summons every home,—  
By the fire-lit hearth, 'neath the starry dome,  
They vowed that never their love should wane  
For the holy cause they burned to gain,  
Till right should rule, and the strife be done !  
List to the generous deed of one :—  
In the Revolution's darkest days  
The legislature at Exeter met ;  
Money and men they fain would raise,  
And despair on every face was set  
As news of the army's need was read ;  
Then, in the hush, John Langdon said :  
“Three thousand dollars have I in gold ;  
For as much I will pledge the plate I hold ;  
Eighty casks of Tobago rum ;  
All is the country's. The time will come,  
If we conquer, when amply the debt she'll pay ;  
If we fail, our property's worthless.” A ray  
Of hope cheered the gloom, while the Governor said :  
“For a regiment now, with Stark at its head !”

And the boon we gained through the noble lender  
Was the Bennington Day and Burgoyne's Surrender.

Conflict over and weary quest,  
Hid in their hallowed graves they rest ;  
Nor the voice of love, nor the cannon's roar  
Wins them to field or fireside more !  
Did the glory go from the hills with them ?  
Nay ! for the sons are true to the sires !  
And the gems they have set in our diadem  
Burn with as rare and brilliant fires ;  
And the woodland streams and the mountain airs  
Sing of the fathers' fame with theirs !  
One, in the shadow of lone Kearsarge  
Nurtured for power, like the fabled charge  
Of the gods, by Pelion's woody marge ;—  
So lofty his eloquence, stately his mien,  
That, could he have walked the Olympian plain,  
The worshipping, wondering crowds had seen  
Jove descend o'er the feast to reign !  
And one with a brow as Balder's fair,  
And his life the grandeur of love and peace ;—  
Easing the burdens the race must bear,  
Toiling for good he might not share,  
Till his white soul found its glad release !  
And one—a tall Corinthian column,  
Of the Temple of Justice prop and pride—  
The judge unstained, the patriot tried,  
Gone to the bar supernal, solemn,  
Nor left his peer by 'Themis' side !  
Ah ! when the Old World counts her kings,  
And from splendor of castle and palace brings  
The dainty lords her monarchies mould,  
We'll turn to the hills and say, "Behold  
Webster and Greeley and Chase for three  
Princes of our Democracy !"

Land of the cliff, the stream, the pine,  
Blessing and honor and peace be thine !  
Still may thy giant mountains rise,  
Lifting their snows to the blue of June,  
And the south wind breathe its tenderest sighs  
Over thy fields in the harvest moon !  
And the river of rivers, Merrimack,  
Whose current never shall faint or lack  
While the lakes and the crystal springs remain,—  
Welcome the myriad brooks and rills

Winding through meadows, leaping from hills  
 To brim its banks for the waiting wheels  
 That thrill and fly to its dash and roar  
 Till the rocks are passed, and the sea-fog steals  
 Over its tide by Newbury's shore!—  
 For the river of rivers is Merrimack,  
 Whether it foams with the mountain rain,  
 Or teils in the mill race, deep and black,  
 Or, conqueror, rolls to the ocean plain!  
 And still may the hill, the vale, the glen,  
 Give thee the might of heroic men.  
 And the grace of women pure and fair  
 As the May-flower's bloom when the woods are bare:  
 And truth and freedom aye find in thee  
 Their surest warrant of victory;  
 Land of fame and of high endeavor,  
 Strength and glory be thine forever!

#### THE DEAD.\*

As if in lone Franconia one had said,  
 "Alas! the glorious monarch of the hills,  
 Mount Washington, is fallen to the vale!  
 The direful echo all the silence fills;  
 The winds sweep down the gorge with bitter wail:  
 The lesser heights rise trembling and dismayed,  
 And the fond sun goes, clouded, to the west;"—  
 So to the street, the fireside, came the cry,  
 "Our king of men, our boldest, gentlest heart,  
 He whose pure front was nearest to the sky,  
 Whose feet stood firmest on eternal right:  
 With his swift sympathies and giant might  
 That sealed him for the martyr's, warrior's part,  
 And led, through loss, to nobler victory—  
 Lies low, to-day, in death's unchallenged rest!"

How we entombed him! not imperial Rome  
 Gave her dead Cæsars sepulture so grand.  
 Though gems and purple on the pyre were flung!  
 His tender requiem hushed the clamorous land:  
 And thus, by power lamented, poet sung,  
 Through stricken, reverent crowds we bore him home  
 When winter skies were fair and winds were still:  
 And for his fame—while oceans guard our shores

\* *Boston Crookly died Nov. 20, 1852.*

And mountains midway lift their peaks of snow  
To the clear azure where the eagle soars ;  
While peace is sweet, and the world yearns again  
To hear the angel strain, "Good will to men ;"  
While toil brings honor, virtue vice deplores,  
And liberty is precious—it shall grow,  
And the great future with his spirit fill !

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#### CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

Of all the streams that seek the sea  
By mountain pass, or sunny lea,  
Now where is one that dares to vie  
With clear Contoocook, swift and shy ?  
Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts born,  
The snows of many a winter morn,  
And many a midnight dark and still,  
Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,  
To melt, at last, with suns of May,  
And steal, in tiny fall and rill,  
Down the long slopes of granite gray ;  
Or filter slow through seam and cleft  
When frost and storm the rock have reft,  
To bubble cool in sheltered springs  
Where the lone red-bird dips his wings,  
And the tired fox that gains the brink  
Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to drink.  
And rills and springs, grown broad and deep,  
Unite through gorge and glen to sweep  
In roaring brooks that turn and take  
The over-floods of pool and lake,  
Till, to the fields, the hills deliver  
Contoocook's bright and brimming river !

O have you seen, from Hillsborough town  
How fast its tide goes hurrying down,  
With rapids now, and now a leap  
Past giant boulders, black and steep,  
Plunged in mid-water, fain to keep  
Its current from the meadows green ?  
But, flecked with foam, it speeds along ;  
And not the birch-tree's silvery sheen,  
Nor the soft lull of whispering pines,  
Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,  
Nor ferns, nor cardinal-flowers that glow

Where clematis, the fairy, twines,  
 Can stay its course, or still its song;  
 Ceaseless it flows till round its bed  
 The vales of Henniker are spread,  
 Their banks all set with golden grain,  
 Or stately trees whose vistas gleam—  
 A double forest—in the stream;  
 And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill  
 That overhangs the village plain,  
 By sunny reaches, broad and still,  
 It nears the bridge that spans its tide—  
 The bridge whose arches low and wide  
 It ripples through—and should you lean  
 A moment there, no lovelier scene  
 On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,  
 Would charm your gaze, a summer's day.  
 And on it glides, by grove and glen,  
 Dark woodlands, and the homes of men,  
 With now a ferry, now a mill;  
 Till, deep and calm, its waters fill  
 The channels round that gem of isles  
 Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,  
 And, eager half, half eddying back,  
 Blend with the lordly Merrimack;  
 And Merrimack whose tide is strong  
 Rolls gently, with its waves along,  
 Monadnock's stream that, coy and fair,  
 Has come, its larger life to share,  
 And, to the sea, doth safe deliver  
 Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

#### KEARSARGE.

*Kearsarge, the mountain which gave its name to the ship that sunk the Alabama, is a noble granite peak in Merrimack County, rising alone, three thousand feet above the sea.*

O lift thy head, thou mountain, lone,  
 And mate thee with the sun!  
 Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,  
 Thy stars that near at midnight shone  
 Gone heavenward, one by one,  
 And half of earth, and half of air,  
 Thou risest vast and gray and bare  
 And crowned with glory. Far south-west  
 Monadnock sinks to see,

For all its trees and towering crest  
And clear Contoocook from its breast  
Poured down for wood and lea,  
How statelier still, through frost and dew,  
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,  
Franconia's cliffs look down ;  
Home to their crags the eagles fly,  
Deep in their caves the echoes die,  
The sparkling waters frown,  
And the Great Face that guards the glen  
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat  
The White Hills scan the plain ;  
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,  
Nor Ammonoosuc wild to greet  
The meadows and the main,  
Nor snows nor thunders can atone  
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band  
Of hills and streams and plains,  
Shrined in the songs of native land,—  
Linked with the deeds of valor grand  
Told when the bright day wanes,—  
Part of the nation's life art thou,  
O mountain of the granite brow !

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,  
Grace of its goodliest trees ;  
Nor Norway hills when woodman's blows  
Their pines sent crashing through the snows  
That kings might rove the seas ;  
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,  
Thrilled with a joy as pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore ;  
Strength of the hills was hers ;  
Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,  
The pines that hear the north wind roar,  
The dark and tapering firs ;  
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew  
Sublimar daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul  
Or mountains pierce the air,

Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll ;  
 Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal  
 Uplifted broad and fair ;  
 And from thy skies, inspiring gales  
 O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer, keep thy pastures green,  
 And clothe thy oaks and pines ;  
 Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between ;  
 Snows fall serenely o'er the scene  
 And veil thy lofty lines ;  
 While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,  
 The monarch of our mountain-land.

### AT HOME.

*An incident in the return of the New Hampshire troops. (1864.)*

"Now Charley, on the knapsacks you'll find an easy bed ;  
 Our blankets we have folded and smooth above them spread :  
 The train will soon be starting,—here, drink this cup of wine,  
 The captain just now sent it,—and, ere the morning shine,  
 Away by blue Monadnock, and where the hill-brooks foam,  
 You will be done with travel and rest in peace at home."

"O boys, you're very good to me ; I feel so tired and weak,  
 That though I love to listen, I scarce can bear to speak ;  
 But I'm surely growing better, and if, at early dawn,  
 I see our blue Monadnock my pain will all be gone ;  
 And when I hear my mother's voice, and sit within the door  
 That opens by the brook-side, I shall be strong once more.

"How much I have to tell her ! my letters were not long ;  
 I could not write while on the march, nor in the camp-fire's throng ;  
 But, when I sit beside her, how sweet 'twill be to say,  
 'Now, mother, list the story of what befell that day ;'—  
 O, she shall hear of every fight, and count each weary mile  
 I've trod, since, faint through silent tears, I saw her parting smile !

"Good night, boys ! I shall sleep now. What joy it is to feel  
 We're drawing nearer, nearer home with each revolving wheel !  
 Good night ! at dawn you'll wake me when round the bend we go.  
 For there, beside the station, my mother'll wait, I know ;  
 And if she does not see me the first to leave the train,  
 She'll think upon some nameless field her boy at last was slain."

Slow turned away his comrades to snatch an hour's repose,  
 Or talk of siege and battle while clear the moon uprose ;

When the swift train halted, back to his side they crept,  
 Now that on his narrow couch all peacefully he slept :  
 But wore on to morning, and day began to dye  
 Floating rose and amber, the mellow eastern sky.

See, and then the station. "Ho ! Charley !" blithe they call,  
 Looms the mountain ; yonder the church-spire rises tall ;"—  
 And : they bend above him ; his brow is cold and white ;  
 He not heed their voices ; he stirs not for the light ;—  
 By blue Monadnock, and where the hill-brooks foam,  
 He was done with travel ; the soldier had gone home !

### O LOVED AND LOST !

I sit beside the sea this autumn day,  
 When sky and tide are ravishingly blue,  
 And melt into each other. Down the bay  
 The stately ships drift by so still and slow,  
 That, on the horizon's verge, I scarce may know  
 Which be the sails along the wave that glow,  
 And which the clouds that float the azure through.

From beds of golden-rod and asters steal  
 The south winds, soft as any breath of May ;  
 High in the sunny air the white gulls wheel,  
 As noiseless as the cloud they poise below ;  
 And, in the hush, the light waves come and go  
 As if a spell entranced them, and their flow  
 Echoed the beat of oceans far away.

O loved and lost ! can you not stoop to me  
 This perfect morn, when heaven and earth are one ?  
 The south winds breathe of you ; I only see  
 (Alas, the vision sweet can naught avail !)  
 Your image in the cloud, the wave, the sail ;  
 And heed nor calm, nor storm, nor bliss, nor bale,  
 Remembering you have gone beyond the sun.

One look into your eyes ; one clasp of hands ;  
 One murmured, "Lo, I love you as before ;"  
 And I would give you to your viewless lands  
 And wait my time with never tear or sigh ;—  
 But not a whisper comes from earth or sky,  
 And the sole answer to my yearning cry  
 Is the faint wash of waves along the shore.

Lord ! dost thou see how dread a thing is death  
 When silence such as this is all it leaves ?—



To watch in agony the parting breath  
Till the fond eyes are closed, the dear voice still;  
And know that not the wildest prayer can thrill  
Thee to awake them, but our grief must fill  
Alike the rosy morns, the rainy eves.

Ah! thou *dost* see; and not a pang is vain!—  
Some joy of every anguish must be born;  
Else this one planet's weight of loss and pain  
Would stay the stars in sympathetic woe,  
And make the suns move pale, and cold, and slow,  
Till all was black and void, thy throne below,  
And night shut down without a gleam of morn.

But mark! the sun goes radiant to his goal  
While winds make music on the laughing sea;  
And, with his set, the starry host will roll  
Celestial splendors over mead and main;  
Lord! can thy worlds be glad, and death enchain?  
Nay! 'tis but crowning for immortal reign  
In the pure realm where all abide with thee.

What star has seen the sun at cloudless noon?  
What chrysalis knows aught of wings that soar?—  
O blessèd souls! how can I hope the boon  
Of look or word from you, the glorified,  
Until for me the shining gates swing wide?—  
Welcome the day when the great deeps divide,  
And we are one in life for evermore!

### Edward Augustus Jenks.

E. A. Jenks was born in Newport, Oct. 30, 1830. He received an academic education at Thetford academy, Thetford, Vt. In 1852 he formed a copartnership with Joseph C. Abbott, and purchased the *Manchester American*. In 1856 he sold his interest in the *American*, and went to Lowell, Mass., where he resided two years. In 1858 he became a resident of New York city, and was "proof-reader" in some of the largest publishing houses there. In 1862 he went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and became connected with the firm of Alexander Swift and Company, iron manufacturers, and contractors for the building of the monitors *Catawba*, *Onesota*, *Klamath*, and *Yuma*, for the government, where he remained until their completion and delivery to the Navy Department. At the conclusion of the war he went to Vicksburg, Miss., as an agent for the purchase of cotton for shipment to Northern markets. The prosecution of his business took him to nearly all parts of the state, by rail, steamboat, and horseback, as well as to many of the neighboring states. In 1871 he was called to the head of the Republican Press Association, of Concord, publishers of the *Daily Monitor* and the *Independent Statesman*, as its treasurer and business manager. Since holding this position he has three times been elected state printer. In 1877, a vacancy occurring in the office of State Reporter (reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court), he was appointed to that office. He has made many contributions to current literature. Poems of his are found in Bryant's new "Library of Poetry and Song," Dr. Kendrick's "Our Poetical Favorites," Harpel's "Poets and Poetry of Printersdom," and Sargent's "Cyclopædia of English and American Poetry." Mr. Jenks resides in Newport.

## THE FARMHOUSE.

The laughing sunshine peers above the hill,  
And down the slumbering vale ;  
Then hastens on with nimble feet, until,  
A rood or two beyond the silvery rill  
Now strolling idly through the crippled mill,  
He gains the cottage pale.

The hospitable gate stands open wide,  
And with impatient lips  
The morning-glory beckons to her side  
The wayward youth, whose quest she ne'er denied ;  
Her tangled tresses quick he thrusts aside,  
And dewy nectar sips.

He lingers lovingly among the flowers  
That fringe the open door ;  
Then steals within, and wakes, with magic powers,  
The forms at rest in Dreamland's rustic bowers,  
And plays through morning's golden-tinted hours  
Upon the oaken floor.

The birds troll welcome to the summer days  
From airy turrets high ;  
The bees are humming over ancient lays  
That erst were heard in Eden's shaded ways,  
On that bright morn when universal praise  
Rolled through the arching sky.

Brave chanticleers, with summons loud and shrill,  
The languid echoes wake,  
Which just before were sleeping, calm and still,  
Behind the old and hoary-headed mill—  
Which nevermore will heed its master's will—  
Beyond the dreaming lake.

The butterflies have stretched their painted wings  
Upon the breath of dawn,  
And flit from flower to flower like human things :  
The slaughtered hay its dying perfume flings  
Abroad upon the white-winged gale, which brings  
And strews it o'er the lawn.

Beneath the moss-grown roof a group prepare  
To siege the smoking board,  
Which fills with grateful incense all the air ;  
But first the reverend sire, with frosty hair,  
Craves "daily bread" for those assembled there,  
From Him for aye adored.

Quick follow then the clangings of the steel—  
Above no weltering foe;  
No timid suppliants for mercy kneel—  
No vizored foemen with dim vision reel;  
But happy voices grace the morning meal  
With love's sweet overflow.

And then the cheerful group contrive to share  
The labors of the day;  
While I, with angling gear and eager air,  
Retreat, like lion to his forest lair,  
To shady woods where winding streams repair,  
And while the hours away.

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#### THE OLD MAN'S YESTERDAY.

"Was't yesterday? Yes, 'twas yesterday!  
It must have been yesterday morn:—  
I stood on the bank of the River Ray,  
Where the squadrons of martial corn  
Their silken banners had just unfurled  
To the breeze, by the singing stream,  
When a vision of beauty, all golden-curled,  
Grew into my waking dream.

"I know it was yesterday,—for now  
The rustle I seem to hear,  
As the tall corn parted right and left,  
And a voice rang soft and clear,—  
'Wait, Willie, wait! I am almost there!  
I said I would grant your wish,—  
So I've made a line of my golden hair,  
And am coming to help you fish!"

"Yes! (why do I doubt?) it *was* yesterday—  
For I see the soft tassels there  
Sunning themselves in a worshipful way  
In the light of her yellow hair,  
While her voice rings merrily over the corn,—  
'Oh, Willie! come help me through,  
For I am "the maiden all forlorn,"  
And my feet are wet with dew.

"And you know I'm coming to help you fish—  
But you'll think me a silly girl,  
For I haven't a bit of bait—but wait!  
I'll bait with a tiny curl!"

And, Willie, say—do you think they'll bite?  
And then, what shall I do?  
Must I pull and pull with all my might?  
But I'll wait, and look at you!  
“Ah, me! ah, me! *was* it yesterday?  
It seems but a day ago!  
Yet three-score years of yesterdays  
Have whitened my head with snow  
Since we sat, in that sweetest of summer-times,—  
I and my beautiful May,—  
Coining our love into wedding chimes,  
On the bank of the River Ray.”

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## THE CHILDREN.

The children! O the children!—  
How dark the world, and gloomy,  
How wide, and cold, and roomy,  
To the mother's loving heart,  
Did not the breezes waft her  
The songs and merry laughter  
Of the blessed, blessed children!  
The children! O the children!—  
How the sun would pale its glory,  
And the beautiful in story  
Die out of all the lands,  
Could they not hear us calling,  
When the twilight dews are falling,  
“Come home! Come home, O children!”

The children! O the children!—  
Very sweet the sacred pages,  
Floating down through all the ages,  
Telling of the Christ-child born  
Where the mild-eyed oxen ponder,  
With a sort of wistful wonder,  
O'er the Prince of all the children!

The children! O the children!—  
See them blood-red roses strowing  
In the path where Christ is going  
Toward Jerusalem, the doomed!  
See them wave their cool green banners!  
Hear them shout their glad hosannas  
To the Saviour of the children!

## TO A FAVORITE STREAM.\*

An October Poem.

Silence sleeps in thy valley,  
O beautiful stream!  
O wayward and mystical river!  
Dreaming a pleasant dream,  
As the sunbeams on thy murmuring ripples quiver,  
And talking in his sleep—  
His sleep so sound and deep!

Dreaming of maidens roaming  
Thy banks along,  
And of jets of sparkling laughter  
Bursting from waves of song  
That must die away on the shores of the dim Hereafter—  
That peaceful, voiceless sea,  
Kin to Eternity!

Silence hath myriad voices,  
O gleaming tide!  
And from thine enchanting valley,  
Radiant in its pride,  
They come to the cliff where the poet stands,—and shall be  
Interpret them to thee,  
Under this old pine tree?

“Beautiful, beautiful river!”  
The old pine sighs!  
And the wrinkled, gray old ledges,—  
Tears in their mossy eyes,—  
Toss back an echo from their jagged edges,  
To that lone sentinel,  
Guarding the valley well.

Fondly the tall pine watches  
Thy narrow bed,  
Fearing some morn to miss thee,  
Beautiful silver thread!  
And ere the glooming he sends his shadow to kiss thee  
A soft and sweet good-night,  
Till morning’s rosy light.

Maples with crimson blushing,  
Far down below,  
And distant hillsides climbing,  
Changed to a golden glow,—

\* Sugar River, in Sullivan County.

All lend a tongue to that mysterious chiming,  
 Deep as the sounding sea—  
 Deep as their love for thee !

Blending in sweetest music,  
 The tinkling feet  
 Of rivulets down-rushing  
 Dance to thy silver sheet,  
 While the rapt sun through golden rifts is flushing  
 Thy face with heaven's own light :  
 O dream too brief, too bright !

"Beautiful, beautiful river !"  
 The old pine sighs :  
 In the silence my heart replieth,—  
 "Daughter of earth and skies,  
 Farewell ! but at last, when my weary spirit flieth  
 Beyond the chiming stars,  
 May my eyes unclasp their bars  
 To see thy placid waters calmly flowing  
 Out from the Burning Throne, and down the valleys glowing !"

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#### HELENE.

Under that snow-white sheet she lies—  
 Helene my beautiful ! Helene my true !  
 Softly the morning breaks over the skies,  
 Softly regretful stars kiss her adieu ;—  
 Lies she there seeming  
 So blissfully dreaming,—  
 Fragrant her ripe lips as breath of the morn,—  
 No one shall lisp her  
 Name even in whisper :  
 She's roaming where fairy-land fancies are born !  
 Clustering clouds of dark, passionate hair  
 Frown back the curious beams of the sun :  
 Hidden but meagerly, shapely and rare,  
 Round, white, soft mysteries wait to be won ;—  
 Seemingly bolder,  
 One Parian shoulder,  
 Purity's self, dims the pillow below—  
 While, thrown above her  
 Head (who could but love her !)  
 A round arm lies white as the shimmering snow !

Parting as clouds part when summer winds blow,  
 Heavenly wonders unveiling above,—  
 So part the gauze-clouds, revealing below  
 Opaline mountains in gardens of love ;—  
     Soft undulations,  
     Like music's vibrations  
 Coursing light-footed the silvery strings,  
     Seem like the ocean  
     In jubilant motion,  
 Rocking its burden of beautiful things.

Waking as wake the young birds in their nests,  
 Baby Nell opens her wondering eyes—  
 Climbs where the lush mountains bear on their crests  
 Strawberries ripe as the ruddiest skies ;—  
     There, among treasures  
     In bountiful measures,  
 Roguish-eyed, cherry-lipped, pink-footed Nell  
     Drinks from a chalice  
     The king in his palace  
 Might barter his crown for, and barter it well.

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### HYMN,

Written for the Centennial Anniversary of the Congregational Church in New-  
 port, Oct. 28, 1879.

A thousand hearts are swelling  
 With gratitude to-day,  
 For here, to this His dwelling,  
 Our Saviour leads the way :  
 We turn the ancient pages,  
     We scan the yellow leaves,  
 Where Jesus, through the ages,  
 Has written of His sheaves.

We've heard the simple story  
 Of that courageous band,  
 The young, and heads all hoary,  
     Who came to this fair land,—  
 The pathless wild before them,  
     The sleepless stars above,  
 With heaven bending o'er them,  
 And great hearts full of love.

The dews of June\* were glist'ning  
 Among the tree-tops there,  
 And softest breezes list'ning  
 To sadly cadenced prayer,  
 When on that Sabbath morning  
 The fire began to glow,—  
 This church's faint, sweet dawning,  
 A hundred years ago.

A hundred years!—how glorious  
 Their voices, and how strong,  
 As down the years, victorious,  
 The echoes roll along.  
 O Christ! like them undaunted  
 When overwhelmed with woe,  
 Come bless the church they planted  
 A hundred years ago.

### Amanda Jemima Smart.

Amanda J. Dearborn was born in Thornton, in 1830. In 1851 she married Lewis B. Smart. They lived a few years in Kansas, but preferring a home in their native State, they returned and now reside in Campton.

#### "THE POOR IS FORGOTTEN OF HIS NEIGHBOR."

Shall one, who does God's image bear,  
 And shares each day his tender care,  
 Forgotten live and die?  
 Did Christ descend the rich to bless,  
 And turn from sin to righteousness,  
 And all the poor pass by?

Where was the King of kings a guest,  
 And where his only place of rest,  
 When first to earth he came?  
 Was it in princely halls he slept,  
 When shepherds left the flocks they kept,  
 Led by the dazzling flame?

Where is He found in later days,  
 When prison walls resound with praise,  
 And captive souls go free?

\* In June, 1766, these men, eight in all, five having families, arrived in town Saturday night; and the following day they spent in religious worship, under the shadow of a pine-tree. Since these men met under that tree, to the present time, the Congregationalists have never permitted a Sunday to pass without meeting for religious worship.—*History of Newport*.



Was it with those of noble birth,  
He spent his woful days on earth,  
Till hung upon the tree?

Ah, no! with poverty he dwelt,  
And want in every form he felt,  
E'en to the want of friends,—  
To-day, as yesterday the same,  
This friend the humble poor may claim—  
To all his love extends.

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#### A HOME IN THE GRANITE STATE.

O, tell me no more of the wild prairies, fair,  
The tall waving grain and the giant-like corn,  
Of clustering vines and of flowerets rare,  
Where peaceful herds graze on the plains yet unshorn.

The north wind is sweeping from midnight till noon,  
Its cold breath congealing each dew-covered leaf,  
The south alternating, a mimic monsoon,  
And changing the climate in time very brief.

The mountains and hills of the old Granite State,  
So changeful, and free from monotonous scenes,  
Have charms, in themselves, which aught cannot create  
'Mong dark muddy creeks, and more loathsome ravines.

O, give me a home in my own native state,  
Where spirits of languor, and gloom will subside,  
And health-giving breezes with life will inflate,  
As clear sparkling rills from their cool fountains glide.

Yes, give me the bobolink's musical trite,  
While singing in tree-top, or floating in air,  
For plain little Quail's everlasting *bob white*.—  
His song is more welcome, his plumage more fair.

The mountains majestic, with evergreen spread,  
Surpass, in their grandeur, the prairies in brown,  
The hills, decked in autumn with yellow and red,  
Enliven the city, the country and town.

Ah, give me the home of my childhood again,  
The home where I sported, light-hearted and gay,  
A grave, where the dearest of kindred are laid—  
*Their home*, may I share, when from this, torn away.

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## Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Miss Woolson, a daughter of Charles J. Woolson, is a native of Claremont. Her father was a printer. When she was about twelve years of age, the family removed to Cleveland, Ohio. She is descended on her father's side from the Peabodys of New England, and her mother was a niece of Fenimore-Cooper. Miss Woolson is a writer of distinction. Her works of fiction appear in Harper's Magazine, and other foremost periodicals. She has travelled much within the United States, in a carriage, accompanied by her father.

### FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

She journeyed north, she journeyed south,  
The whole bright land she wandered over,  
And climbed the mountains white with snow,  
And sought the plains where palm-trees grow,  
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

Then to the seas she spread her sail,  
Fled round the world a white-winged rover;  
Her small foot pressed the Grecian grass,  
She saw Egyptian temples pass,  
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The costliest gems shone on her brow;  
The ancient Belgian spinners wove her  
A robe of lace a queen might wear;  
Her eyes found all most rich, most rare,  
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The throng did flock to see her pass,  
To hear her speak, and all men strove her  
Smile to win; she had the whole  
Of each one's life and heart and soul,  
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

A sudden whirlwind came at last,  
A little tempest rose, and drove her  
Homeward, bereft, alone, and poor,  
The fair friends fled, the journeyings o'er  
That never found the four-leaved clover!

"Alas!" she sighed, "all hope is gone;  
I've searched the wide world through; moreover  
My eyes are worn with toil; they see  
But this small strip of grass"— There free  
And strong it grew—the four-leaved clover!

### Laura A. Norris.

Miss Norris, a daughter of William Norris, is a native of Nottingham, born in 1831. In 1874 she removed to Hampton, where she still resides with her aged parents. She commenced teaching at an early age, and has followed that vocation much of the time during the past thirty years.

#### STANZAS.

How sweet, when sorrows gather fast,  
When hopes of happiness grow dim,  
When memory o'er the changeful past  
Breathes forth a mournful requiem,  
To feel, as wearily we plod,  
The pure in heart shall see their God.

And wouldst thou aid thy brother man  
As life's stern cares before him rise?  
In kindness then, his errors scan,  
And cheer when hope within him dies;  
When duty calls, oh, falter not,  
And thine shall be a blessed lot.

There breathes a song of purity,  
In loftiest tree and tiniest flower;  
Rock, mount and wave alike may be  
An emblem, of that wondrous Power  
Which guides the destinies of all,  
And heeds the sparrows when they fall.

If there's a feeling of the heart,  
Which we should guard with zealous care,  
While love and friends their joys impart—  
With sacredness to cherish there,  
'Gainst every breath or influence rude,  
That feeling sure is gratitude.

Then may our sweet orisons rise  
With gratitude, nor idly pine,  
While time with tireless pinion flies,  
That more of bliss had not been thine—  
This thought be of thy life a part,  
That God will claim the pure in heart.

#### LINES,

Addressed to a friend on the death of two lovely children.

Gone out upon that sea, whose rolling tide  
Will never bear their forms again to you;

Their goal is reached, and, parted from your side,  
 Their feet have pressed the strand we all must view.

Softly to earth a guardian angel came,  
 And in his arms the gentle sufferers bore,  
 To drink of waters from a living stream,  
 And feast on love unknown to them before. .

Light were the shadows which their pathways crossed,  
 Bright was the sunshine which their childhood knew ;  
 Few were their years, yet never will be lost  
 The precious fragrance, which your hearts bedew.

The early dead are blest—they sweetly sleep  
 Ere their young lives have felt the curse of sin ;  
 And throngs of youthful voices music keep  
 In rapturous strains, their star-crowned home within.

And ye are blest, for faithful is the love,  
 Which teaches children those sweet truths to know,  
 Which came with heavenly beauty from the lips  
 Of Him who blessed them, when He walked below.

And full of love is that mysterious Power  
 Which gave, which took—then pass beneath the rod ;  
 While faith and hope shall light this trying hour,  
 That you may recognize the hand of God.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

<sup>1</sup> Hebrew legend says that, "Before Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, God came down from Heaven in the cool of the evening and, walking in Eden, gathered the flowers he had created."

Readeth thus the Hebrew legend :  
 God within his garden strayed,  
 Plucking from his chosen flowers  
 Such as purest form displayed ;  
 So from out our happy household  
 Quickly passed from mortal view  
 One, whose life was crowned with gladness—  
 Heart so tender, strong and true.

'Tis the voice of God that speaketh ;  
 Listen we with stifled moan,  
 While the burden laid upon us  
 Seems too grievous to be borne ;  
 And our human hearts are breaking  
 'Neath this weight of loneliness—  
 Gone the gladness from life's duties  
 He was wont to share and bless.

Unto purposes ennobling  
 Was his heart's best homage given—  
 In the pride of ripening manhood  
 Gone to a reward in heaven.  
 One more link will draw us thither  
 With the foot-fall of the years,  
 For beyond the touch of sorrow  
 Pledge of perfect love appears.

While the radiance Memory giveth  
 Still will cheer the gloomiest hour,  
 And though grief may weigh the spirit  
 She will still assert her power ;  
 And a faith, in God abiding,  
 Bids all murmuring thoughts be still ;  
 And amid this desolation  
 Bow we to his sovereign will.

Round about us, pitying Father,  
 Let us feel thy fond embrace—  
 Through the rifted clouds of sorrow  
 Recognise thy smiling face.  
 Though an earthly staff is taken  
 Cling we closer unto thee,  
 Since the mysteries which surround us  
 In thy presence solved shall be.

### Mary W. Ellsworth.

Mrs. Ellsworth, whose maiden name was Janorin, was born in Exeter in 1831. She was educated in her native town. Early developing a taste for composition, she won a prize in her eighteenth year, offered by the publishers of a leading Boston Journal, by the production of a tale entitled, "Children's Vows; or the Cornelia Ring." She soon after published various articles, tales, sketches, and poetry in the Philadelphia popular magazines, and became a regular contributor to *Godley's Lady's Book*. She was author of several volumes published by the American Tract Society. In 1868 she married the late Oliver Ellsworth, a publisher of Boston. Her death occurred in the summer of 1870. She was a beautiful woman, gifted in an ordinary degree.

### A LAMENT FOR GERTRUDE.

When had come the pleasant spring-time with the gently dropping showers,  
 And the balmy winds were playing with the bursting buds and flowers ;  
 When the robin and the swallow each had come to build her nest.  
 And the nodding water-lilies hung upon the river's breast ;  
 When the glorious summer dawning brought the warm and summer skies,

And the fields were filled with flowers, and the air with butterflies ;  
 When was heard the drowsy murmur of the roving honey-bees,  
 And the low and lulling music, stealing from the quivering leaves ;  
 When with stalwart steps the autumn slowly came along the plain,  
 Bending low beneath his burden of the golden fruit and grain ;  
 Gertrude then and I went roaming out within the forest lone,  
 Where the beds of moss were golden, where the sunlight glancing  
 shone.

From the cool and grassy valley came the sound of tinkling rills,  
 And we saw the crystal brooklets leaping down between the hills.  
 And we watched the dusky shadows of the twilight floating down,  
 Down upon the level meadows, and upon the distant town.  
 Where the sun had sunk in splendor, through the gates of western  
 skies,

Rose the star-beams, soft and tender, as the light in maidens' eyes.

Timidly then as a lover, and with foot-fall soft and light,  
 Folding close her mantle round her, silently stole forth the night.  
 Spring and summer now are over, and the birds and bees are  
 flown,

And alone I sit in sorrow, thinking of the seasons gone.  
 In the store-house sheaves are garnered, like fond hopes in  
 hearts of men,

But the harvest-joy will never for my spirit spring again.  
 Quenched the star-light is in darkness, and a gloom lies over all,  
 And the shadows deep are folding o'er my heart like fearful pall ;  
 For the autumn rains are dropping down upon a lowly bed,  
 Where we laid our silent Gertrude, where repose the early dead ;  
 And I hear the wind's sad wailing, for across her grave they've  
 been ;

And the rains without are falling, and the bitter tears within.

### MARY E. B. MILLER.

Miss Miller is a native of Portsmouth. All the poetry she ever published was written during the years of her attendance at school. After leaving school she devoted herself to music, in which she was proficient, being an excellent teacher in instrumental music. She was organist at the Unitarian church for several years, composing much music for the choir under her direction. For the past few years she has given her attention to painting, and is better known as an artist than as musician or poet. She resides in Boston, and has a studio at 149 Tremont Street.

### ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

The way looks very long and dark and drear,  
 That leads through this strange life to life immortal :  
 The great world's din is filling me with fear,  
 As I stand trembling at its awful portal.

Oh! I have walked till now in quiet places,  
With Nature, in her woods and fields and dells:  
The flowers look at me with familiar faces;  
I know the story that the wild bird tells.

I've watched the autumn sun's transfiguring splendor  
Flood heaven and earth and sea at day's decline;  
I've watched the harvest-moons rise calm and tender,  
And fair June mornings wake with smiles divine.

With low, sweet melody of running water,  
With wild leaf-music, song of bird and bee,  
Has Nature welcomed me, where'er I sought her;  
And never discord mars her harmony.

Oh! none of earth's sad sights and sounds have ever  
Disturbed the quiet of these blessed years;  
And must I bid these joys farewell for ever,  
To walk henceforward in a vale of tears?

The world looks very cold and dark and dreary,  
As I stand trembling at its open gate:  
I hear within the sighing of the weary,—  
If I *must* enter, let me longer wait!

I hear, from out its dark and frowning portal,  
No sounds but those of sin and woe and death;  
No yearning prayers for life and light immortal,  
But only cries for bread that perisheth.

And through the open gate of that sad city  
Are strange, dark faces gazing out on me:  
Oh, how my heart swells, with a shuddering pity,  
For these, whose life is one long misery!

For women, with such still and hopeless faces;  
For men, whose passions live, whose souls are dead;  
For childhood, without childhood's sunny graces;  
And age, without the halo round its head.

Are these the sights for which I leave the mountains,  
Thy sunlit meadows, and the blossoms fair?  
Must I exchange the song of birds and fountains,  
For this dread wailing of the world's despair?

O selfish soul! the peace which God hath given,  
Which keeps thee safe amid temptation's fires;  
The living bread that cometh down from heaven,  
And satisfies thine infinite desires,—

With these go bravely forth to meet thy duty :  
 Within those gloomy gates that duty lies.  
 Fear not the dimness,—it will change to beauty  
 When Christ of Nazareth shall anoint thine eyes.

Beneath the weight of this unending sorrow,  
 Behold Him bending,—Him who died for thee !  
 Hear how these moans of human anguish borrow  
 The pathos of his pleading agony !

No time remains for dreams, nor for complaining ;  
 Childhood is past,—put childish things away :  
 Christ calls thee by his Spirit's sweet constraining :  
 Arise and work for him, while it is day.

O world ! thy darkness can affright no longer !  
 Within its depths the living God doth dwell :  
 Evil is mighty ; but his love is stronger,—  
 Stronger than pain and sin and death and hell !

### George Eugene Belknap.

Captain George E. Belknap, U. S. N., is a native of Newport where he was born January 22, 1832. He was appointed a Midshipman in the U. S. Naval Service and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., in 1847; was graduated from that institution in 1854, and ordered to duty on Coast Survey as passed Midshipman; commissioned a Lieutenant in 1855; Lieut. Commander in 1862; promoted to Commander for efficient and conspicuous services during the Civil War; assigned to special duty, in the "Tuscarora" by the Secretary of the Navy, in 1873, to make deep soundings across the North Pacific between California and Japan, and was commissioned Post Captain in January, 1875. He has been elected a Fellow of the American Geographical Society; and was awarded a silver medal by the Geographical Society of France as a recognition of merit for hydrographical work on the "Tuscarora." He is author of papers on deep sea soundings in the Army and Navy Magazine, and is at present in command of U. S. Ship "Alaska" on the North Pacific Station. Captain Belknap has been an officer in the U. S. Navy for nearly thirty-five years, has had important commands, and has sailed on all seas.

### CHRISTENING HYMN.

Saviour, round this font we gather,  
 This dear child to offer thee ;  
 Lift him to thy gracious Father,  
 Crown him with the life to be !  
 Hark, the angels list, awaiting  
 One more little soul to greet ;  
 Lo, they fill the air with singing ;—  
 Bid him come with welcome sweet.

"Bring to me the little children,"  
 Blessed Saviour, thou hast said ;  
 Take, O Lord, this fresh young pilgrim,  
 Gently pillow his sweet head ;



By this sign his brow imprinting,  
 Pledg'd is his young soul to thee;  
 Heip, blest Son! these vows insuring,  
 Now and in eternity!

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### HOMeward BOUND.

Coming, darling, coming, pass it from lip to lip,  
 The glorious news swift telling of this, the homeward ship!  
 Coming, darling, coming, the homeward pennant flies,  
 From truck to water streaming, as if to flaunt the skies!

Coming, darling, coming, what music thrills the bay?  
 O 'tis the boatswain piping "all hands up anchor bring!"  
 Coming, darling, coming, let land and sea resound,  
 O shout the happy tidings for we are homeward bound!

Coming, darling, coming, did bird e'er sweeter sing  
 Than pipes so cheery whistling "all hands up anchor bring!"  
 Coming, darling, coming, O quick, "bring-to the chain."  
 And ready bars swift shipping, to loose us on the main!

Coming, darling, coming, O list the merry din  
 Of capstan steady heaving, to sound of violin!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O heave ye jolly boys,  
 The anchor quickly tripping to speed the coming joys!

Coming, darling, coming, O glad the cry, "belay!"  
 As up the hawse-pipe dripping, the anchor hangs aweigh!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O snug the anchor stow,  
 And see! already curling, the waters 'neath our prow!

Coming, darling, coming, "aloft!" "the sails unfurl!"  
 And quick their wings expanding, to haste me to my pearl!  
 Coming, darling, coming, blow fair ye breezes blow,  
 As o'er the billows bounding, so joyously we go!

Coming, darling, coming, but hist! what stirring strain  
 Comes o'er the waters stealing, so quickens heart and brain?  
 Coming, darling, coming, 'tis strain of Auld Lang Syne  
 The ships behind are playing, and O, with streaming eyne!

Coming, darling, coming, O sweet, O blissful day,  
 So swiftly seaward sailing down Yokohama bay!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O loud the beams do creak,  
 As far behind we're leaving fair Fusigama's peak!

Coming, darling, coming, past cape and headland lone,  
The eager sails full blowing t'Oosima's smoking cone.  
Coming, darling, coming, the dolphin plays around,  
And porpoise, leaping, blowing, in schools are windward bound.

Coming, darling, coming, O heart, so all alight,  
Slack not your quicken'd pulsing, nor stay its rare delight!  
Coming, darling, coming, O wing your breezy way  
Ye petrels round us twit'ring, but bring no storm today!

Coming, darling, coming, O wake ye fav'ring gales,  
And waft us swiftly speeding with grandly swelling sails!  
Coming, darling, coming, O sweet the ocean's foam,  
As sailing, flying, bounding, we onward press for home!

Coming, darling, coming, O melt ye chilling snows,  
And skies, your clouds dispersing a bluer blue disclose!  
Coming, darling, coming, ye lilies bow your heads,  
And pansies new upspringing, fresh purple all your beds!

Coming, darling, coming, run fair ye tidal flows,  
And bees, in clover sipping, go hum it to the rose!  
Coming, darling, coming, burst forth ye summer showers,  
And brooks with joyous babbling prelude the coming hours!

Coming, darling, coming, away ye winter glooms,  
And all the air perfuming burst forth ye apple blooms!  
Coming, darling, coming, O laugh ye mountain rills,  
In quiet pools now dimpling, now leaping down the hills!

Coming, darling, coming, O throb ye ocean swells,  
In surges softly lulling as sound of distant bells!  
Coming, darling, coming, fair mermaids chant the song,  
In tropic depths responding, corals and pearls among!

Coming, darling, coming, awake ye lord of day,  
And larks already soaring, O blithely lead the way!  
Coming, darling, coming, O wave ye ripe'ning grain,  
Your dewy heads bright glinting, like sunshine mixt with rain!

Coming, darling, coming, O ring ye happy bells,  
The uplands fill with clanging, fling chimes o'er all the dells!  
Coming, darling, coming, bloom fresh ye fairest flowers,  
Yet hold your sweetest blossoms to deck her sunny bowers!

Coming, darling, coming, arise thou Queen of night,  
And stars, lend all your twinkling grand ocean's face to light!  
Coming, darling, coming, O glow ye fiery trails,  
And Borealis streaming, resplendent deck the sails!

Coming, darling, coming, O joyous swell the song,  
 As o'er the waters voicing its sweetest strains prolong!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O sweet the rush, the sound  
 Of waters rippling, plashing, 'longside the homeward bound!

Coming, darling, coming, slow sinks the polar star,  
 And rising, mounting, beck'ning shines Southern Cross afar!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O Pleiads crown the way,  
 Your sweetest influence lending to haste the happy day!

Coming, darling, coming, whisper it o'er the leas!  
 Make answer pretty birdling, a-floating o'er the seas!  
 Coming, darling, coming, O joy of homeward ships,  
 The dreams of sweet enfolding, and touch of happy lips!

Coming, darling, coming, O glow ye mountain peaks!  
 Ye cables oceans spanning, flash it throughout the deeps!  
 Coming, darling, coming, tell it the wide world round,  
 O shout the happy tidings, for we are homeward bound!

### Grace Webster Hinsdale.

Mrs. Hinsdale was born at Hanover, May 17, 1832. She is the daughter of Charles B. Haddock, who for thirty-five years was a Professor in Dartmouth College, and who died in 1861. His mother was Abigail Webster, the sister of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster. Grace W. became in 1856, the wife of Hon. Theodore Hinsdale, an eminent lawyer, who resided in Brooklyn and practised his profession during forty years in New York City. He died Aug. 18, 1886. Of her seven children four are living. In 1867 she spent nearly six months abroad. She has been author of two books, for children, "Coming of the King," and "Thinking Aloud," which were published by Randolph, and republished in London by Strangton in 1867. Her work has been chiefly for magazines and papers. There are four of her poems in Philip Schaff's "Christ in Song."

#### "LOVEST THOU ME?"

Sweet was the day I crowned thee, Lord,  
 Sweet were its hours divine:  
 The day I crowned thee, in my heart;  
 The day thou mad'st me thine.

Oh, sweet the day, when thy fair face  
 Drew all my soul to thee,  
 And, in a blest exchange of love,  
 Thou gav'st thyself to me:

What holy passion stirred my heart,  
 What tears my joy outpoured,  
 When thou didst come to ask the love  
 Of one who thee adored!

And thou hast won my soul at last ;  
(Who could resist such grace?)  
Again I crown thee in my heart ;  
None shall usurp thy place.

---

#### THE UNBRUISED GRAIN.

There's silence in the mill,  
The great wheel standeth still,  
And leaves the grain unbruised !

The miller, old and gray,  
Hath turned his face away  
From human life and toil.

His weary work is done,  
The stream of life hath run  
Into the boundless sea.

No longer do I hear  
His pleasant words of cheer,  
As past the mill I walk ;

The hand which trembling lay  
On heaving breast to-day,  
Is cold and white and still.

And shall the golden grain  
Lie, waiting now in vain  
For other hands to work ?

The miller gray and old,  
Who lieth dead and cold,  
Hath earned his blessed rest.

O youth, take thou his place  
And, with uplifted face,  
Work thou for human need !

Let not life's force in thee  
Unused and wasted be—  
Take thou the true man's place !

---

#### THE UNTRODDEN PATH.

Outside the gate to Calvary  
The Saviour goes,  
Each weary step his life-blood marks,  
As fast it flows !

The scourging whip no pity won  
For Jesus Christ God's blessed Son,  
Yet bruised and torn He, patient, bears,  
For us, His woes !

As, when of old, the Patriarch,  
Bound close the wood  
Upon the child, who wondering much,  
So meekly stood :  
Thus did the Lord the cursèd tree,  
Bear midst his pain to Calvary,  
When walking, faint, his aching limbs  
Were bathed in blood !

No need to raise the cruel cross  
Before His eye—  
That seeing it He might refuse  
To bleed and die ;  
Salvation's price in heaven he learned,  
Yet Love, divine, with pity yearned  
To rescue souls estranged from God,  
And bring them nigh !

The Roman soldier weaves a crown  
For Him to wear,  
Of pliant branch and sharpened thorn  
His flesh to tear ;  
No laurel wreath, which triumph shows,  
Adorns His brow, as weak He goes,  
Bending so low with humble love  
That death to bear !

They drive the nail through tender nerves  
Of foot and hand,  
While scoffing men, with impious taunts,  
Around Him stand !  
No blasting word, of righteous wrath  
Flings curses on His murderer's path—  
But Jesus prays that God would bless  
That guilty band !

The cross is set—and torture, keen,  
Shows on His face,—  
Yet no distress or agony  
Exhausts His grace !  
"I thirst," He cries, and, quick to mock,  
They offer Him the hyssop stalk ;  
Though Lord of life He, patient, waits  
For death's slow pace !

And soon it comes—the earth is dark  
    'Neath blotted sun,  
The mighty work of saving man  
    At length is done—  
Sweet peace is gained, and sin atoned,  
And man, once more, God's child is owned,  
The emptied graves declare that Christ  
    Hath victory won!

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LISTENING TO THE SEA.

What art thou saying, restless sea?  
    Why canst thou never, never rest?  
Whisper, across thy blue to me,  
    The secrets of thy swelling breast!  
Tireless and boundless are thy waves—  
    Thy fickle heart is treacherous too—  
And in thy deep and dreadful caves  
    Lie treasures, hid from human view.  
Oh moaning sea, what dost thou say;  
    Hast thou thy promise kept to me?  
I trusted one, more dear than life,  
    Upon thy billows—faithless sea!  
How, like a vexed and troubled soul,  
    Thy waves are moving to and fro,  
And, with a dirge thy billows roll,  
    O'er all the dead, who sleep below.  
I am not gladdened by the flash  
    Of sunlight, on thy dashing foam,  
Nor can I laugh amidst the winds,  
    Which, wild o'er thy vast desert, roam.  
No friend art thou to human hearts,  
    O cruel, false, yet glittering sea!  
How hast thou severed souls that loved!  
    I sing no joyous song to thee.  
Yet, when thy giant-strength is roused,  
    By winds which stir thy mighty tide,  
I own Jehovah's dreadful power,  
    Which doth upon thy billows ride.  
But, far beneath the raging storm,  
    All peaceful sleep the patient dead,  
There kings and slaves, earth's weary ones,  
    Await the summons from their bed.

Her little child the mother holds,  
 With clinging arms, which death has chilled,  
 But silence reigns in Neptune's halls,  
 For hearts are hushed, and lips are stilled.

No flattering song, with loving tone,  
 Bursts from my lips, dark, treacherous sea,—  
 My heart is trembling with its fear,  
 Whene'er I dare to think of thee.

Thou bear'st my life upon thy breast,  
 Thou tak'st my all of joy from me—  
 Oh, spare my heart, and show thy love,  
 If thou canst love—deceitful sea.

#### RAPHAEL'S MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

Written after viewing the magnificent picture in the royal gallery at Dresden.

Thou stand'st between the earth and heaven,  
 Sweet Mary, with thy boy;  
 And on thy young and lovely face  
 Linger surprise and joy.

The angel's words are sounding yet  
 In thy attentive ear;  
 Thou hold'st thy child most tenderly,  
 And yet with awe and fear.

Almost a frightened look thou hast,  
 As if within thy thought  
 The glory of thy motherhood  
 An anxious burden brought.

Thou dar'st not clasp the holy child  
 With freedom to thy breast.  
 And yet because he is thine own  
 Thou look'st supremely blest.

God gave the boy into thine arms,  
 And thou his mother art—  
 And yet the words the angel spoke  
 Are lingering in thy heart.

Thou canst not call him quite thine own—  
 And when upon thy knee  
 He sleeps as other infants sleep,  
 Thou dost a glory see,

Which fills thee with a kind of awe,  
And makes thee tremble so,  
That thou dost lay thy baby down,  
And, bending very low,

Dost ask the Father why he sent  
A babe divine to thee,  
And, pouring out thy troubled heart,  
Dost seek his sympathy.

Oh Mary, loved of God and man,  
Let all thy fears depart,  
For God will send his Spirit down,  
To guide thy anxious heart—

And thou shalt rear the blessed child  
Cheered by his smile divine,  
And in thy sweet and humble home  
Shall God's veiled glory shine.

But oh ! I dread for thee the hour  
When thou shalt stand alone  
Beneath the cross where God's dear Son  
Shall for man's sin atone.

A sword shall enter then thine heart  
And leave such bitter pain,  
That thou wilt kneel in agony,  
Inquiring once again,

Why God should crush thee with a grief  
No other heart could share,  
And why in utter loneliness  
Thou must the anguish bear.

And Oh ! I see another day  
When thou shalt wondering stand,  
Amidst a throng who welcome thee,  
In heaven, the blessed land.

And then the Lord who lived on earth  
Clothed in humility,  
Shall sit upon his Father's throne  
In radiant majesty.

The angels then shall lead thy feet  
Across the crystal sea,  
And thou shalt reach the blessed One  
Who lived and died for thee ;



Thy grateful praise shall swell the song  
Which rises toward the throne,  
For then the mysteries of earth  
Shall all be fully known.

Sweet Mary! when the gates of life  
Death's hand unlocks for me,  
I shall discern thy lovely face,  
By its humility.

### Caroline Anastasia Spalding.

Miss Spalding is a daughter of Dr. Phineas Spalding. She is a native of Lyndon Vt. Dr. Spalding removed with his family to Haverhill in 1840. Caroline's education was carefully attended to while young. She is a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. She is very retiring in her disposition and has ever avoided notoriety. Her writings are mostly of a moral and religious character. She has one prize poem published by the New York Observer in book form. Many of her poems have never been published. Her prose writings have been published from time to time in various newspapers, such as the N. Y. Observer, Courier and Enquirer, the N. Y. Independent, Christian Union, Boston Congregationalist, Vermont Chronicle, New Hampshire Journal, etc. She has never engaged in teaching, except in measure on account of her health. She has been a most devoted teacher in the Sabbath school for over thirty years, and has been organist at church for over fifteen years.

### ARCHITECTURE.

I too was a builder—long, long years ago,  
I built me a palace—I made it of snow!  
Its style was unique, for it had but one door,  
And my household of dolls all sat on the floor.

It had arches and turrets, pillars and dome,  
My model I found in a picture of Rome;  
But the columns of crystal, my structure upheld,  
No marble of Italy ever excelled.

It was crested with diamonds a princess might own,  
They were made by the sunbeams on it that shone,  
While no mother-of-pearl, from the waters below,  
Was ever as pure as my palace of snow.

Its lawns were like velvet, and terraces too,  
I planted the wood-moss around it that grew,  
While evergreen twigs from a sunshiny glade,  
Now gracefully bending, an avenue made.

No gaudy exotics bloomed in my parterre,  
But the red mountain-ash berries always were there,  
And scarlet seed-cups, from rose-withered leaves,  
Leaned over the brooklet that ran from the caves.

But alas ! when the noontide fell with its heat !  
I snatched my poor dolls from their dripping retreat,  
While they never dreamed half the anguish I felt,  
When I found my beautiful palace would melt.

Years passed, but not yet bringing shadows of care,  
Again I built castles—but these were of air !  
And their tall minarets uprose to the sky,  
With hues like the rainbow when sunbeams are nigh.

No marvel of beauty, painter e'er dreamed,  
No work of the sculptor half as fair seemed,  
No visions that poet or fable e'er feigned  
Exceeded the fancies my castles contained.

There was music whose rapturous strains charmed the ear,  
Harmonious chords the earth-born cannot hear ;  
Ah ! no treasures of genius or art could compare  
With the wonderful things in my castles of air.

But life brought its lessons, practical, real,  
Experience shattered the fairest ideal,  
And the air-castles vanished, long time ago,  
More quickly, indeed, than the structure of snow.

And then I built ships—from the stern to the prow,  
They were stanch, fresh and new—I sometimes see them now !  
While from mast and from rigging flags floated afar,  
And gay-colored streamers embellished each spar.

They had jewels and diamonds and pearls for their freight,  
They had Hope for their captain and Joy for their mate,  
And as over the waters they bounded along,  
Each dash of the waves brought back pæans of song.

They are still on the sea—but under what sky  
The blue, starry folds of their pennons do fly,  
I know not—I ask not—nor where they have been,  
For they are the ships that will “never come in !”

Then I said, “It is vain—each work of my hand,  
My fabrics all crumble, they're built upon sand ;  
My silver is tarnished, my idols are clay ;  
My air-castles vanish, my ships float away !

But a city there is, with its “jasper wall,”  
As clear as the waters of crystal that fall,  
A city that far beyond time shall endure,  
For its “twelve foundations” are solid and sure !

They are garnished with topaz, and emeralds rare,  
While the gates made of pearl are never closed there;  
For angels keep guard, where no mortal has trod,  
O'er the streets of that city, whose Maker is God!

And the promise remains, our hopes to inspire,  
To those who a "heavenly country" desire,  
The Builder himself, in His word has declared  
He hath for the faithful a "city prepared."

Then if we but strive his commandments to do,  
Those beautiful gates we may all enter through,  
As heirs of His kingdom—who sits on the throne,  
For the Lamb that was slain is the "chief-corner-stone."

#### MARY LYON.

Long years have passed since in thy dreamless sleeping  
They laid thee where the willow branches wave;  
Snow-drops and daisies each in turn are keeping  
Their peaceful vigils o'er thy hallowed grave.

Thou didst not wait to see the shadows gather,  
The calm, sweet hush that tells the day is done;  
But in the heat and toil of noonday, rather,  
The heights were scaled, the long-fought victory won.

Thou art not dead! through other living voices  
Thy blessed words are flowing on to-day;  
And many a stricken, bleeding heart rejoices,  
As rays of heavenly light illumine her way.

Beside the bank of India's flowing waters,  
Beneath the branches of the spreading palm,  
Thy teachings, through the lips of Holyoke daughters,  
Fall on the ear like drops of healing balm.

The echoes of thy voice e'en now are stealing  
Through Turkish mosques and shining Chinese towers;  
The tidings of a Saviour's love revealing  
To dark-eyed maidens in the Persian bowers.

'Mid islands of the sea, perfumed with beauty,  
Or 'neath the scorching sun of Afric's sky,  
Thy warning notes and stirring calls to duty  
Lift from the dust the spirits doomed to die.

And who shall say what high and holy striving  
For purer lives and nobler deeds of worth,

Kindled by thy example, here is thriving  
To bless and elevate this sinful earth?

How vain and worthless seems all earthly glory !  
How dim the gilding on the rolls of fame ;  
While with admiring eye we read the story  
Of thy great life and thy immortal name.

Oh, noble heart, to noble deeds aspiring !  
Alike unstained by worldliness or guile,  
In self-denying acts and zeal untiring,  
Now basking in the sunlight of the Father's smile.

We look upon thy life like some vast mountain  
Towering in grandeur far above the plain ;  
While from its summit flows a ceaseless fountain  
Refreshing the parched earth with cooling rain.

Gentle, refined, with woman's true devotion,  
No aspirations for a "manly sphere ;"  
Yet filled with every lofty, grand emotion—  
"Neglect of duty" all that thou didst "fear."

Sleep on in peace ! Thy life work still progressing ;  
Thy name through coming years shall hallowed be,  
Till praising God for this, his priceless blessing,  
Thy "stars" are gathered by the "jasper sea."

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#### THE QUAKER MEETING.

A summer day of quiet peace,  
All save the billow's roar,  
Where ocean breezes swept the isle,  
And ocean waves the shore.

Sweet Sabbath calm ! the cares of life  
Hushed in a blest repose,  
We joined the silent group whose faith  
No outward utterance shows.

On plain, hard benches sisters sat,  
Brothers across the way ;  
No voice escaped from those broad-brims,  
None from the bonnets gray.

We tried in vain to bring our souls  
Into a heavenly frame,

Their heads were bowed in silent prayer;  
Ours should have been, in shame.

For worldly thoughts came stealing in;  
We missed the gathered throng,  
The frescoed wall, the organ's peal,  
The priest, the prayer, the song!

And so unbidden visions came,  
Echoes would not be stilled,  
The "Quaker Poet" and his dreams  
The vacant places filled.

O'er Mary Garvin, sunbeams played,  
And on Maud Muller's brow;  
A gray-haired matron's placid face  
Was Barbara Frietchie's now.

Good Parson Avery took his seat  
By Andrew Rykman's side;  
While next to Abraham Davenport  
The Barefoot Boy we spied.

"The orchard birds sang sweet and clear,"  
"Pines" moaned on "Ramothe Hill,"  
The "lilies" wafted from the "pond"  
Their "benediction still."

At length the hour for parting came,  
Our visions fled in air!  
The silent group grasped silent hands,  
And left the house of prayer.


And this the lesson that we learned  
On that sweet Sabbath day;  
That loving souls can worship God  
Each in his silent way.

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#### THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A scene of rarest beauty,  
Where wood and lake and sky  
Were dressed in regal splendor  
Entrancing to the eye.

Our souls had been uplifted  
Above the things of earth,  
Its petty cares and triumphs  
Seemed of such trivial worth.



For amid nature's grandeur  
We spent the autumn day ;  
Through gorge and mountain passes  
We took our wondering way.

And now the lengthening shadows  
The even-tide foretold,  
The clouds had added crimson  
To draperies of gold !

We sat in restful silence  
Beside the tranquil lake,  
With only woodland voices  
The peaceful calm to break.

The pines were whispering o'er us,  
The mosses fringed the ground,  
The ferns and fragrant birches  
Their odors shed around.

But far above us, standing  
Right out against the sky,  
A calm, stern face uplifted  
Its granite brow on high.

No trace of mortal weakness,  
Majestic, fearful, grand ;  
A piece of nature's sculpture  
Carved by the Master's hand.

The whirlwind may encircle  
That rocky, firm retreat,  
The winter snows enshroud it,  
The storm in fury beat ;

But still unmoved, unyielding,  
Th' impassive face looks down ;  
No smile the sunbeam wakens,  
The tempest brings no frown.

The thunder peals unheeded,  
The lightnings o'er it flash,  
As harmless as the ripples  
Upon the shore that dash !

Oh Thou all-glorious Father !  
Whose hand these wonders piled,  
Lifting the mountain masses  
In beauty strangely wild ;—

Who, with unerring wisdom,  
 Long ages since didst place  
 Far up among the sunbeams  
 This calm, unchanging face,  
  
 Give us the strength to conquer  
 The ills that crowd our way,  
 The foes without, the snares within,  
 The wiles that lead astray.  
  
 To bear unmoved the tempest;  
 Fearless and undismayed  
 To walk beneath the sunshine,  
 Remembering it must fade.  
  
 Farewell, thou mountain teacher!  
 This lesson let us learn,  
 As in the labyrinth of life  
 Our wandering steps return.  
  
 He who, with sure foundation,  
 A lofty height has won  
 Need not to fear the whirlwind,  
 Nor faint beneath the sun.

#### WHITHER?

"Whither goest thou, and whence comest thou?"—*Judges xix: 17.*

I come from a land of beauty,  
 Where skies are entrancingly fair,  
 Where the flowers are dressed in their regal robes,  
 And their perfume floats on the air.  
 But the blossoms wither as night-dews fall,  
 And the drooping petals become a pall.

I come from a land of promise,  
 Where the rainbow is spanning the cloud,  
 Where the song of the skylark is cheering  
 The heart that is earthward bowed.  
 But the bright hues fade on the darkening sky,  
 And the strains of the music in echoes die.

I come from a land of changes,  
 Where nothing but death is sure,  
 Where the tempest follows the sunbeam,  
 And the meteor-flashes allure;  
 Where the heart grows cold ere it turns into dust,  
 Where the moth consumes and the treasures rust.

I come from a land of trial,  
Temptation and bitter strife,  
Where the good that we would we do not,  
Where the conflict ends but with life.  
Where the path is beset with pitfalls and snares,  
Where the reaper seeks grain and only finds tares.

I come from a land of parting,  
Where the loved of the early days  
With curtained eye and with unclasped hand  
Pass helplessly from our gaze ;  
Where we dare not cling to the loving and fair,  
Lest the black-plumed wing should be hovering there.

I go to a land of beauty,  
More fair than the poets have told,  
Where the waving palms and the jasper wall,  
And the streets of the purest gold,  
And the gates of pearl by the crystal sea,  
Are but symbols dim of the glories to be.

I go to a land of promise,  
Where the rainbow around the throne  
Is the pledge that none of His words shall fail  
Wherewith he had gathered his own.  
No broken chords in the harmony there !  
No heaven-born hopes exchanged for despair.

I go to a land unclouded  
By any shadowing night,  
Where "they need no candle or sunbeam,"  
For our God is its changeless light.  
Where the dazzling beams on our vision that fall  
Are but wandering rays from the fountain of all.

I go to a land celestial,  
Where God wipes away all the tears,  
Where the former things have departed,  
The sorrows, the pain and the fears ;  
Where "beauty for ashes," and joy for our woe,  
When he "makes up his jewels," his hand will bestow.

Oh, glorious, beautiful land !  
Unworthy and fettered by sin,  
How dare I hope for a vision  
Of all the glories within ?  
His promise is sure, his robe shelters me,  
"Where the Master is, there the servant shall be."



## HIS OWN.

"They shall be as the stones of a crown."—*Zechariah 12: 18.*

The Master came to our dwelling,  
And left us a jewel one day,  
To be cherished and guarded and polished  
Till it shone with luminous ray.  
We knew it was all for His service,  
But the gem in such beauty shone  
We almost forgot, as we watched it,  
It was not indeed our own !

The burdens of life grew lighter,  
The home was a holier place,  
The clouds in our daily journey  
Left only a passing trace.  
And we thought, what a blessed mission  
To keep in our tenderest care  
The jewel our Master entrusts us,  
So beautiful, bright and fair !

We knew that the lengthening shadows  
Would steal o'er our path some day,  
But we hoped the light at the hearth-stone  
Would shine with a quenchless ray ;  
That we were to be the keepers  
Of this treasure from the skies,  
Till our weary hands were folded,  
And the curtain veiled our eyes !

Then a darkness thick o'erwhelmed us,  
We groped in its stifling breath,  
For our hearts were torn and bleeding  
By the mighty hand of death.  
The Master had taken his treasure,  
The jewel that was his own,  
And the added beauties of heaven  
In its radiant lustre shone !

So now with our upward yearnings,  
Since the light of our home is fled,  
We bear the burdens unshrinking,  
And the daily pathway tread.  
For heaven, with all of its glory,  
Is brighter and lovelier yet,  
For amid the "stones of the crown"  
Our beautiful jewel is set.

## ANGELS THIS SIDE.

Not always do they come with hovering wings,  
Along the path our weary footsteps tread,  
To shield us from the taint of earthly things,  
Or solace hearts from which all hope is fled.

Sometimes in lowly, russet garments clad,  
With hands all hardened by their daily toil,  
They lift the burdens from a life most sad,  
And gather blossoms from the humble soil.

Sometimes the music of a child's sweet voice,  
Its shout of welcome or its pitying sigh,  
Will cause the drooping spirit to rejoice,  
And raise the soul to clearer light on high.

Angels attend us in the guise of flowers,  
Sweeter than any white-robed spirit band,  
Making the sick room with its weary hours  
An Eden by celestial breezes fanned.

For with the rustling of their perfumed bells  
Come messages of love from friends most dear.  
Of hope and trust each tiny leaflet tells,  
Smiles for our joys, and for our woes a tear.

They breathe it in the lonely winds of night;  
The odor of the lilies whispers now  
Sweet words of courage comforting and bright,  
As if an angel cooled the fevered brow.

Ah, not alone within the pearly gates  
The ministering spirits gathered stand!  
In our bleak desert even now there waits  
A shining host of the angelic band!

We press their hands, we look into their eyes,  
We hear their words, the faithful and the tried;  
And then we murmur, in our glad surprise,  
"God bless the angels that we find this side!"

## HEAVEN.

Oh beautiful land of the dim unseen!  
Where the mortal shadow hath never been!  
Where the angels stand with their folded wings,  
And strike their harps to the King of kings!

Where the saints are clothed in their robes of white,  
 And on every head is a crown of light.  
 While the anthem peals, in a rapturous strain,  
 "Glory and power to the Lamb that was slain,"  
 Oh the gates of pearl and the streets of gold!  
 Symbols to us of the riches untold,  
 For who shall compare an earthly gem  
 With the stars in the Saviour's diadem?  
 Oh blessed land, where no taint of sin  
 Shall ever enter the portals within,  
 Where doubts and repinings and self and pride  
 Are lost in hosannas to Him who died!  
 Oh haven of peace, where the storm is o'er!  
 Oh healing tree, on the emerald shore!  
 Oh fadeless day, with no shadowing night!  
 For the Lord our God is its changeless light.  
 Bright, beautiful land of the dim unseen!  
 Where the wearied footsteps have never been;  
 Where sorrow is banished, and cares and fears,  
 Where they reap in joy, that have sown in tears!  
 God grant that at last, in the final day,  
 When sects and creeds shall be scattered away,  
 With more trusting hearts, and with sweeter lays,  
 We may *all* unite in our Saviour's praise!

### Samuel Burnham.

Samuel Burnham was born in Rindge, February 21, 1833. He was the only son of Amos W. Burnham, D. D., who was a Congregational minister settled in Rindge in 1821, and who remained pastor of the church for nearly fifty years. Samuel, at the age of eighteen years, entered Williams College and graduated in 1853. For a year or two after leaving college he was principal of the academy in Amherst. Afterwards he went to Boston and entered upon that career of literary industry which continued till his death. He was employed by Gen. Sumner to write the history of East Boston, a work of about seven hundred pages. After this he became connected with the Boston Tract Society, and wrote for the society some small volumes setting forth the facts and wonders of Natural History. For two years he was one of the editors of the *Congregationalist*. Only a little while before his death he prepared for the press a full edition of the works of Charles Sumner, and at the time of his death he was at work upon the history of the Old South Church of Boston. These are but a small part of his literary labors. He died June 22, 1873.

### EXTRACT,

From a Poem delivered at Williams College at Commencement in 1862.

O now is the time when indeed 'tis worth living,  
 Yes, now is the time when heroes are made!  
 When we for our country our life's blood are giving,  
 When right against wrong is in battle arrayed.

Rejoice that you live when your native land calls you  
To fight for the flag of the noble and brave ;  
Indifferent what be the fate that befalls you,  
A hero's proud life—a martyr's lone grave.

In the far southern land our brothers are dying,  
With rifle in hand and face to the foe ;  
In many a lone grave their bodies are lying,  
To many a lone heart come tidings of woe.

O rouse in thy might !—the war-cry is ringing !  
O'er hill and through plain the alarum is heard ;  
The God of our fathers sure vengeance is bringing  
On dark-hearted traitors who've taken the sword.

Fair Liberty, long the poor outcast of nations,  
Has chosen her home in this land of the West ;  
And heaven shall be torn from eternal foundations,  
Ere she fail to find here a haven of rest.

The storm-cloud of war envelopes the nation ;  
Earth reels with the shock as the huge tempest breaks ;  
New battle-fields shudder with red desolation,  
As the land from its long sleep of peace now awakes.

Hark ! hear the loud tramp of the mustering legions,  
Resistless in numbers and firm in their tread ;  
From East and from West, and from far distant regions,  
They solemnly march to the field of the dead.

See slowly uprising the smoke of the battle ;  
The dull heavy cloud by the lightning's flash riven ;—  
Hark the roar of the cannon, the musketry rattle,  
And the din of the contest that rises to heaven.

The angel of death o'er the dark field is bending ;  
With skeleton finger is marking his prey ;  
O God ! hear the prayers of a nation ascending,  
And turn our dark night of horror to day.

O God of our fathers,—the God of our nation !  
Our faith is unwavering—our trust is in thee ;  
O hear our petition—our land grant salvation,  
And smile once again on the home of the free.

How long, O how long shall this storm-cloud hang o'er us ?  
How long ere the blood-stained sword shall be sheathed ?  
How great is the terrible conflict before us,  
How long ere the cannon with flowers shall be wreathed ?

Not yet, no, not yet, will the battle be ended ;  
 We shrink from the path God bids us to take ;  
 The cries of the bondmen to heaven have ascended,  
 And now is God's time their fetters to break !

O'er the din of the battle, o'er war's desolation,  
 Like heavy-toned thunder, or the roar of the sea,  
 God utters his voice in the ear of the nation,  
 And all the world hears, "Let my people go free !"

Nor justice nor mercy ever have slumbered ;  
 God's plagues have been on us for all this abuse !  
 The days of their bondage in Egypt are numbered,  
 'Thank Heaven, we've no Pharaoh who'll dare to refuse !

And then, like the first flash of sunlight from heaven,  
 Will victory dawn on a glorious day ;  
 And then, like clouds by the mountain winds driven,  
 Will trouble and sorrow flee southward away !  
 And *Io Triumph*e usher in the bright day !

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### INNER LIFE.

Extract from a College Poem.

Yet there are precious times when we delight  
 To shut the heartless world from out our sight ;  
 When sacred thoughts within our inmost soul,  
 Thoughts ours alone come welling up, and roll  
 In ebb and flow, and dreamy mists arise,  
 And gush in tear drops from the half closed eyes ;  
 When precious memories of other years,  
 The many joys and sorrows, hopes and fears  
 Which crowd a lifetime, seem to us again  
 To be lived over in the soul ; and when  
 No notes discordant mar the harmony  
 Which wrap the senses in sweet ecstasy,  
 As when rich music falls upon the ear,  
 Anon far distant, and anon, so near,  
 The chords, as struck by more than human art.  
 Glide gently through the chambers of the heart ;  
 And in the silence, hear the warbling note  
 Of rarest melodies that gently float  
 On the hushed air, while from the weird-like theme.  
 Embossed in shining notes, a fringe doth seem  
 To hang, of liquid dropping notes, which round  
 The massive chords are so harmonious wound.

How true it is no spoken words can give  
 Form to the best of thoughts which in us live !  
 There is within a life that's all our own,—  
 Unread—unspoken—save to us, unknown.  
 The outer world may frown, and false prove those  
 On whom our weary hearts would fain repose,  
 And still within there is a fond relief  
 Of untold value, even in its grief.  
 There is a twilight of the soul in which we sit,  
 And watch our petted fancies as they noiseless flit  
 In the stray sunbeams which will sometimes steal  
 Into our darkest corners, and we almost feel  
 As if old earth had vanished from our sight,  
 And up to heaven the soul had taken flight.

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“DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.”

Extract from a College Poem.

A glorious motto this, for human life !  
 With all its turmoil and its war and strife.  
 Act out life nobly ! Live, man, while you live !  
 And to the good and right your powers give,  
 Ne'er rest from labor nor your work think done  
 'Till o'er the grave your last great victory's won.  
 Live earnest lives, fight manfully with sin,  
 Fight for the right, and God and you will win.  
 Live while you live,—let every passing hour  
 Some trophy show of well directed power,  
 Relieve some soul with troubles sore oppressed,  
 Throw sunshine gleams into some shadowed breast,  
 Cause smiles to glisten in the tearful eyes  
 Like rainbows arching through the April skies.  
 Oh, do some good ; while life and hope remain  
 Assuage some anguish, soothe corroding pain,  
 Stand boldly forth for all that's good and true,  
 And God ere long will nobly honor you.  
 Call nothing little that the heart can give ;  
 By deeds like these our truest lives we live.

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DECORATION HYMN.

They rest from the conflict, their labor is ended,  
 Their battles are fought and their victories gained ;  
 Their spirits heroic to God have ascended,  
 Their memory is left us with honor unstained.

Beneath the green sod their bodies are sleeping.  
 Above them in beauty the dewy grass waves.  
 While comrades this day are sacredly keeping,  
 And strewing with flowers, their glorious graves.

We know that our flowers will wither and perish,  
 Our flags too, will droop in the still summer air;  
 But deep in our hearts their memory we'll cherish,  
 With love that the passing years ne'er will impair.

To us is the weeping, while theirs is the glory:  
 From danger and duty they ne'er turned aside;  
 Heroic their deeds and immortal their story,—  
 They fought for their country, and conquering, died.

No longer they listen the tramp of the legions  
 That steadily marched to the field of the dead,  
 From East and from West, and from far distant regions,  
 Resistless in numbers and firm in their tread.

Yes, honor and glory for them are eternal,  
 The nation they ransomed their memory will keep:  
 Fame's flowers immortal will bloom ever vernal  
 O'er the graves where our heroes in glory now sleep.

#### TO MY GRAND-MOTHER.

Though bleak and chill the wintry wind, though dark the day  
 and drear,  
 Though lifeless 'neath her icy chains the fettered earth appear.  
 Though leafless boughs sway, bent and torn, before the furious  
 gale,  
 Yet cold, nor snow, nor wintry blast 'gainst Nature shall prevail.  
 She is waiting, only waiting, till the spring days come once more,  
 Only clasping close her treasures all the brighter to restore.  
 Soon shall the sun's glad warmth and cheer unloose each heavy  
 chain.  
 The tempest wild have spent its wrath, soft zephyrs breathe  
 again,  
 With verdure clad, with strength renewed, the flower crowned  
 earth shall rise,  
 With song of birds and rippling streams salute the smiling skies.  
 After waiting, calmly waiting, she shall rise a queen once more.—  
 All her wealth of joy and beauty o'er our happy hearts to pour.  
 Though age and care thy form have bowed, though dark thy day  
 and drear,

Though friends of youth are from thee torn, earth's joys no longer cheer,  
 Though lonely, weary oftentimes, though strength and vigor fail,  
 Yet age, nor pain, nor weariness against thee shall prevail.  
 Only waiting, only waiting, till release from earth be given,  
 With the heart secure in Jesus how we long for rest in Heaven !

But soon shall dawn a brighter day, all clouds be overpast,  
 Then may thy spirit upward fly, thy soul find rest at last.  
 The loved and lost be found again, full strength for weakness  
 given,  
 And weariness and pain forgot in perfect bliss in Heaven.  
 After waiting, meekly waiting, through these many weary days,  
 With the sanctified in glory, sing eternally God's praise !

#### CRADLE SONG.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;                         | Cares trouble not thy breast ;<br>Naught shall disturb thy rest,—                             |
| Now when the daylight dies,<br>Closed be the little eyes ;     | Sleep, baby, sleep.   |
| Rest till the sun arise,—<br>Sleep, baby, sleep.               | Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;  |
| Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;                         | Mother will watch and pray<br>Danger may keep away,<br>Until the dawn of day,—                |
| Peaceful shall rest thy head ;<br>Noiseless shall be the tread | Sleep, baby, sleep.   |
| Round our dear darling's bed,—<br>Sleep, baby, sleep.          | Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;  |
| Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep,                          | Forms that we cannot see,<br>Loving are watching thee ;<br>Thus may it ever be !              |
| No cause for anxious fears ;<br>Nor yet for thee the years     | Sleep, baby, sleep.   |
| When life must have its tears,—<br>Sleep, baby, sleep.         | Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;  |
| Lullaby, lullaby,<br>Baby must sleep ;                         | God answers from the skies<br>Mother's fond prayers that rise ;<br>Baby must close his eyes,— |
| Baby by Heaven blest !   | Sleep, baby, sleep.   |

#### Martha J. Heywood.

Mrs. Heywood, a sister of the late Samuel Burnham, and the youngest of the family, is a native of Rindge. She married A. B. Heywood, of Lowell, Mass., and resided in that city several years. Their home is in Keene.



## REST.

"And there the weary are at rest"—  
At rest upon the Saviour's breast ;  
Safe in that calm and peaceful home,  
Where sorrow nevermore can come.

"And there the weary are at rest"—  
The soul by earthly care distressed  
No more shall feel an anxious fear,  
For God shall wipe away each tear.

"And there the weary are at rest,"—  
The head upon His bosom pressed  
Shall never know another pain,  
Nor sad, distracting thoughts again.

"And there the weary are at rest"—  
The heart's deep longings, unexpressed,  
Shall there be more than satisfied,  
In that sweet shelter where we hide.

"And there the weary are at rest"—  
The broken spirit, here oppressed,  
At last a resting-place has found,  
Where it can never feel a wound.

"And there the weary are at rest"—  
In those fair mansions of the blest,  
"Sorrow and sighing flee away,"  
And all is bright, eternal day.

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## TRUST.

Dear Saviour, on thy loving breast,  
My weary head I lean ;  
Although with guilt and fear oppressed,  
Thy blood can make me clean.

Thus resting, in thy pitying ear,  
I pour my inmost grief ;  
Thou wilt not chide the falling tear,  
But grant me sweet relief.

Though many a hope which I have known,  
Lies sadly unfulfilled ;  
Though joys once bright have quickly flown.  
I take what God has willed,—

Assured my Father cannot fail  
To lead His child in love ;  
O'er seas of doubt I calmly sail,  
Nearing my home above.

If thus my heart can *ever* lay  
Its heavy load on Thee,  
Though clouds of sorrow shroud my way,  
No ill can come to me.

Oh, should I gain that heavenly shore,  
Where my lost darlings dwell,  
I'll praise Him then, forevermore,  
Who "doeth all things well."

ALICE.

The golden sunlight fades away,  
The day glides into night ;  
The stars are coming, one by one,—  
I hail their milder light.

The light is fading from my heart,—  
Scarce e'en a twilight ray  
Dawns on my weary soul to-night  
To soothe my grief away.

I think of one who passed from earth,  
In all her beauty bright ;  
Our only star—whose light went out  
One year ago to-night.

Sweet little Alice ! Could our love  
Have had the power to save,  
Our dearest, fondest hopes would ne'er  
Lie buried in that grave.

Yet though my heart be desolate,  
This joy to me is given ;  
To know my darling is at rest ;  
" 'Tis well" with her in heaven.

O Father, teach thy sorrowing child,  
Through tears, thy hand to see ;  
For thou wilt heal the broken heart,  
That trusts alone in thee.

## FALLING, FALLING !

The rain is falling, falling, - My tears are falling, falling.  
 The night is dark and drear, My grief I cannot stay,  
 Deep unto deep is calling. My heart is ever calling  
 Sad, mournful sounds I hear! For the loved one far away.

The rain is falling, falling, A voice is calling, calling,  
 On a little far-off grave. "O mother! look above!  
 Deep unto deep still calling— Here are no tear drops falling.  
 I sink beneath the wave. Come to my home of love!"

## PROVERB POEM.

"Misery loves company."

A fox, while skipping o'er bill and dale  
 Was caught in a trap and lost his tail;  
 And thus of his pride and glory bereft,  
 He said, "I have only one solace left.

I cannot endure the taunts and jeers.  
 I now shall receive from all my peers;  
 But if I can make them *follow suit*,  
 They will have no cause to laugh and hoot.

The very first day of pleasant weather,  
 I'll call the foxes all together,  
 And see if my plan will not avail  
 To make each fox cut off his tail."

So he issued a loud and earnest call—  
 "Come hither, ye foxes, great and small;  
 I've a dainty feast prepared for you,  
 And a tale to tell, both strange and new."

And far and near was the summons heard,  
 As the forests rang with the welcome word:  
 And the foxes came in eager haste,  
 Their neighbor's rich repast to taste.

Then he without the tail arose,  
 And said, "dear friends, you see, I suppose,  
 That I've lost my tail since last we met,  
 And haven't obtained another as yet.

I see your faces are full of glee,  
 But before you laugh, just listen to me:  
 Be patient, and I will make it plain,  
 That what *seemed* a loss is really a gain.

And first I'm sure no fox will deny,  
That in *looks* I now all others outvie ;  
The tail of which once I was foolishly vain,  
I remember to-day with sorrow and pain.

Just look at me now, my figure behold,  
And say, was I ever so handsome of old?  
And as for convenience, you never will know,  
Till deprived of your tails, how fast you can go.

The tail is a heavy burden to bear,  
A troublesome weight and a useless care ;  
O, take my advice and cut off your tails,  
And swifter than ever you'll roam through the vales."

While thus he selfishly pleaded his case,  
Another fox rose with a very wise face,  
And said, "Neighbor fox, allow *me* to speak ;  
Your words are in vain, your logic is weak.

"Tis plain to be seen, you're in a sad plight,  
And to tell you the truth, you look like a fright ;  
'Tis useless to try your friends to deceive,  
For none of your arguments do we believe.

O, had you been honest, faithful and true,  
Each one of your friends would now pity you ;  
But they who resort to deception and sin,  
Will certainly find they've been taken in.

I'm sure all these foxes assembled to-day  
Will fully agree with what I now say ;  
You'd better depart for regions unknown,  
And we'll eat up your dainties after you're gone."

The fox heard the words and looked all around  
To see if e'en now one friend might be found ;  
But not one took his part, and each face seemed to say,  
"The best thing you can do is to just run away."

So fearful was he lest his neighbors give chase,  
Away fled the fox at a very swift pace ;  
And oft as he wandered he uttered this wail,  
"Alas ! I've no home, and no friends, and no tail !"

From this simple tale the lesson we learn,  
Our dear "boys and girls" will not fail to discern ;  
'Tis better in patience our sorrows to bear,  
Than to strive to make others our miseries share.

### John Wesley Adams.

Rev. John W. Adams, a son of John and Mary (Taggart) Adams and descendant of Henry Adams, ancestor of the Presidents, was born May 23, 1832. He joined the N. H. Conf. M. E. Church in 1858. His pastorates have been Rye, Derry, So. Newmarket, No. Salem, E. Canaan, Winchester, Gt. Falls—High St., Tilton and Newport. In 1883-4-5—he was Chaplain of the Second N. H. Reg't Vols. In 1877-89 and 80 he was Presiding Elder of Concord District. For several years past he has been president of the trustees of the Conference Seminary and Female College at Tilton.

#### THE BIBLE.

Precious Bible! Wisdom's shrine!  
Gift of heaven! Book divine!  
Rescuing from error's night,  
Life immortal,—heavenly light!

Key to nature's mystic page,  
Supplement to reason sage,  
Traced by hands of old inspired,  
Truth, the wisest have admired.

Most authentic history,  
Record of antiquity,  
Herald of the coming day,  
When the "earth shall pass away."

Book revealing love divine,  
Breathing hope in every line,  
Teaching how through Jesus' blood,  
Sinners, cleansed, may rise to God.

This is Heaven's only creed,—  
Plain, that "he who runs may read;"  
Aged pilgrim's comfort, guide;  
Youth may in its truths confide.

Holy Ghost, with rays divine,  
On this precious volume shine;  
And in searching may we find  
Treasures, lasting as the mind.

#### OUR BABY.

Though babies count up by the million,  
And all of them fit for the "show;"  
Yet ours beats the sum total billion,  
Because she's *our* baby, you know.

Her ringlets ! O, their like never can be ;  
 They all of them curl just so :  
 You ought not to smile at my fancy,  
 . Because she's our baby, you know.

Her complexion out-rivals the fairest ;  
 The cheeks have an angelic glow ;  
 The dimples that fleck them, the rarest,  
 Because she's our baby, you know.

Transcendant expression and lustre,  
 And clear as the waters that flow  
 Are the eyes with which heaven hath blessed her,  
 Because she's our baby, you know.

Her lips are like lilacs in blossom,  
 And the nectar with which they o'erflow  
 Is sweeter than hive-stores in autumn,  
 Because she's our baby, you know.

Her laughter is seraph-like music  
 Wafted through the dear home here below ;  
 And her sayings more sage than the Delphic,  
 Because she's our baby, you know.

She's a darling, a picture, a pet,  
 A cherub from the crown to the toe :  
 She has ne'er found her equal as yet,  
 Because she's our baby, you know.

---

### George W. Osgood.

G. W. Osgood was born in this State, in 1833. His father was a farmer, and he follows the same vocation. He was engaged for some time as a watchman in Lawrence, Mass., and in 1856, went to Boston, where he entered a drug store, and remained a year. He then went west, desiring to engage in farming, but not liking the country, returned the following spring. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the 8th N. H. Volunteers, and was afterwards promoted to the office of lieutenant. He was in various engagements, was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, and subsequently discharged. After regaining his health he purchased a farm in Nelson, where he now resides.

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### WELCOME TO SPRING.

Sweet spring has come ! the bluebird's joyous note  
 He whistles oft from limb of leafless tree ;  
 The doves have built their nest within the cote,  
 And warm the south wind blows across the lea.

Stern winter long his chilly sceptre swayed,  
 And nature helpless bound with icy chain,

With snow clad hill and vale and sheltered glade,  
Till earth and man were weary of his reign.

But spring's warm breath atones for winter's cold;  
Nature revives, our drooping hearts to cheer;  
Bids the grim tyrant, feeble grown and old,  
With train of snow and frost, to disappear

The robin from his long and forced sojourn  
In southern climes, flies north with pinion free,  
And none more glad to welcome spring's return  
And eager seek his whilom haunts than he.

That sombre vested prince of rogues, the crow,  
Who claims the right the farmer's corn to share,  
Long since his northward flight began, and lo!  
His call is heard upon the morning air.

The warm and mellow air the frog provokes  
To music, and he pipes his rasping strain,  
While, echoing the madrigal he croaks,  
Thousands are heard in chorus and refrain.

The hill-side pastures, sere and brown and bare,  
Scant sustenance for herd or flock afford,  
But underneath the withered herbage there  
The fresh young grass is springing thro' the sward.

Thrice welcome beauteous spring, emblem of youthful bloom,  
Fair pledge of nature's life, and seed-time of the year;  
Put on thy queenly robes, full sway assume,  
Nor haste to bring the burning summer here.

---

#### THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

Where are the friends we prized of yore?  
Their memory haunts us like a dream,  
There's only left a handful more—  
Fast passing down life's shadowy stream.  
The hearts our youthful pleasures shared  
No more shall throb within their breast,  
The hands, that kindly for us cared,  
Are folded in their final rest.  
Did fortune favors on us pour?  
They proved their friendship ever true;  
We trusted them in sorrow's hour,  
For counsel and for comfort too.  
But they have left us sad and lone

---

To pass the remnant of our race ;  
 Scarcely can other friends atone  
 Their loss, or wholly fill their place.  
 But their dear memory lingers still  
 To cheer us in life's rugged way ;  
 Though other forms their places fill,  
 We deem them near us day by day,  
 Death breaks the ties that bind us here,  
 And they must e'er be severed thus ;  
 With lost friends we shall soon appear,  
 But never they'll return to us.  
 Though earthly friendship fade and fail,  
 May Jesus prove our steadfast friend ;  
 And hope secure within the veil  
 Sustain and cheer till life shall end.

### David H. Hill.

David H. Hill was born in North Berwick, Maine, December 12, 1833, and removed with his father's family to Sandwich in 1837, where he has since remained, except when absent in teaching, or engaged in academical and professional studies. He read law in the office of Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler and Hon. Joshua G. Hall at Dover, and at the Harvard Law School, in the senior class, but did not graduate there. He has been engaged in the practice of his profession in Sandwich for about seventeen years past, giving little time to other pursuits. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1870 and 1871, and was appointed to the office of Judge of Probate for Carroll County in 1880, which position he still holds.

### CHOCORUA.

Sing me a song, a pleasing song, of the wild granite hills :  
 Some weird old legend of the north, whose mystic romance  
     thrills  
 Both heart and brain, at thought of deeds that long ago had birth  
 Among those ancient hills that stand like giant kings of earth.

Sing of the buried treasures in the eastern desert caves ;  
 The wild bird's mournful burden, as he screams o'er Indian  
     waves ;  
 The notes of desolation chant, heard in the desert land,  
 Where in a gloomy silence still the mouldering temples stand.

'Tis thine to trace the shadowy realms where holiest truths are  
     wrought,  
 And summon wild imaginings from the free world of thought :  
 'Tis thine to trace the welcome light, bursting through desert  
     gloom,  
 And hear the singing angels chant, 'mid silence of the tomb ;—



By outspread tranquil waters, 'neath the summer skies that sleep.  
In the lone glens and solemn groves, where whispering breezes  
creep,

Deep in the ancient forest dark, 'mid awful forms and wild.  
Where Nature in a thousand shapes speaks to her chosen child;—

Where far o'er mighty ocean's waste the traveller can descry  
Dark incense from the burning hills curl upward to the sky;  
Where war hounds and the vulture trace the conquering army's  
tread,

And ghostly catacombs appear, homes of the ancient dead.

Where'er the dews of genius fall, go to that pleasant clime,  
And mark the footprints—listen to the voices of old Time,  
And sing of the imperial hills, thy romance summon forth.  
And sing some mystic song of old, some legend of the North.

Along the shores of the wild lakes,  
Among the northern hills that sleep,  
The wild bird's music scarcely breaks  
The silence that the waters keep,  
And twilight shadows gently creep  
Along the wild indented shore,  
And over all the watery floor  
A mirrored surface softly shines.  
In its calm depth, the silent pines  
And the grim mountains seem to stand  
Like giant watchers o'er the land.

Scarcely two centuries are gone,  
Since o'er that pleasant mountain land,  
Where wild Chocorus's tower of stone  
Seems like an ancient king to stand;  
The warriors of another race  
Like shadows roamed o'er lake and hill;  
And now, as ancient legend says,  
Their conscious spirits roam there still,  
Guarding the lonely burial place  
Where sleep the warriors of their race.

'Tis said that ancient legends show  
In the old ages long ago,  
During Charles Stuart's reign of blood,  
From seaside town oft wandered forth  
Among the wild forests of the north,  
Far in New Hampshire's wildest wood,  
Where rocky hills their vigils keep.

And lakes round frowning mountains sleep,  
Wild spirits of bold Cromwell's band,  
Who left their homes and native land  
To seek some wilder, lonelier home  
Where Stuart's power might never come.

By Burton's lake, whose waters lie  
In tranquil sleep, where cloud and sky  
And mount and fiery sunset-gleam,  
In depth of waveless waters, seem  
Like visions wild in fleeting dream,  
Lived in that old historic day  
The prophet chief, Chocorua.

Declining day's last sunlight fell  
O'er that wild region of the north ;  
Westward, deep gorge and mighty dell,  
Whence mountain rivers issue forth,  
In the increasing darkness slept.  
The panther started from his lair ;  
The wolf from out his cavern crept ;  
'Mong tangled hemlocks lay the bear,  
Gorging himself in darkness there.

On such an eve Chocorua stood  
On that lone height, "The Prophet's Home ;"  
Beneath him lay the unbounded wood,  
Deep gorge, where tumbling torrents foam.  
Towering aloft great Minden rose,  
The dark browed monarch of the west,  
Stately and grand, in stern repose  
Lifting to heaven his wooded crest.

On this wild scene the prophet gazed  
While daylight deepened into night ;  
When, on the Indian's vision, blazed,  
Beside the eastern lake, a light ;  
A single camp fire shone afar  
Through the dark pines like evening's star,  
Lighting the sacred burial place  
Where slept the heroes of their race.  
He knew it was no meteor lamp,  
As oft-times flashes on the eye  
Amid the exhalations damp,  
Where the low, misty moorlands lie ;  
Strangers e'en now from eastern waves  
Were feasting by his fathers' graves,

'Twas on November's waning day,  
The sun in southern skies hung low,  
Pale light on dying woodlands lay,  
That northward stretched for leagues away,  
To glittering hills in wastes of snow.

By Burton's lake "the prophet stood"  
While evening shadows gently fell  
O'er fading lake and darkening wood ;  
When from a gloomy mountain dell  
Came the wild panther's savage yell,  
That strange, wild, piercing, awful cry  
Rose upward to the vaulted sky,  
Fearful as the near thunder's jar,  
Then died in mountain glens afar.

Nearer, again, that awful cry  
Froze the quick blood with curdling chills ;  
A hundred echoes made reply,  
Pealing along the northern hills.

From out the dusk a stranger came,  
The monster met him in his path,  
With quivering limb and eyes of flame,  
Writhing in wild majestic wrath :  
With upraised arm the stranger spoke,  
In flash of fire and wreath of smoke,  
He spoke as the Great Spirit speaks  
In clouds beyond the mountain peaks,  
When jagged, arrowy lightnings fly  
Through dark pavilions of the sky,  
And shuddering mountains make reply.

Soon ebb'd the monster's life away,  
And dead at Campbell's feet he lay.  
Amazed the prophet stood, and saw  
The thrilling scene with solemn awe.  
And oft in mountain solitudes,  
Wandering beneath the midnight sky,  
Met these stern tenants of the woods  
As uneventful years rolled by.

But sorrow, anger, wrath and gloom,  
Were "greeding in the days to come ;"  
When from his kindred, friends, and home  
The prophet turned, alone to roam  
O'er howling wastes, and wandered forth  
Deep in the desolate, wild north,

When on Chocorua's cold, sharp crest  
The stern, avenging warriors met.  
The prophet spoke: "We meet at last;

And yet, for one, no morn shall rise;  
Then let his farewell glance be cast  
Up to the solemn, starry skies,  
For wrongs that may not be forgiven  
Cry out for vengeance up to Heaven."

With hand uplifted to the sky  
Cornelius Campbell made reply:  
"Speak you of wrongs yet unforgiven?  
Wrongs that cry up from earth to Heaven?  
By Him who kindled the great sun  
I swear, no wrong by me was done,  
But crimes my lips forbear to tell,  
Such as insatiate fiends of hell  
Might plot, in your wild brain were planned,  
And wrought by your twice murdering hand.  
We meet, in deadliest hate, alone  
On this bleak mount, this tower of stone,  
In the cold silence of the sky;  
Now witness, Heaven's avenging eye.  
I'll hurl you from this mountain's brow  
Down to that yawning gulf below,  
Where only bird or beast of prey  
Shall bear your whitened bones away."

Chocorua spoke: "Where in the deep,  
Wild north, earth's ancient mountains rise,  
Where bright 'Siogee's waters sleep,  
And under yet remoter skies,  
Our warriors roamed o'er all the land;  
On this great mount whereon we stand  
Have prophets kings and heroes stood,  
And gazed on earth's vast solitude.  
No fitter place beneath the sky  
Than this wild home in upper air,  
Hallowed by many a prophet's prayer,  
'To meet dire vengeance, or to die."

One moment of Hate's deadliest strife.  
Like tigers grappling, life for life,  
And the last prophet of his land  
Lay crushed beneath his conqueror's hand.  
He knew the fatal grasp; his last,



Despairing glance to heaven was cast,  
As if to see with dying eyes  
The gleaming lakes of Paradise.

The victor dragged him to the brow  
Of the dread mount whereon they stood ;  
Pointing to awful depths below,  
He spoke : "Deep in yon gloomy wood  
The grey wolf hungers for your blood ;  
And grim death waits—Now, murderer, go."

Down to a yawning, sunless vale,  
O'er frowning battlements, he fell.  
Rang from his lips a wild, death wail,  
And barren hills gave back his knell.  
A fiery star, a meteor bright,  
Shining athwart the sombre sky,  
Hung on the orient brow of night.  
Each star looked down with solemn eye ;  
Round Whiteface, baleful meteors swung ;  
Minden's dark brow was bathed in light,  
A death song on the winds was sung,  
Ne'er heard till that portentous night.  
Pale lights danced over lake and wood,  
The chainless Saco blushed in blood,  
And pitying angels, hovering nigh,  
Walked the cold heavens with mourning eye.

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#### SQUAM LAKE.

A peaceful lake, by frowning woods o'erhung,  
Sleeps like bright waters among Alpine hills ;  
No voice is heard, nor lisp of human tongue,  
Nor sound, save gentle moan of purling rills ;  
'Tis far away beyond the purple mountains,  
Beyond the sunset clouds of golden hue ;  
Far in the west, among the crystal fountains  
That gush from earth to smile 'neath skies of blue.  
When sinks the sun o'er wooded hills to rest,  
While golden radiance of the burning west  
Fades o'er the billows with the fading day ;  
When midnight lamps o'er moon-bright waters play,  
And crimson clouds, tinted with fiery hue,  
Look from the waveless depths to depths of blue ;  
When myriad stars burn in the silent lake,  
While flashing waters round dark islands break ;

When gleaming wavelets at the set of sun  
 Bask in his glories when his course is run ;—  
 As breaks the sweet, wild vision on the eye,  
 We dream—and roam in classic Italy.

### Mary Blake Lane.

Mary B. Lane, second daughter of the late Deacon Ezekiel and Mrs. Mary R. Lane of Candia, was born at the old Maple Hill Home in Candia, Dec. 28, 1831. She deceased there Oct. 28, 1879. Her verse perfectly illustrates the exalted tenor of her character and life. Miss Lane was a sister of Mrs. Harriet N. Eaton, whose poems appear upon earlier pages of this volume. She was deaf, and hence the poem "The Deaf Girl's Thought of Music" has touching pathos.

#### THE DEAF GIRL'S THOUGHT OF MUSIC.

O tell me what is music like?  
 What bright form that I see  
 Resembles most that wondrous thing  
 Ne'er yet revealed to me?

They say the angels long ago  
 Sang at Creation's birth,  
 And ever since heaven-born strains  
 Have floated o'er the earth.

And such is music's origin,  
 But its delicious spell  
 Has never roused my slumb'ring ear,  
 Or made my pulses thrill.

I hear no answer'g gush of sound  
 When o'er the tuneful keys,  
 The skilful fingers lightly sweep,  
 Waking sweet melodies.

The mighty organ's swelling notes,  
 The anthem's peal sublime,  
 That bears the kindling spirit up  
 Beyond the bounds of time,—

The simple lay, the mother sings  
 Above her infant's rest,  
 The strains that soothe the couch of pain —  
 Or calm the suffering breast,—

The merry song that's carolled by  
 Glad lips from sorrow free,  
 And the low, mournful dirge,—are all  
 Mysterious to me.



They tell me Nature's realm is full  
 Of voices, grand and sweet, .  
 That sing together evermore  
 In harmony complete ;

But not for me, the music wild  
 Of bird and murm'ring bee,  
 Or the unending symphony  
 Of the blue, restless sea.

Yet, though my ear can never list  
 To melody of earth,  
 I know that it shall be unsealed  
 At my celestial birth.

And O, what rapture shall be mine  
 When that new sense is given !  
 How blissful, even now, to think,  
 That I shall hear in heaven !

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#### THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

Is this the realm of life?  
 his land where death its dismal shadow flings  
 'er all we love? waging incessant strife  
 With earth's most precious things?—

And Summer's frailest flower,  
 hat withers ere the glowing noon is past,  
 life's best emblem ;—youth and fame and power  
 Like blossoms fade at last.

The spoiler's chilling breath  
 alls on the good and fair, and they decay ;  
 ought is undying but thy rule, oh death !  
 The wide world owns thy sway.

Life counts its children here  
 y millions ; the pale and shadowy bands  
 hat people thy dominions vast and drear  
 Are countless as the sands.

Earth's soil is strewn with graves ;  
 yriads lie in dreamless slumber calm ;  
 bove myriads more, the ocean waves  
 Lift up their dirge-like psalm.

Still, as the hours glide on,  
The shrouded form and solemn funeral knell  
And broken households whence the light has flown  
Of death's new conquests tell.

Life's only true domain  
Lies pure and bright beyond the shades of time;  
No breath of sorrow, no defiling stain  
Rests on that sinless clime!

Its joy-illuminated strand  
By earthly mists is veiled from mortal sight,  
But seers of olden time in vision grand  
Caught glimpses of its light.

The city of our God!  
Whose gates of pearl death enters never more,  
Whose golden street by angel steps are trod,  
Adorns that blissful shore.

Through valleys ever fair  
The living waters, gently murmuring, flow,  
And trees of life, in that celestial air,  
With fruits immortal glow.

And they who passed away,  
The loved ones that we missed with many tears,  
In that sweet home that knows no sad decay,  
Dwell through eternal years!

### Henry Oakes Kent.

Col. Kent was born in Lancaster, Feb. 7, 1834. He graduated at Norwich (Military) University, in 1854. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1856, and from that year till 1870 he was owner and editor of the *Cool's Republican*. Since then he has been engaged, outside his office business, in banking, manufacturing and farming. He was Assistant Adjutant General of the State on the breaking out of the rebellion, and assisted in recruiting and organizing early regiments. He was subsequently Colonel of the 17th Volunteer Infantry. Since 1865 he has been considerably in public life, as clerk and member of the House, Bank Commissioner, Commissioner to adjust the eastern boundary of the State, Presidential Elector, and nominee of the Democracy for Congress, having frequently canvassed and stump-ed the state.

### ONWARD!

Onward, onward, ever onward,  
Striving early, battling late,  
Hew with manliness the long road  
Leading up the mount of Fate!  
Onward press with straining sinews,





On with bosom nobly bared,  
 Onward 'mong life's restless winnows  
 Where its empty chaff's declared !  
 Onward, tighten up thine armor,  
 Read anew thy purpose high,  
 Bow thee not before the charmer,  
 Quail thou not neath malice's eye ;  
 Slander's venom, envy's curses  
 Pass thou all unheeded by,  
 They shall load thee with caresses,  
 When thou gainest yon mountain high !  
 Poverty with shrunken finger,  
 Sickness gaunt, with hollow cheek,  
 From the path may bid thee linger,  
 Bid thee falter, trembling, weak,—  
 Wave anew thy streaming banner,  
 Fling its motto to the wind—  
 Ye who for Fame's banquet hunger,  
 Meaner troubles leave behind !  
 Press thee on, though dark and dreary  
 Fall the midnight overhead ;  
 Press thee on, thy footsteps weary  
 Honored paths of peace shall tread !  
 Press thee on, though swollen surges  
 Seem to overwhelm thee from above ;  
 Press thee on—Time's glowing pages  
 Yet shall tell a People's love !  
 Press thee on through doubt and danger,  
 Never fainting, never weak ;  
 Press thee on, Fame's voice, a stranger  
 To thy waiting ears, shall speak !  
 Onward !—nobly doing—daring,  
 Doubt and danger winning past,  
 Onward still, thy flag uprearing,  
 Victory shall come at last !

1857.

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### WELCOME HOME !

for the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the town of Lancaster,  
 y 14, 1864.

The mountains look down, in their grandeur and pride,  
 On the home of our childhood to-day ;  
 On the wandering children who strayed from their side  
 To gather rare flowers by the way.

They're united again in the dear old town,  
 'Mong the streams and the woods of yore,  
 They have fought well the fight for gold and renown,  
 And they turn to their childhood's door.

There are those who have lingered around the old home,  
 While their brethren were far in the strife;  
 Who have tilled the old fields in the years that are past,  
 In the quiet and comfort of life;  
 These welcome ye back, with hearts full of joy—  
 A joy that commingles with pride,  
 As they greet with affection each wandering boy  
 To the town where his forefathers died.

We gather to-day amid scenes so endeared,  
 To crown with the fame of her sons  
 The time-silvered locks of the mother revered,  
 While an hundred long winters have flown;  
 To wreath a full chaplet of daughters' warm love  
 'Mid the silvery sheen of her hair,—  
 As enduringly pure as the azure above  
 That smiles on an homage so fair.

Welcome home from the East and the West and the South,  
 Welcome home on this dear natal day;  
 The kiss of some loved one is warm on each mouth;  
 Ye have tarried a long time away—  
 Welcome home, and forgetting the wearying care  
 That compassed the pathway ye trod,  
 Throw off the chill years and be young again here,  
 In the smile of a love born of God.

Welcome home to each spot so remembered of yore,  
 Welcome home to each love that endures;  
 Gather strength for the journey that stretches before,  
 Ere our sails leave life's vanishing shores;  
 Go forth from among us with tokens of love,  
 Glad burdens that weary not down;  
 So shall memory's banquet be spread as ye rove  
 From the home ye have cherished—our dear old town.

#### BERTIE.

When the bright autumn had gathered its harvest,  
 Ripened and blest by the rays of the sun,  
 Crowning our garner, with fruitage the fairest,  
 Dear little Bertie's existence begun.

rich and bird plum and glowing red maple,  
 breezes that rustle where laughing streams run,  
 the glad fact on time's radiant table,  
 that our darling, is *one times one!*

1867.

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### Sarah H. Foster.

She is a native of Portsmouth. Her life has been very uneventful; she has been from the regular routine of home duties, consisting in two visits to the West of which was made in 1851-'52.

#### THE DEATH OF A FIRST-BORN CHILD.

God said unto Moses, sanctify unto me all the first-born, they are mine."

Lord! unto thy Hebrew people  
 Spake of old thy law divine,  
 "Consecrated to my service  
 All the first-born shall be mine."  
 Such the offering that we bring thee!  
 Thou hast asked it, it is thine!

This sweet bud, not yet unfolded,  
 Tearfully we lay it down;  
 We had prayed to rear it for thee,  
 Take it Lord, it is thine own;  
 Weave it, now we only pray thee,  
 Weave it in our heavenly crown.

Many hopes—how dear and tender  
 Thou who gav'st them only knew—  
 On thine altar we surrender,  
 Humbly owning them thy due.  
 Lord we gave our hearts unto thee,  
 Thine be all our treasures too!

His fair brow so calm and sinless,  
 Earthly spring shall never kiss;  
 These dear feet shall never wander  
 Through a world so rough as this;  
 This sweet spirit's earliest smiling  
 Shall be waked by heavenly bliss.

Meet it is that pure affection  
 Place its earliest pledge above;  
 Its first olive leaf sent heavenward,  
 Borne by the celestial Dove.  
 God of Grace! accept our offering!  
 Take our darling to thy love.

## STANZAS,

Written for the Soldiers' Fair, 1862.

Not long ago

A darker cloud our country's sky o'ercast  
 Than whirling storm-rifts on November's blast;  
 When Winter, stealing through sad Autumn's gate,  
 Found deeper cold on hearths made desolate,  
 Than all his snow.

It is not long

Since timid Spring on her first southern breath  
 Brought news of terror and a scent of death;  
 Since Summer met no answer to her smiles;  
 And the drum's clangor in her leafy aisles  
 Hushed the birds' song.

Have we forgot

The ranks that answered Freedom's warning bell,  
 Braved the death-tempest and the prison-hell,  
 With stunly hearts hurled back the impending doom,  
 But when the trump of victory called them home,  
 Responded not?

Not all forget!

The struggling widow keeps with tears the day  
 That turned her staff to dust, her hope to clay.  
 The shadow on the mother's brow, that fell  
 When her brave darling kissed his last farewell,  
 Is brooding yet.

Some yet can tell

Of hours of anguish, worse than sudden doom,  
 That left them helpless in a helpless home,  
 Crippled or broken from the cruel strife,  
 Fettered forever in the race of life  
 By painful spell.

Oh hearts at ease!

Your ease was bought at price of other's pain;  
 Another's loss your ransom and your gain;  
 Your homes secure with flowers of joy are strown—  
 But other homes grew dark to bless your own;

Remember these!

With open hand

Pay back the debt, where not, alas! too late;  
 Bid comfort seek the hearths left desolate;  
 Save those who saved you from misfortune's blast—  
 And prove our country's mindful of the past,  
 A grateful land!

## Harriet McEwen Kimball.

Kimball's first published book was "Hymns," which appeared in 1867. It  
 her at once a reputation. "Swallow Flights of Song," was published in 1874;  
 er third work, "The Blessed Company of all Faithful People," was issued in  
 Portsmouth is the place of her nativity and has always been her home.

### THE BLESSED COMPANY OF ALL FAITHFUL PEOPLE."

Between the gray dawn and the golden day  
 Methought low murmurs troubled all the land ;  
 Disquietude and strife where should be peace,  
 In the white tents of that sweet Prince of Peace  
 Whose hosts encamp amidst "a naughty world."  
 As swelled the murmurs, under all I heard  
 The sighing of the leaders, men of prayer,  
 Steadfast in faith though sometimes faint of voice,  
 Worn with the heat and burden of the day,  
 And the half-hearted zeal of many a rank ;  
 And harsh above their sighings louder rose  
 The sounds of party and opposing speech ;  
 And louder yet the petty-tongued complaints  
 Of such as had not learned obedience—  
 That first, last law for these rebellious hearts,  
 Given of God and taught of Holy Church.  
 Anon, and piercing all the clamor through,  
 The Lord's own heralds blew their bugle-notes—  
 For He would set the faithful in array.  
 Then sudden silence made a little space  
 For the One Voice that fills the universe,  
 And Christ's own roll-call swept the white camp through.  
 And lo ! the faithful noiseless moved as thought ;  
 Responsive, yet unconscious of response,  
 Their rapt eyes lifted to the shining morn  
 As seeing Him who is invisible !  
 He named them clan by clan, His chosen ones ;  
 The poor in spirit and the souls that mourn,  
 The meek and those for righteousness athirst, ;  
 The merciful, the pure in heart, the just,  
 The valiant, the forbearing, named He thus ;  
 For every clan a benediction sweet,  
 And sweeter promises of victory—thus :

Blessed are the poor,  
 (Jesus spake,)  
 Poor in spirit, for My sake ;

Who seek the glory of this world no more,  
Nor gather riches that shall fly away :  
Of the heavenly kingdom heirs are they.

Blessed.  
Blessed they who mourn, He said ;  
Precious are the tears they shed,  
The ashes on the bowed head ;  
All their sins confessèd,  
They shall be comforted.

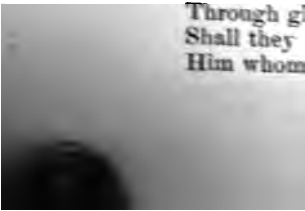
Blessed are the meek  
Who seek  
The Father's will in quietness and peace,  
Caring little for all things beside ;  
They shall increase  
And with the fulness of the earth be satisfied.

Blessed they, He said,  
After righteousness an-hungerèd ;  
Blessed they whose thirst  
The pleasures of this world accursed  
Have not stilled ;  
With My bread  
Shall the famishèd be fed ;  
With My wine the parchèd lips be filled.

Blessed, blessed they,  
The merciful, whose ears  
Are swift to hear the crying of distress ;  
Soft as the rain in summer fall their tears,  
Their place is found beside the fatherless ;

Yea.  
Blessed they  
To whom the outcast and the poor complain  
Not in vain :  
Mercies numberless  
They hereafter shall obtain.

Blessed are the pure in heart, He said ;  
Whose feet the paths of holiness do tread,  
Whose looks are God-ward and whose hands are cle  
Through glories manifold  
Shall they behold  
Him whom no eye hath seen.



Blessed they who seek  
To turn all strife to peace ;  
Whose words are as a covert to the weak,  
Who make the anger of the strong to cease ;  
Children of God shall they  
Be called for aye.

Blessed they who steadfast stand  
Through persecutions dread ;  
Though on every hand  
The wicked bend the bow  
To lay them low ;  
Theirs the kingdom never vanquishèd.

Blessed ye when men revile  
And persecute you falsely, for My sake ;  
Ye who, walking without guile,  
With Me partake  
Shame and scorn awhile.

Yea, rejoice,  
Ye who fly not from the arrows of the strong ;  
Be exceeding glad, for unto you is given  
Great reward in Heaven ;  
Even now lift up your voice  
In victorious song ;  
For so persecuted they  
The prophets in their day :  
Again, rejoice.  
Then all the winds of heaven : *Amen ! Amen !*

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THOU ART A PLACE TO HIDE ME IN.

Without, I hear the beating of the rain,  
The howling winds that tell the storm's increase ;  
O covert sure that he who seeks may gain !—  
Within, abideth peace.

Without, I hear the sound of feet that halt  
And grope and stumble in the blinding night ;  
O blessed faith that serveth in default  
Of what men call the light !

O rest, O wayside inn, where home is not,  
For the poor pilgrim to that city fair,  
Where strife shall cease and doubtings be forgot !  
The Lamb, the Light is there !

## HYMN FOR ADVENT.

Breathe, virgin souls, anew the vows  
 Your heavenly Bridegroom claims!  
 His sign ye wear upon your brows  
 Traced in baptismal flames.

Oh, by that sweet and awful sign  
 He calls you to be wise;  
 Earth's glory wanes, the suns decline,  
 And midnight wins the skies.

Arise, love's holy lamps to trim,  
 With faith their flame renew,  
 Lest He who cometh find them dim  
 And sleep possessing you.

He cometh—when? Who answereth when?  
 Who names his nameless day?  
 The word he spake he speaks again,  
 Yet neither yea, nor nay.

Watch! Watch! His solemn charge alone:  
 And every beat of time  
 Repeats in awe's unchanging tone  
 The Lord's own word sublime.

Blest watch! or long the hours or brief;  
 The Bridegroom shall appear.  
 To hearts wherein his love is chief,  
 Even now he draweth near.

## A HYMN OF CONTRITION.

Since for Thy lips were mingled, O my Lord,  
 The vinegar and gall,  
 Should I not say, earth's sweet things be *abhorred*,  
 And sweet earth's bitter call!

Since thou for me the cup of death didst *drain*—  
 Yea, O my Lord, for me!—  
 My cup of ills should I not take as fain  
 To share one draught with thee?

O Victor-Victim, though the flesh afraid  
 Sink trembling at thy feet,  
 Cast over it thy pity's awful shade  
 And hear me thee entreat!



Make Thou these tears of penitence and shame  
For sin and frailties all,  
More sharp than vinegar, more hot than flame,  
And bitterer than gall.

Then Lord, in every draught wilt thou distil  
Thine own exceeding peace,  
To sweeten all the cup earth's sorrows fill,  
Till earth and sorrow cease.

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### JESUS MY REFUGE.

Jesus, my refuge ! to the secret places  
Where thou dost hide, I flee,  
To learn thy blessed truth, from all the mazes  
Of human thought set free.

Without denial and without refraining  
I must receive thy word ;  
Not what thou meanest after man's explaining,  
But what thou sayest Lord !

Shut from the strife of tongues that yield confusion,  
Quick grows the inward ear  
Thy sweet assurance, stripped of all delusion,  
In humble faith to hear.

In mysteries beyond the dim perceiving  
Of reason's clouded eyes,  
Thou dost reveal thyself to souls believing—  
Too loving for disguise.

And oh, how loving, dearest Lord, how tender  
Beyond all love thou art,  
When to thy feet we cling in full surrender,  
With sorrow-broken heart !

Absolving, healing, strengthening, uniting,  
Through sacramental grace,  
And to communion closer yet inviting,  
Thou dost unveil thy face.

For faith alone, low-kneeling in contrition,  
The load of sin grows light ;  
To faith alone thou dost vouchsafe that vision,  
And faith is almost sight.

## THE LIGHT OF LIGHT.

The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
 The gracious skies are clear and bright;  
 O Light of Light, we turn to thee;  
 Without thy rays it still were night.

The mid-day sun may cloudless shine,  
 And all our way seem smooth and fair;  
 There are no rays save only thine  
 Can show the quicksand or the snare.

And when the storms of sorrow beat,  
 And darkness falls, and joy takes flight,  
 Thy presence is a sure retreat,  
 And in our dwelling there is light.

O Jesus, fount of joy and grace,  
 That light on all our darkness pour,  
 Until beyond these nights and days  
 We dwell in light forevermore!

---

 VALF.

Good-night, O Earth! the nights are growing long;  
 The days are brief;  
 Life hath one solemn burden for its song:  
 "As fades the leaf."

Good-night, poor World! if thou art full of sin,  
 Why, so am I!  
 In this proud heart to judge would I begin,  
 Nor self pass by.

Good-night, my foe! not all the wrong is thine;  
 My share I own;  
 Forgive!—we, human, know one word divine!—  
 The sun goes down.

Good-night, good friend! though poor my gifts to thee,  
 I will not fret;  
 The richer thou whose bounty is so free,  
 And sweet my debt.

No longer to revenge nor to repay  
 I strive or seek:  
 Empty I came—must empty go away,  
 Empty and weak.

As one who wakes no more to smile or weep  
     Another day,  
 So would I lay me humbly down to sleep,  
     And humbly say :  
 O Thou who hadst not where to lay thy head,  
     As poor were I,  
 Did not thy mercy make for me a bed  
     Whereon to die.

### Lucy Rogers Hill Cross.

Cross was born in Northfield, July 9, 1834. She graduated in 1860 at the Conference Seminary and Female College, having previously taught all the winters in her native town, but one, and several terms in adjoining towns. After graduation she became assistant in the Merrimack Grammar School, in Concord, N. H. In 1862 she went to teach in Melrose, Mass. She returned to Concord after two years and became principal of the school in which she had been an assistant. She married in 1867 Oliver L. Cross, a graduate of Dartmouth and a member of the bar. In 1875 they went to Montgomery City, Mo., but returned after three years to Northfield, where they now reside.

### A SONG OF THE HOUR.

JAN., 1882.

With ring and jingle and faces bright,  
 Out in the air of the frosty night,  
 Go the sleigh riders, with laughter and song,  
 Waking the echoes, they hurry along.  
 Out from the lights of the village away,  
 On past the wood where the winter birds stay,  
 Past the bright homes of the hill-slopes beyond,  
 Down by the meadows a-skirting the pond,  
 Never once heeding the wind or the cold,  
 For the horses are fleet and the driver is bold.  
 Ring and jingle the resonant bells,  
 And the mingled laughter the merriment swells.

One would almost envy the Laplanders bold,  
 In their Arctic home so icy and cold,  
 As, clad in their snowy furs, out in the night  
 Their sledges keep time to the reindeer's flight,  
 And the waving Aurora writes joy on the sky,  
 As the long hours of winter go joyously by ;  
 For there's nothing on earth one half so gay  
 As a rollicking ride in a rushing sleigh.

Little they know who dwell in that clime  
 Where winter disturbs not the sweet summer time

### Mary M. Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson, the second daughter of George E. Mudd, of Wolfeborough, is a native of that town. In 1860 she graduated from the State Normal School in Salem, Mass., having the part of class poet, and contributing two hymns for the occasion. In 1863 she furnished by invitation a poem for the Triennial Convention of the Alumni of that Institution. For about seven years she was a teacher in Kimball Union Academy. In 1872 she married Thomas Robinson, of Salisbury, England, who is now a professor in Howard University, Washington, D. C.

#### THE OLD CLOCK.

Merrily, merrily, how it ticks !  
The dear old clock by the wall ;  
Keeping time in musical chime,  
As the sunbeams rise and fall.

Mournfully, mournfully, how it ticks !  
As the hush of the night comes on ;  
Keeping time, with holier chime,  
To the tread of the moments gone.

Warningly, warningly, how it ticks !  
In the ear from day to day ;  
Keeping time in solemn chime,  
'Tis ticking our lives away.

#### MAY 22, 1882.

Ring loud the gold and silver bells,  
This sunny day of May,  
'Twas one and one that made but one  
Ten years ago to-day !

Bring roses red and roses white  
And pansies rich and gay,  
To make our home with gladness bright,  
This sunny day of May !

'Tis Love shall make our home *most* bright,  
And Love shall be Queen of May ;  
'Tis only Love gives Life and Light  
On this our wedding day.

Let's make a cord both true and strong  
To bind forever and aye,  
And be to each other Light and Song,  
From this our wedding day.

## THE SONG OF LIFE.

What song have I played on the harp-strings of life  
Through all this gone cycle of years,—  
Of years made of days, of days made of hours,  
And hours made of sunshine and tears?

In childhood, a prattle as merry and wild  
As the bobolink's summer-time lay;  
In youth 'twas a trill that rose at each smile,  
And fell as the smile died away.

And now what song from the harp-strings of life  
Through the still air tremblingly rings?  
Ay, trembling it comes;—God knoweth the touch  
That playeth the silver strings.

Thus do I question, alone, and unheard  
Except by the All-hearing Ear;  
While the free, bounding air comes back to my lips,  
And a sigh's the response that I hear.

But I know that hereafter when the *seal* shall come,  
And knowledge and truth shall be given,  
The song I shall hear, with discord unblent,  
Mid the harmony perfect of Heaven.

## A RETROSPECT.

O don't you remember our home, Sister,  
Our home far down in the dell  
Where the violets blossomed in spring-time,  
By the dear old meadow well?

And don't you remember the orchard, too,  
And the plum-trees standing by,  
The pinks and the daisies and currants so red,  
And the creeper clambering nigh?

And don't you remember the wood, Sister,  
Where the beech and the maples grew,  
And the spruce and the pine gave forth a sigh  
As the night-winds swept them through?

And the old grey rock where we used to play  
And imagine age was old,  
When life seemed all as a morning dream,  
And sorrow a tale that is told?

And the golden corn when autumn came;  
 How it filled the chambers wide!  
 And the old-fashioned loom that long had sat  
 By the well-worn stair-way side?

And the old wooden gate that for many a year  
 Had creaked on its weariless hinge;  
 And the willow that stood with its far-reaching hands  
 And its garb of tassels and fringe?

The fair-haired boy you remember still,  
 And our sad and last good-bye  
 When the shadows of night had fallen low,  
 And the spring was drawing nigh.

How he calmly passed to his silent rest  
 And returned to us no more;  
 Still brightly shone the sun in the dell,  
 And as bright on the cottage floor.—

But adieu to the cot, the gate and the tree,  
 To the loved now gone from our sight;  
 For the picture goes by like a gleam in the sky,  
 And the sober To-day comes on while we say  
 "Farewell" to this vision of light.

### Mary A. A. Senter.

Mrs. Senter, a daughter of Rev. John Adams, was born at Great Falls, Sept. 1, 1834. She was educated at New Haven, Ct., and at Northfield. She married E. L. Senter, an extensive farmer and trader. They reside at their beautiful country seat in Greenland. The poems of her brother, Enoch G. Adams, are found in this volume.

#### ARE THERE NO MEMORIES?

Are there no memories in thy mind,  
 Like fragrance of sweet flowers,  
 Borne to thee by some gentle wind,  
 At twilight's peaceful hours?

Are there no memories like the light  
 That beautifies the west,  
 And keeps afar the shades of night  
 That come thy life to bless?

Are there no memories, hidden deep,  
 That all thy life control,  
 And, like a watch-fire, ever keep  
 And purify the soul?

Are there no memories dearer far  
Than aught of earth to thee,  
That, like the faithful polar star,  
Will guide thee o'er life's sea?

Are there no memories like the chime  
Of music to thine ear,  
That come to thee from time to time,  
Thy loneliness to cheer?

Are there no memories, tell me friend,  
That never will decay,  
Not even when this life shall end,  
And thou hast passed away?

And if to memory must be brought  
All that we say and do,  
Oh! may we watch that there be naught  
But what is good and true.

---

#### HOPING IN VAIN.

Know'st what it is to watch and wait,  
And see each fond hope die,—  
As some lone watcher by the sea  
Beholds each sail go by?

Or as a wanderer returns  
Unto his native shore,  
And finds the lov'd ones that he left  
Can greet him never more?

Or as when one who long has watched  
Above the couch of pain,  
Thinking at last the loved one sleeps,  
Finds he'll not wake again?

Or as a traveller at night  
Goes on without delay,  
Thinking at last he's almost home,  
Finds still he's far away?

Or as when one who's labored long  
Some honored place to gain  
Finds that his life, and labor too,  
Have both alike been vain?

And so it is with things of earth,—  
They glitter to decoy,  
And none of all its pleasures e'er  
Can give us lasting joy.

### Mattie E. Smith.

Mrs. Smith is a native of Concord, a daughter of John N. Pierson. When she was ten years of age the family removed to Covington, Ky., where she received a portion of her education at the school of Prof. A. T. Goodhue, a cousin of her father. In 1835 her father removed to Minnesota, and settled on a farm near Ottawa. She remained in Kentucky, teaching, until the autumn of 1837, when she also went to Minnesota. In 1850 she was married to Mr. Edson R. Smith of Le Sueur, in that State.

#### HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!

Why weep in woe! and seem to be  
Of grief and sorrow fond,  
Nor try to pierce the darkling clouds,  
To catch a glimpse beyond?  
But just above those sorrow clouds,  
The golden sunbeams stay;  
Then why not mount on wings of faith,  
And bid them round thee play?

Oh, is it right to fold thy hands  
In mute and calm despair,  
To sit thee down in idleness,  
And brood on naught but care?  
Oh no! our mission is designed  
A brother's lot to cheer;  
His griefs to soothe, his wounds to bind,  
While on our journey here.

Then grieve not, friend, when troubles come,  
Nor fear to sorrow meet;  
But look to God, and humbly bow  
In resignation sweet.  
Thine eye is not the only one  
That's bathed in sorrow's tear;  
Some other heart in grief is bowed,  
Which thou might help to cheer.

Go, find that heart less blest than thine,  
And pour within his ear  
Sweet words of peace, and comfort too,  
With sympathizing cheer.  
Then shalt thou find a happiness  
Around thy being thrown;  
The peace diffused in others' hearts  
Shall make more blest thine own.



### George Gordon Byron De Wolfe.

et was born in Digby, Nova Scotia, February 15, 1835. His parents, when about seven years old, removed to St. John, New Brunswick, where he lived about twenty years of age, when he left his father's home, and came to the states, and commenced the work which he followed until his death, namely, going from state to state, from town to town, writing verses on people, places, and other events. He was married in 1860 to Miss Eliza Hargrove, of Bradford, England. They came to reside in Nashua, where he died Jan. 22, 1873. The rapidity with which he wrote he was called the "Steam-Machine Poet." In five years he was known as the "Wandering Poet of New Hampshire."

#### LOUISA'S GRAVE.

Never Nature did look sweeter ;  
 She has donned her choice array ;  
 Every streamlet rings its metre,  
     Bidding welcome to the May.  
 Beauty, thinking naught excels thee,  
     How thy many gems I crave !  
 In thy midst a marble tells me  
     That I'm at "Louisa's grave !"

When she left this land where flowers,  
     Though they're beautiful, must fade,  
 What her years, her days or hours,  
     Not the little marble said.  
 Though it smiled on May-time's lustre,—  
     Stood erect like chieftain brave,—  
 All the language it could muster  
     Were the words—"Louisa's Grave !"

But the charms did round it dally ;  
     Every streamlet passing by,  
 Every floweret in the valley,  
     Every sun-ray in the sky,—  
 All my eyes were then admiring,—  
     To my quest this answer gave,  
 "She's no home on earth desiring ;  
     This is not 'Louisa's Grave !'"

Then I thought of Him above us,  
     Monarch of both land and sea,  
 He who doth protect and love us,  
     Moulder of Eternity !  
 'Twas a world the Lord of Glory  
     Died on Calvary to save,  
 Well I understood the story,—  
     "This is not 'Louisa's Grave !'"

## LINES.

Look at yon moon, my ladylove,  
 With sparkling lustre beam,  
 Behold! it sends a ray of light  
 To beautify the stream.  
 The waters glisten brighter far  
 Than silver from Peru;  
 The trees lift up their noble heads  
 To sup the gentle dew.

Oh, lady, 'neath that satellite  
 How many lovers stroll!  
 How swiftly pass their golden hours!  
 How fast the minutes roll!  
 Alas! that even's hours should glide  
 As if on angels' wings,  
 When lovers hold their sweet converse,  
 Nor envy thrones of kings!

Ah, lady, little dost thou think  
 How, 'neath that bright moon's beam,  
 I've often sat and thought of thee,  
 Then laid me down to dream.  
 Then didst thou creep up to my side,  
 And whisper in my ear  
 Bright tales of love and happiness,—  
 Oh! joyous 'twere to hear!

But when I woke, thou wast not there;  
 The ground with dew was damp,  
 And brightly in the azure sky  
 Shone night's bespreading lamp.  
 Oh, lady, thou art near me now!  
 'Tis no delusive dream!  
 And we may tell our tales of love  
 Beneath that planet's beam!

## Augusta Cooper Bristol.

Mrs. Bristol, a daughter of the late Orls Cooper, was born in Croton, N. Y., April 17, 1835. Her education was obtained, for the most part, at the common school. Her musical and poetical ability became evident in childhood. Her first poem was composed at the age of eight, but none were published until after her fifteenth year. At that time she commenced her vocation as teacher and followed that calling for several years. In 1866 she married Louis Bristol, a law student, then residing near Carbondale, Ill. In 1868, the first year of her residence in Illinois, her first volume of poems was published in Boston. From childhood to the present time Mrs. Bristol's life has been characterized by constant effort and achievement. While discharging the responsibilities of

London, April 17,  
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assiduously for social progress through the agency of the pen and the Some of her philosophic and scientific lectures have been translated in foreign countries, and it is doubtful if the pressing questions of gress in which she has of late years been actively engaged, will ever to resume again, in any considerable degree, the vocation of a poet. She inland, N. J.

### THE HIGHER LIFE.

Within our lives of conscious care,  
There lies another, fair and sweet ;  
All gracious sanctities are there,  
And trust, and consecrations mete ;  
A heaven that lieth not apart,  
A spirit world within the heart.

And yet we grope with veiled eyes  
For that which lieth near at hand,  
And lift the voice with prayerful cries,  
Through darkness, to an unknown land,  
While close beside us runs the way  
That broadens to divinest day.

I looked upon the summer world,  
I heard the gladness of her rills,  
I saw her sunset banners furled  
Upon the shoulders of the hills,  
And, looking, in my conscious heart  
I said, "God dwelleth not apart."

If, in the ancient days, his feet  
Pressed fragrance from a garden walk,  
And our frail mother heard his sweet  
And gracious ministry of talk,  
If she e'er saw his face divine,  
I hold the privilege as mine.

And yet my eyes are shadowed quite ;  
So darkened, that I cannot see  
To read the wondrous law aright  
That draws Him to humanity.  
If I can make an Eden place,  
Perchance he will reveal his face.

A place of blossoms, perfect, fair,  
With emerald arches reaching wide ;  
No common bloom shall open there,  
But heavenly beauty shall abide :  
He will return to warn and bless,  
Drawn by the law of perfectness.

And then from morn till eve I sought  
For shrub and blossom, rich and rare;  
From morn till eve I patient wrought  
To make my garden faultless fair:  
The common flower I did uproot,  
And crushed it with a careless foot.

And soon it grew a wondrous place  
Of strange and supreme loveliness,  
Where fringe-tree:, with a mystic grace,  
Shook in their airy vapor dress,  
And the magnolia's waxen bloom  
Through glossy thickets breathed perfume.

And near the fountain's circling line,  
The rich rose spread her leaves apart,  
And dropt her bosom's amber wine  
Into the lily's open heart;  
And the azalea's pink and snow  
Gave the green light a sunset glow.

But all in vain the thicket's shade,  
The fount, and groves of blooming flame,  
For he whose presence I essayed  
With yearnings deep—he never came:  
In vain I walked that perfect spot,  
For if he came, I knew it not.

Then in a frantic ecstasy  
That would not be o'erborne, I cried.  
"I cannot win the heavens to me,  
Though all perfection here abide;  
And since I cannot reach so high,  
I will my own heart satisfy."

"The little field-flower shall find grace  
Within my sight:—I will not pass  
The meadow blossom, but give place  
To common blooms of common grass:  
I cannot draw the Lord above;  
I'll make a place for human love."

And in the gladness of the thought,  
I sought the azure violet,  
And buttercups and daisies brought,  
And in my garden border set  
The crow-foot and the gentian too,  
And forest harebell, softly blue.

When lo! A sudden glory fell  
Around me, touching all with grace;  
For love with mystic charm and spell,  
Had found me working at my place,  
And gave to me the magic key  
That ope'd the higher life for me.

Then from my vision fled away  
The darkening shadows, and I saw  
The rose-tree and the thistle spray  
Evolving by divinest law;  
Divinest life and essence ran  
From atom dust to conscious man.

One law of life was everywhere,  
From starry sphere to blossom seed;  
It moved the sea; it filled the air  
With vital breath; and I could read  
Eternal scripture on the stone,  
And I no longer walked alone.

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#### THE PYXIDANTHERA.

Sweet child of April! I have found thy place  
Of deep retirement. Where the low swamp ferns  
Curl upward from their sheaths, and lichens creep  
Upon the fallen branch, and mosses dank  
Deepen and brighten; where the ardent sun  
Doth enter with restrained and chastened beam,  
And the light cadence of the blue-bird's song  
Doth falter in the cedar—there the spring,  
In quietude, hath wrought the sweet surprise  
And marvel of thy unobtrusive bloom.

Most perfect symbol of my purest thought,—  
A thought so close and warm within my heart,  
No words can shape its secret, and no prayer  
Can breathe its sacredness,—be thou my type,  
And breathe to one who wanders here at dawn  
The deep devotion which, transcending speech,  
Lights all the folded silence of my heart,  
As thy sweet beauty doth the shadow here.

So let thy clusters brighten, star on star  
Of pink and white, about his lingering feet,  
Till dreaming and enchanted, there will pass  
Into his life, the story that my soul

Hath given thee. So shall his will be stirred  
To purest purpose and divinest deed,  
And every hour be touched with grace and light.

### SONG OF CHILDHOOD.

The morning, the morning, the beautiful morning !  
It breaketh in waves of gold !  
And the mountains that lifted their foreheads in scorn-  
With frownings terrific and bold,  
Are shining at last through an amber adorning  
Of mantle, and ripple, and fold.

O happy bee, linger with me in the clover !  
For day is only begun :  
Just wait till the bluebell unclaspeth her cover,  
And learn how the secret is done :  
There's time both for labor and play, little rover,  
'Tis long to the setting of sun.

I laugh, pretty rose, for I think it is funny  
That such a sweet bud of May  
Will neither reveal, for the love nor the money,  
The wisdom it foldeth away ;  
But you'll open your heart to me, down to its honey,  
Before it is noon of the day.

You lock up your riddle and will not confess it,  
Though buttercups drop you gold.  
It may be the gay bobolink will express it ;—  
He sings what has never been told :  
He may tangle his song, but I think I shall guess it  
Before the morning is old.

O dark ribbon river ! O low-singing river !  
I'll run with you to the sea ;  
For you have a mystery, too, to deliver ;  
I wonder what it can be !  
The dew-dropping ferns on the marge are a-quiver  
With longing to tell it to me.

You linger too long, pretty stream, by the willow,  
You loiter by mead and lea ;  
There's a shell with a purple lip down by the billow,  
All filled with a murmur for me :  
Or ever I lie down to sleep on my pillow,  
I'll learn that song of the sea.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

was weary, more than weary on a sultry summer morning,  
 As I filled life's empty shuttle with duty's iron thread ;  
 'Though the sum of my achievement all the world should hold  
     in scorning,  
 If the over-soul approveth, I am content," I said.

'If the over and the under and the inner-soul approveth,  
 The one encircling unity—the central all-in-all,  
 will sing, despite my faintness, for the sake of him who loveth  
 'The frail things and the tender, the weak things and the small."

'he golden thread of human love, full well had it been proven ;  
 I never have forgotten quite the rainbows that it made ;  
 but alas for all the failure of the web when it was woven !  
 'The shame of noting day by day the glowing colors fade.

low my spirit flamed within me ! In a grand and frantic fashion,  
 I tore the mesh, and trampled on the falsely shining thread ;  
 'till I rose serene and patient from the ashes of my passion,  
 And flung the heavy shuttle of reality instead.

trifled not with fancy, and I dallied not for beauty,  
 And faint as whispering echoes the voice of pleasure rang :  
 'or me, I only cared to hear the clarion of duty,  
 And work my rhythmic treadles to the trumpet song she sang.

On that sultry summer morning something held me in its keeping,  
 For a stupor came upon me, and I fancy that I slept ;  
 but the web of life went onward in the dreaming and the sleeping,  
 And my weak hands at the shuttle their rhythmic movement kept.

And I thought celestial voices murmured down the ether spaces ;  
 And angel wings came noiselessly and stirred the summer air ;  
 And behind a cloud of glory were two loving spirit faces ;  
 And their talk with one another was a music sweet and rare.

"She endureth and is faithful"—low and tenderly they spake it—  
 "She endureth and is patient and she maketh no complaint ;  
 she knoweth not the tapestry she weaveth ; let us take it,  
 And unfold it to her vision, for her spirit groweth faint."

"She prayeth not for pity, but her heart delighteth ever  
 In the kindly deed of mercy and the loving sacrifice ;  
 Then let us gather up the sombre web of her endeavor,  
 And in the true celestial light, unfold it to her eyes."

Then soft they floated downward, and they spread before my  
     vision  
 The web that I had woven, yet had never turned to see ;

O the harpers and the seraphim that walk the field elysian  
That moment must have shouted a song of praise for me!

A universe alone could voice my triumph and my gladness!  
For lo! the work my hand had wrought in heaviness and cold  
Was not a sombre tracery upon a ground of sadness,  
But beds of sweetest bloom embossed upon a ground of gold.

And there were living roses, and their glowing censers swinging  
Were filled with honey-wine embalming all the summer air:  
And birds with burnished plumage were among the blossoms  
singing,

And butterflies on wings of golden flame were rocking there.

Then suddenly I wakened with the rapture and the wonder:  
And life was glory! I had read the riddle of its task!  
For the gold of love eternal is around, above, and under,  
And who or what is *duty*, but love's angel in a mask?

#### WHAT THE ROSES SAID.

This is what the roses said,  
One transcendent summer morning,  
When the light clouds overhead,  
Heedless of my mortal scorning,  
Drank the rays of golden red;  
When the wild bird's solemn trill,  
Where the river runneth still,  
Filled me with a hungry dread;  
When my life no truth could render  
For the world's mistaken splendor,  
When I thought my heart was dead,  
This is what the roses said.

"Crimson leaf and pollen gold,  
Born of darkness and the mould,  
Every perfect leaf and fruitage  
Rises from a grave-like rootage:  
And the strong wild winds that rock us,  
And the tempest storms that shock us,  
And the snows upon the lea,—  
All are certain guaranty  
Of perfection yet to be;  
Of a beauty more complete  
For the shadow at its feet;  
Greener strength and fairer bloom,  
Sweeter breathings of perfume,



Deep hearts filled with richer balm,  
 May days more divinely calm,  
 Fairer reachings into light,  
 Firmer growth and nobler height;  
 Light and peace from shade and strife  
 Is the paradox of life;  
 Loving law and tender spell  
 In the darkness worketh well."

This was what the roses said,  
 Shaming all my mortal scorning,  
 That transcendent summer morning,  
 When I thought my heart was dead.

### Laura Garland Carr.

Mrs. Carr is a daughter of William Garland, late of Barnstead. She was born at town June 27, 1835. She is the wife of Mr. N. G. Carr of Concord, where she has resided the past twenty-five years. Writing with her has been merely a diversion from the duties of a very busy life. Her poetry is read with delight as it appears from time to time in various newspapers and magazines. She finds her recreation much in the beauties of nature. Her numbers are harmonious, and pictures she paints in imagination are true to life and most pleasing. Mrs. Carr contemplates the publication of a volume of her poems at an early day in the future.

#### IN THE WOODS.

Here on the soft, brown leaves I lie,  
 Deep in the woodland shade;  
 No bit of landscape meets my eye,  
 Nor one blue gleam from sea or sky,  
 Nor glimpse of sunlit glade;  
 Rough tree trunks, towering everywhere,  
 Hold this broad canopy in air.

Brown branches spread rare pencillings,  
 Keeping themselves aloof;  
 And each small leaf that lightly swings  
 Its own bright bit of beauty brings  
 To form the dainty roof;  
 And look whichever side I may,  
 The silent arches stretch away.

No birds! no wind! Uncertain sounds  
 Come faintly from afar;  
 I fancy when we leave earth's bounds,  
 To walk no more its well-known rounds,  
 That thus, without a jar,  
 The murmurs from this old, loved land  
 Will echo on the heavenly strand.

How near God is! I seem to lie  
 Within his courts to-day;  
 No great white throne, exalted high,  
 No glittering pageant, passing by,  
 To fill me with dismay;  
 He walks in quiet through the land,  
 Touching his works with loving hand.

This tiny vine close at my feet,  
 These modest tufts of moss  
 Are moulded into forms as neat,  
 Finished in beauty as complete  
 As the tall trees that toss  
 Their branches in the summer gale,  
 And stretch long shadows o'er the vale.

O spirit of the woodland shade,  
 You give me joy to-day!  
 Your beauties all my soul invade;  
 Your quiet on my heart is laid;  
 Oh, live with me, I pray!  
 Let me still feel your soothings when  
 I tread the jarring walks of men.

#### WHAT A PITY!

They stand beside the garden gate,  
 Half hidden in syringa snow;  
 His voice comes up—a steady flow  
 Of softened bass: hers sweet and low,  
 With tender trills, like gay spring birds,  
 Needing no help from prosy words  
 Her heart's glad tumult to relate.

The sun has sunk behind the trees,  
 And up across the western sky  
 Its crimson streamers, flaming high  
 Where piles of lary cloudlets lie,  
 Have set the fluffy mass on fire,  
 Drawing all eyes up to admire:  
 But not one gleam this couple sees.

The swallows, leaving shade behind,  
 Soar up and up till each fair breast  
 Grows ruddy from the fiery west:  
 There, curving, sail in splendor drest;

Then, swooping low in graceful swings,  
We almost feel their fanning wings.  
These young folks look not. Are they blind?

Her small white kitten, full of play,  
Climbs up and pushes 'neath her hand,  
Accustomed petting to demand ;  
Half wond'ring at the missed caress,  
Puss tangles one long, silken tress,  
Plays at the fringes of her dress—  
Winning no look—then bounds away.

The shadows rise—'tis getting late—  
And meet, half way, the falling light  
The stars let down to cheer the night ;  
All things have donned a dusky hue ;  
The air is chilled with falling dew ;  
Still they talk on. It must be true ;  
They're blind—those people at the gate !

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#### THE WOOD THRUSH.

When, in the pleasant summer days,  
I walk through quiet, leafy ways,  
From out the woodland, sweet and clear,  
A wild bird's song comes to my ear ;  
Flute-like and liquid in its tone,  
It has a cadence all its own ;  
And yet, so plaintive is the strain,  
A loneliness, akin to pain,  
Steals o'er the heart, and fancy brings  
Pictures of solitary things :  
Of human hearts, estranged and lone,  
Of loves, that live and die unknown,  
Of earnest prayers, pleading to heaven  
That sin stained souls may be forgiven,  
Of lonely isles in distant seas,  
Of waveless lakes 'mong forest trees,  
Of pale faced nuns and convent bells,  
And hooded monks in cloistered cells.  
O little bird, does sad unrest  
Send those wild throbbings from your breast?  
Do sun and stream and woodland bower  
Ne'er cheer you with their magic power?  
Does no glad trill or cheerful note  
Stir the soft plumage of your throat?

I know you mate and build, each year,  
 Your tiny nest, and fledglings rear.  
 You gather food and drink each day,  
 And pass the time in true bird way;  
 But never thus you seem to me,—  
 Naught but a sad, lone bird I see.

#### A GARDEN.

Pansies! O Pansies! you stand in a row,  
 Facing one way as if daring a foe;  
 Wide bordered caps 'round your droll faces grow.  
 Was it a bee or bird? Pray let me know  
 What angered you so!

Ha, gladioles! your banners are gay,  
 Flung on the breezes in scarlet array.  
 Humming-birds revel among you all day,  
 Coming and going in glad, happy way.  
 Winged blossoms are they.

Bachelor's-buttons! you're all bending over,  
 Linking your buds with the fragrant sweet-clover.  
 Love-in-a-mist, are you seeking to cover  
 Your fair retreat from each marigold lover?  
 Ah, *god* can discover!

Salvia blooms, you are flames to the eye,  
 Rising and falling as winds flutter by,  
 Brushing the mallows that stand coyly nigh,  
 Lifting their pink and white cups to the sky.  
 Can you tell me why?

Petunia beds are a-flutter with wings  
 Of butterflies, honey-bees, small flying things =  
 Carnations and daisies are tied up with strings =  
 Verbenas! your purple might rival a king's.  
 Yet to the ground clings!

Dahlias and holly-hocks, stately and tall,  
 Flaunt their broad blooms where the cool shade   
 Sweet-peas and creepers are climbing the wall   
 Scarlet-beans twine a bright line through them   
 Oh, the tapestried hall!

Out in the fountain the bright waters leap:  
 In on the lawns the low murmurs creep:  
 Where are the birds, that so silent they keep   
 Heliotrope odors my dull senses steep.  
 Is daylight asleep?

## AN APRIL NIGHT.

With a steady rhythmic beat,  
Like a thousand fairy feet,  
Prancing, dancing, all in time upon the roof,  
Through the livelong April night,  
While the stars were out of sight,  
Fell the rain-drops, keeping slumbers all aloof.

I could hear the jolly rout,  
As they rushed adown the spout,  
Then made off with noisy splutter to the drain,  
While no moment, overhead,  
Ceased that tinkling, airy tread,  
In the coming and the going of the rain.

With what zest the merry crew  
Drummed a rollicking tattoo  
On the old tin pan the boys had left in play ;  
Striving each, with tiny might,  
To dispel the gloom of night,  
Driving visions of the midnight far away.

Once a seeming tearful sob  
Set my pulses all a-throb,  
And I stared, with dim forebodings, through the room ;  
But a gust of misty laughter  
Breaking up the sound just after,  
Bore away the dismal fancy none too soon.

By and by the measured flow,  
Growing softer, sinking slow,  
Lulled and soothed the weary tumult in my brain ;  
Till, half waking, half asleep,  
Dream-like scenes around me creep,  
Ever changing, ever blending with the rain :—

Mossy banks where violets grow—  
I had roamed there long ago ;—  
Bosky dells where swelling May-buds shun the sight,  
Holding close, in leafy cells,  
Rosy tints and woodsy smells,  
Till the gentle hands that love them bring the light ;

Spreading meadows, green and low,  
Where the yellow cowslips grow ;  
Racing brooks that babble, babble as they glide,  
Sending little jets of spray,  
In their own delightful way,  
Over everything that dabbles in their tide.

Now the morn comes creeping in,  
 And the daily cares begin,  
 While the baker's bells are jangling by the door:  
 Clouds and fancies fade away  
 In the steady glare of day,  
 And the prosy world moves onward as before.

### A MOUNTAIN PASTURE.

We rode for miles where pleasant farms  
 In rumpled greenness bound the way;  
 Where, in October's thousand charms,  
 The many-tinted woodlands lay.

Where orchard slopes were carpeted  
 With shining rounds of red and gold,  
 And shaking branches overhead  
 The gleaner's hidden presence told;

Where pumpkins gleamed amid the corn  
 That stood at half-mast in the fields,  
 And turkeys sought, with looks forlorn,  
 The hopping tribes that autumn yields.

Where loops of apples hung to dry,  
 Or browned themselves on snowy spreads -  
 And tipsy squashes leaned awry,  
 In mottled heaps 'neath sunny sheds.

And then the road grew steep apace,  
 We zig-zagged up the ledgy height,  
 While backward looks were turned to trace  
 The widening view, in shifting light.

The pines gave out a balmy smell,  
 And spicy hints of frost-nipped ferns,  
 From every bushy, wayside dell,  
 Came wafting up at sudden turns.

The path grew rougher all the time:  
 We left the hubbly public way,  
 Up pasture rocks and steeps to climb,  
 Till all the land beneath us lay:

Green fields with patches placed askew -  
 Crossed off by many a random wall -  
 With strips of forest rambling through  
 And flitting shadows over all:

Small ponds in sheltered vales reposed,  
Streams curved away through shadows dim,  
And where the eastern vision closed,  
The ocean showed a slender rim.

A cow-bell clanged close at hand,  
A blue jay scolded just below,  
And lazily, across the land,  
Went sailing by a cawing crow.

The horses stood, with manes outshook,  
To follow us with startled eyes ;  
With horned heads lifted high to look,  
The cattle gazed in mild surprise.

The spangled junipers outspread,  
Turning our eager steps aside ;  
And loose stones tilted 'neath our tread,  
While romping winds our arts defied.

The district schools, as we came down,  
Were dining in the open air,  
Like basket picnickers from town,  
Making bright pictures unaware.

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#### THE WAY TO GRANDPA'S.

A well known path across the field,  
Round barley lot and through the corn,  
Here showing clearly, there concealed  
By drooping grass, at dewy morn !  
The older people walked straight through,  
But many curves our young feet knew !

Out through the barn for just one glance  
At swallows flitting to and fro,  
At queer black heads, with looks askance,  
From out mud nests at us below,  
For just one tumble on the hay,  
Then off, through back-doors, on our way !

Down by the stone-heap, framed around  
With raspb'ry bushes young and old,  
Just there, beneath a rock, we found  
A whole ant city in the mould !  
'Twas but a step outside the way—  
We'd not been there for one whole day !

Then over yonder by the ledge,  
The blue'ry bush that stood alone  
Seemed wooing us with offered pledge  
Of berries ripe and fully grown ;  
And close beside, in grassy rest,  
We found a tiny sparrow's nest.

We reached the stile—a pleasant place  
Beneath a spreading maple-tree—  
And there we tarried long to trace  
The wayward flight of bird and bee,  
Or watched the chipmonk rise and fall,  
Darting adown the pasture wall.

The pasture bars—too wide and high  
For little fingers to undo—  
But many crevices were nigh  
Where little forms could sidle through.  
Beyond, the orchard, darkly green,  
While cat-tail flags grew rank between.

The garden gate.—the garden gate !  
Oh, we could never pass it by !  
There hollyhocks grew tall and straight,  
And sweet red roses charmed the eye.  
There currant bushes, all aglow  
With ripening fruit, were in a row.

And just beyond the low stone wall—  
No sweeter music e'er was known—  
We heard a brooklet's tinkling fall  
Along each moss-enveloped stone ;  
We followed on, for well we knew  
Where fragrant beds of pep'mint grew !

The house was reached : A gleam with red  
The cherry-trees stood round the door ;  
And scolding robins, over head,  
Fluttered and revelled in the store :  
While noisy thumps from grandma's loom  
Came sounding from the open room.

'Twas long ago—Oh, long ago—  
That we went bounding o'er the way !  
We have grown sober paced, and know  
Of many changes since that day :  
But memory pictures all so plain,  
We seem to live it o'er again.



## SHUT IN.

From the upper shelf, as I just now fumbled  
'Mong the ancient books that it holds in trust,  
By a careless move this old reader tumbled,  
With its leaves wide spread, and a puff of dust.

And out from between its yellow old pages  
Something went scattering over the floor,  
With a smell, I thought, like the "dust of ages,"  
And a look like grass when summer is o'er.

Oh, what did I see as I stooped to gather  
The crumbling leaves to their places again?  
Two gayest of girls, in the pleasant weather,  
Walking and talking in merriest strain;

Through the dark-green rowen our shade hats trailing,  
While the low-down sun blazed up from the west;  
A night-hawk, booming, above us was sailing,  
With a golden gleam on his speckled breast.

We were talking of—what? Do you remember?  
No doubt 'twas the chatter of foolish girls  
Whose lives were as bright as the fair September,  
Whose hearts were as light as the leaf that twirls.

With a graceful move you would oft bend over,  
As the willow dips to the river's strand,  
And I saw, each time, that a four-leaved clover  
Was plucked from its place by your dainty hand.

"You're a witch," I cried, "or a trained magician!  
Not once in an age comes one to my view!"  
"Can it be," you said, "a defect of vision?"  
And bending down quickly, you picked up two.

With the evening dew on our lengthening tresses,  
We slowly went home, while the air grew chill;  
And the drabby trail of our muslin dresses  
Through our happy hearts sent a troubled thrill.

Did you think, as you pressed, in the lamp's dim shining,  
The velvet-green leaves, with a dreamy look,  
That your own fair face and that day's declining  
Would stay, like the clover, in this old book?

## IN THE ORCHARD.

Robins, oh, hush! Quit your tiresome chatter!

Why will you tell each domestic affair?

Bobolinks, bobolinks! What is the matter?

Are you all crazed by this winey May air?

Ho, dancing brook! racing down to the meadow,

Flashing your silver and calling to me,

Rushing like childhood from sunshine to shadow,

Wasting your jewels and laughing in glee!

Blossoms white! blossoms pink! tossing and swinging,

Flinging the daintiest fragrance around!

Oh, you bright blooms! Are your fairy bells ringing,

Tolling out perfume instead of a sound?

Honey-bees, bumble-bees, plunging all over

Into the nectar! Oh, rapturous sight!

Out from one's ravished sweet into another's,—

Why don't you die of ecstatic delight!

Clouds 'neath the sky, idly floating and floating,

Pause overhead—Ah, I well can guess why—

Each lovely tint of the apple-trees noting;

Don't seek to match them, you can't if you try.

Reading the Good Book I learn of a heaven

Golden and gem-decked, where good folks may stay—

(If this is sin may the thought be forgiven)—

Can it be fair as this orchard in May?

## BY THE RIVER.

A tree bends low, in humble grace,

To proffer us a double seat:

And from its restful curve we trace

The charms where wood and river meet—

There's scarce a ripple on the stream,

There's scarce a murmur at its brink;

Calmly above the white clouds dream.

Clear, in its depths, the shadows sink.

Now here, now there, a shiner darts,

Breaking its surface into rings:

And, skimming low, a swallow parts

The gleaming brightness with its wings—

Close to the bank the minnows glide  
Where the dark alders cast their shade ;  
Or, startled by our steps, they hide  
Within their rootlet ambushade.

Jock breaks the silence with a leap,  
And swims out in the cooling tide  
Like some black monster of the deep,  
Flinging off jewels from each side.

A many-shaded mass of green  
Slopes upward from the farther shore,  
To where, on highest bough, serene,  
A grave crow looks the landscape o'er.

A sparrow trills. An unknown bird  
Sends a queer twisted strain along ;  
And from the quiet wood is heard  
A far-off veery's lonely song.

Hark ! Was not that a hum-bird's whir ?  
There—there ! He's gone, the flitting sprite !  
The lightest leaflets scarcely stir,  
Though brushed and fanned by his swift flight.

The earth is glad, the sky is calm,  
The flashing waters fair to see ;  
And yet, dear love, the day's chief charm  
Is that I share its sweets with thee.

#### LIGHT.

said, one morn, "O earth, you're dull and gray !  
There is no beauty in your snow and ice,  
Nor fancy frost work, though in quaint device.  
You're cold, oh, cold ! You chill me through to-day."

As I looked there came a gleam of light,  
Straight from the east. The icy fringes blazed ;  
Colors and flashes deepened as I gazed,  
All naught but glory met my raptured sight.

said, one day, "O life, you're little worth—  
Made up of toil and care and blighted hope,  
With pain and sin and all their ills to cope,  
The day of death is better than of birth."

'n as I spoke Love put a hand in mine,  
And its dear presence drove all gloom away.  
As shadows flee before the dawn of day,  
And life became a heritage divine.

## OFF!

Each winter sprite is in a fright,  
I heard them talking in the night.  
Their voices thin piped drolly in  
Through pauses in the March wind's din ;  
While soft and low the melting snow  
From cottage eaves drip dropped below.

“Ho, elves and sprites that delve in snow and ice!  
There's something creeping up the southern hills,  
Along the air ; I feel its melting thrills ;  
To sleep and death these lulling calls entice.  
Let us away!

“I hear the sap low pulsing in the trees ;  
The rootlets stir uneasy in the ground ;  
Sounds, low and restless, come from all around,  
And spring-like murmurs laden every breeze.  
Let us away!

“The streams are turning in their winter beds,  
Rending the sheets with which we tucked them in ;  
The woodpecker and all his noisy kin  
Drum up the bugs, with scarlet crested heads.  
Let us away!

“These fickle people, who oft gave their praise  
To dainty marvels that our fingers wrought,  
Heed us no more. Their fancies all are bought  
By the soft nonsense of spring's coming days.  
Let us away!”

Then the low sound of winds around  
Grew loud and fierce. All words were drowned ;  
With dull refrain, against the pane,  
The melting snow was dashed like rain ;  
The windows clanged, the shutters banged,  
The shrieking clothes-reel whirled and whanged ;  
Then all was still, while clear and shrill  
New voices came the pause to fill.

“We are off for the frozen zone !  
To a country that's all our own,  
Where the snow sparkles white  
'Neath the gay northern light,  
And the winds have a rollicking tone !

"In that beautiful region afar,  
Right under the famed polar star,  
Where the dull Esquimau  
Builds his queer hut of snow,  
We will laugh out our merry ha! ha!

"We know where the eider ducks swim  
Close up to the world's upper brim,  
Where the whales spout and play  
In a wonderful way,  
And the icebergs sail stately and grim.

"We'll dance on each glittering peak  
That echoes the sea-eagle's shriek;  
And the huge polar bear  
We will seek in his lair  
And ride on his back for a freak.

"Oh ho, like the wild birds we'll fly,  
Nor breathe out one whimpering sigh.  
In that land far away  
For a while we will stay,  
But we shall come back by and by."

Again the sound of winds around  
Grew loud and fierce. Along the ground,  
With motions fleet, like dancing feet,  
There seemed a rushing through the street.  
Then all was still and calm until  
The rosy morn peeped o'er the hill.

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A LANE.

Caverns of apple boughs, frescoed with bloom,  
Folding you close in a dainty perfume;  
Half a score bobolinks, crazy as loons,  
Giving you scraps of a hundred glad tunes;  
Orioles, rolling out tones of delight,  
Shaking the leaves as they flash through the white;  
Cat-birds a-mocking from over the wall,  
Making the alders resound at each call;  
Buzzing old bees that turn work into play,  
Canning up sweets for some dull winter day;  
Soft, dripping waters the log trough o'erflow,  
Dark'ning the mosses close crowded below;  
Wondering cows, looking up as they drink,

Plashing its brightness across the low brink ;  
Sweet growing things creeping up to the sight ;  
Fair, flying creatures too gay to alight ;  
Far-away glints of a cowslip-flecked green,  
When the boughs sway, come like visions between.  
Winding and turning, you follow the lane,  
Flickering sunbeams a-falling like rain.  
Where are you wandering? Never you heed.  
When ways are pleasant, why ask where they lead?

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### Mary M. Wheeler.

Mrs. Wheeler, of Pittsfield, is a daughter of the late William Garland of Bstead. She is the wife of Dr. John Wheeler. Her poetry, like that of her sister Mrs. Laura Garland Carr, is of a high order and very beautiful.

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#### APPLE BLOOMS.

A child went bounding through the rooms  
And left a door ajar,  
Through which a smell of apple blooms  
Came wafted from afar.

A cabinet long locked from me,  
Within this soul of mine,  
Sprang open, without hand or key,  
At that sweet countersign ;

And many a quaint memento there,  
With scraps of old delight,  
Forgotten songs and pictures rare,  
Surprised my inward sight.

A bunch of violets, white and blue,  
A brook with grassy brink,  
The sound of waters tangled through  
With notes of bobolink ;

A shadow on the grass below,  
A blackbird's scream above ;  
Hope-bubbles, burst so long ago,  
And morning dreams of love.

With curious eyes I turned them o'er,  
Till others sought my room ;  
Then shut them all away once more  
Close-locked to apple bloom.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

I sat at my window and listened,  
At the close of a summer day,  
To the soothing strains of music  
In the church across the way.

The solemn tones of the organ  
Came swelling upon the breeze,  
Then floated away into silence,  
Like the wind in the tops of the trees.

Then a single voice rose softly,  
And its pleading was like a prayer,  
And my heart went forth to join it,  
As it throbbed through the evening air.

Grandly the swelling voices  
Were blent in the chorus, and then  
A far-off whispering echo  
Repeated its soft "amen."

It came like a benediction  
At the close of the summer day,  
And I thanked God for the music  
In the church across the way.

## A SERENADE.

When the dim twilight with evening was blending,  
Wearily sought I my dream-haunted bed,  
Hoping kind sleep, in the darkness descending,  
Softly might soothe the dull pain in my head ;  
Was I but dozing, or had I been sleeping,  
When the soft prelude so sweetly was played ?  
Under my window, all silently creeping,  
Somebody sang me a sweet serenade :  
"All is still, all is still,  
Whippoorwill, whippoorwill  
Sings to thee, sings to thee, sings to thee."

Over the hill-tops the slow moon was creeping,  
While the pale stars twinkled on ever bright ;  
In at my window the woodbine was peeping,  
Shining with dew-drops—the gems of the night.  
Silently stood the old wind-attuned willow,  
Never a breeze bore its whispers along ;

Lying at ease on the rest-giving pillow  
I saw not the singer, I heard but the song:  
    "Night is still, night is still,  
    Whippoorwill, whippoorwill  
    Sings to thee, sings to thee, sings to thee."

Quickly all fears and all phantoms of sorrow,  
All the vexations and cares of the day,  
All the forebodings that shadowed the morrow,  
Spread their dark pinions and floated away.  
Thankful to Him whose kind love, never ending,  
Formed earth in beauty and gave eyes to see:  
Tears of sweet gratitude, softly descending,  
Answered the song one was singing to me:  
    "Sleeping still? sleeping still?  
    Whippoorwill, whippoorwill  
    Sings to thee, sings to thee, sings to thee."

---

#### A PLEA.

They tell us that our Granite State,  
With climate cold and stern,  
Where sullen winter lingers late  
And hastens his return,  
Its stubborn and unfertile soil  
With rocks and stones replete,  
But half repays the farmer's toil,  
In crops of corn and wheat.

They point us to the prairied west,  
Where rich, exhaustless lands  
Are with luxuriant verdure dressed,  
Untilled by toiling hands.  
They tell us of vast fields of grain  
That need but to be sown,  
And neck-high grasses on the plain,  
But waiting to be mown.

And if the one aim of our days  
Were, with least work and care,  
The largest crops of grain to raise,  
'Twere well to hasten there;  
To leave New England's stony lands,  
The fields our fathers blest,  
Our churches, schools and household bands,  
For prairies of the west.



But industry and enterprise  
And self-denying toil,  
Contrivance, which man here applies  
In conquering the soil,  
Make conquest of far more than land  
In strength and manliness ;  
While mountain landscapes, bold and grand,  
The character impress.

And in our winters, long and cold,  
That chain us half the year,  
Affection's warmer depths unfold,  
And home becomes more dear.  
Then let the west produce its grain,  
The boast of tongue and pen,  
The south its cotton and its cane,  
New Hampshire raises men.

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#### MY GRANDMA'S LOOM.

Coming from school by the summer path,  
Across the pasture ledge,  
And the clover field, in aftermath,  
Beyond the alder hedge,  
From the hill I heard the merry sound  
Of flails on the threshing floor,  
And running on, with a skip and bound,  
Was soon at grandpa's door.  
Away went my dinner-pail, with a jump  
I hurried across the room,  
And up the stairs to the rattle and thump  
Of grandma's busy loom.

Back and forth the shuttle flew,  
And the woof was beaten in,  
And the figures on the fabric grew  
To the changing treadle's din.  
To right and left my grandma bent,  
And the shuttle straight she threw,  
Which seemed, as I looked with eyes intent,  
An easy thing to do.  
And I thought if I had but a loom of my own—  
A *play-loom* that would go,  
In my play-house, I would weave alone  
A web all as white as snow.

And then I had a loom of my own,  
 A play-loom all complete.  
 And up and down the threads were thrown  
 As I changed my little feet.  
 And oh, such a wondrous web there grew  
 As was never seen before.  
 With pictures of grain and grandpa, too.  
 And the dais and the threshing-floor.  
 A boy and girl in a grove at play.  
 A field and a flock of sheep;  
 And then I heard my grandma say,  
 "Why, the child is fast asleep!"

That was a dream but since years have flown.  
 Again I think I can see  
 That there was indeed a loom of my own.  
 And weaving a web for me.  
 My grandma sits at her loom no more.  
 Her hands have long been still.  
 And no sound comes from the threshing floor  
 As I wander on the hill.  
 But some passing breeze doth to-day unfold  
 My web of life to show  
 'Tis some which was woven in threads of gold  
 In the years so long ago.

#### DIGGING FOR GOLD.

I have heard a story—perhaps it is old.  
 But a story that's good may be often retold—  
 Of a farmer who tilled his soil the old way,  
 And was always repeating, "Well, farming don't pay!"

Now his former field is covered by stones, once tilled,  
 With no sign of treasure and long turned soil.  
 The plowing was useless, and nothing would do  
 To turn it over, being a poor old fool.

And he soon got to poking and grubbing around  
 On the old field and in the holes in the ground.  
 Some boys who had dug their first gold that year,  
 And he began to say "Farming don't pay!"

But one morning he came from his chamber in glee,  
 And said to his neighbors as gay as could be,  
 And he said to his wife, "Well, the treasure is found—  
 I have dug it right up out of the ground!"

"Where! where?" cried his wife. "In the orchard," said he;  
"I have dreamed it all out—it is under a tree,  
A brown earthen pot that is mouldy and old,  
And filled to the brim with red guineas of gold."

They breakfasted lightly, nor longer delayed,  
But rushed to the orchard with pickaxe and spade;  
His wife called out briskly, "Now which is the tree?"  
He scratched his wise head—"Blest if I know," said he.

"I thought I should know it," he hastened to say;  
"We must dig till we find it; there's no other way."  
But his wife was disheartened, for, little and big,  
There were two hundred trees under which they might dig.

Then down went the pickaxe and up came the soil,  
"Save the roots," cried his wife, "or the trees you will spoil!"  
"Let them go," said the farmer, "'tis little they bear,"  
But as he dug deeper he gave them more care.

From morning till evening he delved with a will,  
And the next setting sun found him digging there still;  
And the neighbors who soon had got wind of the matter,  
Came watching around him with unwelcome clatter.

And so week after week he kept heaping up mould,  
Till the trees were all circled, but no pot of gold;  
Then the neighbors with jests and with jibes made it jolly,  
And the orchard—they called it "Old Tompkins' folly."

Now the months rolled away and the spring came about,  
And the leaves and the blossoms were all coming out;  
When the song of the robin was loud on the breeze,  
Then our farmer's wife called him to look at his trees.

Such a burden of bloom had ne'er gladdened his eye,  
Yet he turned from the view with a crestfallen sigh;  
But the pink petals fell and the green apples grew,  
Such a wonderful yield that the neighbors looked, too.

By August our farmer so busy was found,  
Propping fruit-laden branches that drooped to the ground,  
That his whim was forgotten—he never once thought  
To look for the treasure which lately he sought.

But by and by, when the nice apples were sold,  
He remembered again how he dreamed of the gold;  
And he said, "Though this tillage is wearisome toil,  
There is gold for the digging in most any soil."

## WAR-SONG OF KANCAMAGUS.

(June, 1689.)

At the old fort in Pennacook  
The Indian sachems met,  
An insult had been given  
Which no red man could forget.  
Sir Edmund had attacked their friend  
And plundered without law,  
And in the solemn council  
Each voice had been for war.

Ignoring former treaties,—  
Which their allies ne'er sustained—  
Of slight, and fraud, and falsehood,  
And unfairness, they complained.  
Their mutual accusations  
Made a list both dark and long ;  
And each could well of insult tell,  
And individual wrong.

The council had declared for war,  
And formal invitation  
Had been to all the warriors given,  
According to their station.  
And now in circles seated,  
With the chiefs and braves within,  
The stern-faced red men waited  
For the war-dance to begin,

Then up rose Kancamagus,  
And ferocious was his air ;  
High up he swung his hatchet,  
And his brawny arm was bare ;  
The eagle's feather trembled  
In his scalp-lock as he sang,  
And far across the Merrimack  
The Indian's war-song rang.

“War ! War ! Lift up the hatchet !  
Bring scalping knife and gun,  
And give no rest to foot or breast  
Till warfare is begun !

Look where the braves are gathered  
Like the clouds before a flood !  
And Kancamagus' tomahawk  
Is all athirst for blood !

My fathers fought the Tarratines,  
And the Mohawks fierce and strong,  
And ever on the war-path  
Their whoop was loud and long.  
And Kancamagus' daring,  
And feats of vengeance bold,  
Among the Amariscoggins  
Have been full often told.

Will the warrior's arm be weaker,  
And will his courage fail,  
When in grounds well known he shall strike for his own,  
And his people's foe assail?  
Will the son of Nanamocomuck  
Stand trembling, like a squaw,  
When the sagamores around him  
Are all hungering for war?

War! War! The foe are sleeping,  
And the scent of blood is sweet,  
And the woods about Coheco  
Await the warrior's feet!  
From silent ambush stealing,  
We will capture, slay and burn,  
Till those plundering, cheating English  
Shall the red man's vengeance learn!

Their chiefs about Piscataqua  
Refused my proffered hand;  
The bad whites at Coheco  
By treachery took our band,  
They have treated us like reptiles,  
But the red man's day is nigh:  
On Kancamagus' wigwam pole  
Their bloody scalps may dry!

I am eager as the hunter  
When the fleet deer is in sight,  
And the arrows in my quiver  
Are all trembling for the flight!  
War! War! Lift up the hatchet!  
Bring the scalping-knife and gun!  
The shade of Nanamocomuck  
Shall glory in his son!

## SONG OF THE FROG.

Brothers, brothers in the mire,  
Long-tailed tadpoles, frogs entire,  
Come up from the mud below!  
Hark, again the waters flow!  
Hibernating days are o'er,  
We may swim and sing once more.

Brothers, brothers, hear my call!  
Come up quickly, one and all!  
On the banks of pools o'erflowing,  
Green, oh! green the reeds are growing,  
And the zoöspores, set free,  
Whirl around and round with glee.

Brothers, lo! the days are long,  
Time it is to raise our song!  
Twilight, ling'ring in the bogs,  
Listens for the voice of frogs.  
Shall fair Spring commence her reign  
Unannounced by our refrain?

Brothers, of Batrachian race,  
From great sires our blood we trace!  
But alas! for glory gone  
With the labyrinthodon!  
Ah! his singing was no joke,  
Now we only croak and croak.

Brothers, brothers, our hearts still  
Feel the great ancestral thrill:  
This is why in our veins flow  
Blood discs of such size, you know.  
But the fugue we sing so late,  
Is for race degenerate.

## Erlia Charter.

Mrs. Thaxter was born in Portsmouth, June 29, 1855. She passed part of her early life upon the Isles of Shoals. She published a Monthly, in 1867-68, a series of papers upon these islands which attracted much interest and value. In 1872 she published a volume of poems which had a large sale, and another volume has since then been published. Her poetry is confined to the sea and its shores, so that they are lacking in scenery, of thought, and of sentiment, which we admire in some of the solitary coast, in view of the sea, with its changeful ships, and its white-winged sea-birds, she is emphatically the poetess of the sea. Her verses have the freshness of the sea. As we read we feel its cool breath, we perceive its delicate ripple of the waves and the soft rise on the pebbly beach.

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THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,  
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead,  
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,—  
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast  
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,  
The lights sprang out at its edge,—almost  
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights, burn bright and clear!  
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away  
It moans and thunders low and drear,—  
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed  
Slow past me through the evening sky;  
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed  
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow.  
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,  
The sullen billows boiled below,  
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor  
From east to west leaned low and fled;  
They knew what came in the distant roar  
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat  
Against the window a dash of rain:—  
Steady as tramp of marching feet  
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,  
Level and deadly white for fear;  
The bare rock shuddered,—an awful thrill  
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,  
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,  
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast  
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers, the spray,  
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung  
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,  
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning to the naked rock ;  
 But still burned on the faithful light,  
 Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,  
 Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.  
 We seemed, in that confusion vast  
 Of rushing wind and roaring sea,  
 One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.  
 Heaven help the ship should drift our way!  
 No matter how the light might shine  
 Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din  
 Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!  
 Another! We who sat within  
 Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes, with fear,  
 We looked through helpless tears, as still,  
 One after one, near and more near,  
 The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart  
 To show us, staggering to her grave,  
 The fated brig. We had no heart  
 To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,  
 Then closed the mists, o'er canvas torn  
 And tangled ropes swept to and fro  
 From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,  
 Our island lay, and none might land;  
 Though blue the waters of the bay  
 Stretched calm on either hand.

And when, at last, from the distant shore  
 A little boat stole out to reach  
 Our loneliness, and bring once more  
 Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried:  
 "'Twas the *Pucokonut*,—all were lost!  
 For miles along the coast the tide  
 Her shattered timbers tossed."



Then I looked the whole horizon round,—  
So beautiful the ocean spread  
About us, o'er those sailors drowned !  
"Father in heaven," I said,—

A child's grief struggling in my breast,—  
"Do purposeless thy children meet  
Such bitter death? How was it best  
These hearts should cease to beat?

O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?  
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall  
Upon thine awful sea, are we  
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,  
For I thought of the dead that lay below;  
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,  
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,  
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,  
And a subtle sense of Thought profound  
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake  
That wondrous rhythm, and, "Peace be still!"  
It murmured, "bow thy head and take  
Life's rapture and life's ill,

And wait. At last all shall be clear."  
The long, low, mellow music rose  
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear  
With infinite repose.

Sighing I climbed the light-house stair,  
Half forgetting my grief and pain;  
And while the day died, sweet and fair,  
I lit the lamps again.

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#### A TRYST.

From out the desolation of the north  
An iceberg took its way,  
From its detaining comrades breaking forth,  
And travelling night and day.

At whose command? Who bade it sail the deep  
With that resistless force?

Who made the dread appointment it must keep?  
Who traced its awful course?

To the warm airs that stir in the sweet south,  
A good ship spread her sails;  
Stately she passed beyond the harbor's mouth  
Chased by the favoring gales;

And on her ample decks a happy crowd  
Bade the fair land good-by;  
Clear shone the day, with not a single cloud  
In all the peaceful sky,

Brave men, sweet women, little children bright.  
For all these she made room,  
And with her freight of beauty and delight  
She went to meet her doom.

Storms buffeted the iceberg, spray was swept  
Across its loftiest height;  
Guided alike by storm and calm, it kept  
Its fatal path aright.

Then warmer waves gnawed at its crumbling base,  
As if in piteous plea;  
The ardent sun sent slow tears down its face,  
Soft flowing to the sea.

Dawn kissed it with her tender rose tints. Eve  
Bathed it in violet.  
The wistful color o'er it seemed to grieve  
With a divine regret.

Whether Day clad its clefts in rainbows dim  
And shadowy as a dream.  
Or Night through lonely spaces saw it swim  
White in the moonlight's gleam,

Ever Death rode upon its solemn heights,  
Ever his watch he kept;  
Cold at its heart through changing days and nights  
Its changeless purpose slept.

And where afar a smiling coast it passed,  
Straightway the air grew chill:  
Dwellers thereon perceived a bitter blast,  
A vague report of ill.

Like some imperial creature, moving slow,  
Meanwhile, with matchless grace,

The stately ship, unconscious of her foe,  
Drew near the trysting place.

For still the prosperous breezes followed her,  
And half the voyage was o'er ;  
In many a breast glad thoughts began to stir  
Of lands that lay before.

And human hearts with longing love were dumb,  
That soon should cease to beat,  
Thrilled with the hope of meetings soon to come,  
And lost in memories sweet.

Was not the weltering waste of water wide  
Enough for both to sail?  
What drew the two together o'er the tide,  
Fair ship and iceberg pale?

There came a night with neither moon nor star,  
Clouds draped the sky in black ;  
With fluttering canvas reefed at every spar,  
And weird fire in her track,

The ship swept on ; a wild wind gathering fast  
Drove her at utmost speed.  
Bravely she bent before the fitful blast  
That shook her like a reed.

O helmsman, turn thy wheel ! Will no surmise  
Cleave through the midnight drear?  
No warning of the horrible surprise  
Reach thine unconscious ear?

She rushed upon her ruin. Not a flash  
Broke up the waiting dark ;  
Dully through wind and sea one awful crash  
Sounded, with none to mark.

Scarcely her crew had time to clutch despair,  
So swift the work was done :  
Ere their pale lips could frame a speechless prayer,  
They perished, every one !

---

#### SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,  
And merry speech and careless laughter died ;  
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,  
And would not be denied.

I saw the west-wind loose his cloudlets white  
 In flocks, careering through the April sky,  
 I could not sing, though joy was at its height,  
 For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away ;  
 A mist was lightly drawn across the stars ;  
 She broke my quiet dream, I heard her say  
 "Behold your prison bars !

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul.  
 This beauty of the world in which you live,  
 The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,  
 That, I alone can give."

I heard and shrank away from her afraid,  
 But still she held me and would still abide ;  
 Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,  
 With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,  
 "Beyond the changing splendors of the day ;  
 Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,  
 Accept and bid me stay !"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,  
 And slowly, sweetly, I became aware  
 Within my arms God's angel stood at length,  
 White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,  
 Beyond the changing splendors of the day,  
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,  
 More beautiful, than they.

### Oscar Laughton.

Oscar Laughton has lived all his life thus far at the Isles of Shoals, having brought up with his sister, Mrs. Anna Thaxter, at White Island, where their father kept a lighthouse. He was sixteen years old before he visited the mainland and six years he and his brother have kept the Appleton House on Appleton Island.

#### SONG.

The clover blossoms kiss her feet,  
 She is so sweet,  
 While I, who may not kiss her hand,  
 Bless all the wild flowers in the land.



Soft sunshine falls across her breast,  
    She is so blest.  
I'm jealous of its arms of gold,  
O that these arms her form might fold !  
  
Gently the breezes kiss her hair,  
    She is so fair.  
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by,—  
O dearest ! Love me or I die.

---

## SONG.

Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny isles  
    The softness of the sea,  
Blow thou across these moving miles  
    News of my love to me.  
  
Ripples her hair like waves that sweep  
    About this pleasant shore ;  
Her eyes are bluer than the deep  
    Round rocky Appledore.  
  
Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray  
    Soft kissed by early light :  
I dream she is the dawn of day  
    That lifts me out of night !

---

## AT SUNSET.

Come thou with me, dear love, and see the day  
    Die on the sea, and o'er the distant land  
This last faint glow of twilight fade away,  
    The while I hold in mine thy gentle hand.  
  
The lessening light gleams on yon leaning sail ;  
    Slowly the sun has sunk beyond the hill,  
And sombre night in silence draws her veil  
    Over us two, and everything grows still,  
  
Save when the tide, with constant ebb and flow  
    Of wandering waves that greet the steadfast shore,  
Flashes fair forms of foam that falling throw  
    Their ardent arms round rocky Appledore.  
  
Faint, like a dream, comes the melodious cry  
    Of far-off wild fowl calling from the deep ;  
The rosy color leaves the western sky,  
    Over the waves are spread the wings of sleep.

Silent a meteor falls into the night,  
Sweeping its silver shower across the stars;  
Low down Arcturus sinks with waning light,  
High in the east climbs up the shining Mars.

And whispering by us with a silent kiss  
Comes the sweet south wind o'er the slumbering sea.  
Thou dearest! can such perfect joy as this  
Be always mine, to drift through life with thee?

### HER SHAWL.

Dearest, where art thou? In the silent room  
I find this wonder of some foreign loom.  
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness  
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.  
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold  
All these warm kisses mid thy threads of gold?  
Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,  
Melting its winter into summer's love!  
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,  
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.  
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope divine.  
O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings shine;  
So love may dawn for me while at thy feet  
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my sweet.

### Warren Robert Cochrane.

Rev. W. R. Cochrane, son of Hon. Robert B. and Elizabeth (Warren) Cochrane, was born in New Boston, Aug. 23, 1835. Doing his best in a very humble district school, afterwards by "boarding himself" at select schools here and there, he went to Francestown Academy to finish fitting for college, and was graduated at Dartmouth in the class of 1855. He was twice elected tutor in said college, in which capacity he served till prevented by failing health. Then Mr. Cochrane was for a time teacher of a High School. He was licensed to preach by the Derry and Manchester Association, April 10, 1866. After preaching in several places, as feeble health would allow, he began service with the Presbyterian church, Antrim, Jan. 1, 1868, and continues pastor of the same. The poems of Mr. Cochrane have appeared occasionally for many years in the papers—chiefly the *Congregationalist*. He gave the poem at the centennial of New Boston, July 4, 1863. Also "Airs"; poem at the semi-centennial reunion of Francestown Academy.

### A HOME MISSION HYMN.

"In all the world," the Saviour cries,  
In every clime and kin,  
Where man in chains of error dies,  
Or lives in chains of sin;

"To every creature preach my Word ;"  
And shall not that command  
With first obedience be heard,  
For friends and native land ?

Shall not our golden western gates  
By holy feet be trod ?  
And rising homes and forming states  
Be trained to worship God ?

Can we the hills of glory reach  
Through grace the Master gave,  
If men of the same land and speech  
We do not try to save ?

Oh ! giving wealth and toil and care,  
Let each beseech the skies  
Till covered with its cloud of prayer  
Our nation's incense rise !

Till truth shine from each western height,  
And from each eastern dome,  
And Christ in all his love and light  
Reach every heart and home !

---

#### THANKS FOR THE YEARS.

These quiet years ! These quiet years !  
From worldly hopes and worldly fears,  
And Fortune's glittering snares apart ;  
So close to nature's smile and heart ;  
Sweet, noiseless, peaceful, near the shore,  
Yes, O my Father, o'er and o'er  
I thank thee for these quiet years !

These saddened years ! These saddened years !  
Pains, partings, sins—so much for tears !  
So many failings that I mourn,  
So many loved ones from me torn,  
The griefs of others on me pressed ;  
Yes, Lord, since thou hast thought it best,  
I thank thee for these saddened years !

These toilsome years ! These toilsome years !  
Whose work, like sunlight, disappears  
Awhile ; the toil of heart and mind  
To help the weak, to lead the blind,  
To guide the strong with zealous care ;

Yes, Lord, in many an earnest prayer  
I thank thee for these toilsome years !

These happy years ! These happy years !  
The hand that helps, the love that cheers,  
Blessing each day ; and all the while  
A Father's unabated smile ;  
Fast friends and saintly fellowships ;  
Yes, blessed Lord, with reverent lips  
I thank thee for these happy years !

These hopeful years ! These hopeful years !  
Arched over them thy bow appears,  
And in its radiant lines I see  
Thy promises of love to me—  
Home, rest with Christ forevermore ;  
Yes, O my Father, o'er and o'er  
I thank thee for these hopeful years !

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#### THE MORNING CALL.

How well I remember long ago  
A voice at my chamber calling,  
When shining over the hills of snow  
The light of morn was falling !  
How gladly I think of his whitened head,  
And his hair so thin and curly,  
As he said to us scampering off to bed,  
"I'll call you bright and early !"

And never he failed to call us so,  
Whatever his work or worry ;  
And down to the glowing hearth below  
We rushed, half-dressed, in a hurry !  
And oh ! what a welcome there we had,  
A troop of laughing faces ;  
And the old round table looked so glad  
When we all got into our places !

Now the father who called us, old and wan,  
Is near to a deeper slumber,  
And into the silent land are gone  
Most of that happy number.  
But a tenderer Father, who never sleeps,  
Sees all in their night-robes hidden ;  
And over each narrow chamber keeps  
His fatherly watch unbidden !





And out of *that* slumber's deeper thrall,  
Since He Himself decreed it,  
We shall hear the sound of his morning call,  
And hurry, as then, to heed it!  
And gladder than ever we were before,  
Where toil and death could sever,  
We expect to meet on the other shore,  
And part no more forever!

Then forth to labor I wend my way,  
No toil that He gives me hating,  
Till sunset gold or evening gray  
Shall end my weary waiting.  
And "down to sleep" I consent to go,  
No marks of my chamber scorning,  
Because my Father in heaven, I know,  
Will wake us in the morning!

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NEAR.

I feel so blessedly near at times,  
As to question which it may be;  
My poor spirit to heaven that climbs,  
Or heaven that comes to me.

I catch the air of the flowery land  
And the odors so sweet it brings;  
And fancy my wondering face is fanned  
By the sweep of the angels' wings.

I can almost see the beautiful throng  
In their high and holy mirth;  
And breathe the notes of the heavenly song,  
Though I never could sing on earth.

Only a step—a veil between  
The dark and the light, so thin,  
That we who are walking the outward scene  
In a moment may pass within.

And then, I know, will my vision be free,  
And my eyes no more be dim,  
When He who so often has come to me,  
Shall call me away to Him.

And then I shall see how the heaven that lies  
So near, should be yet unseen;  
For the light was too brilliant for earthly eyes  
Without a veil between.

### Julia Van Ness Whipple.

Mrs. Whipple is the youngest daughter of the late Capt. N. G. Dana, U. S. A., and sister of Major General N. G. T. Dana, formerly of the army. On her mother's side she is descended from the old historic family of Langdon of Dartmouth. She was born at Fort Monroe, Va. Her father died when she was but three years old, and after a few years her mother was married to Hon. Charles H. Pease, well known in this state, and who was Collector of the port of Boston during the administration of President Pierce. Mrs. Whipple was married at the age of seventeen to J. P. Whipple of this state but at that time a merchant in New Orleans. When she was twenty-three years of age her husband died, leaving one little boy who has become a broker in New York City. From 1862 to 1868 Mrs. Whipple acquired considerable reputation as an elocutionist and Shakspearian reader, when a delicacy of the throat obliged her to relinquish public reading. Since the death of her husband she has resided mostly in Portsmouth.

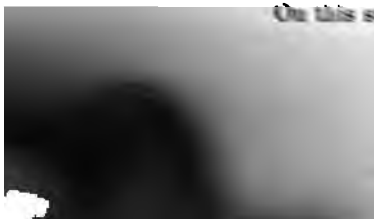
#### PEARLS.

O pearls, fair pearls of the deep blue sea,  
Emblems of spotless purity,  
White as the soul of a spotless child,  
Pure as the thoughts of a maiden mild,  
Clear, from each sign of stain or flaw,  
As the robes of white winged angels are :  
Gem of heaven ! though born in the sea,  
In thy matchless purity, chosen to be  
Set for the gates of that city bright,  
Where the glory of God is the only light,  
Where each of the twelve great gates will be  
One pearl, of surpassing purity,  
Opening wide for that happy band  
Who shall enter in to the promised land,  
The New Jerusalem.—decked as a bride  
For the hosts who have followed "The Crucified,"  
Who have fought the fight and kept the faith,"  
Are delivered forevermore from death,  
Who can nevermore know of pain or fear,  
From whose eyes God wipes the last sad tear,  
And who in the presence of heaven's great King,  
Their poems of victory and praise shall sing.

O bright, bright land of the ever Blest !  
My tired heart longs for thy peace and rest,  
And to stand that beautiful, shining shore  
Where birth and partings can come no more.  
Where cleansed from each spot the just shall be  
The Pearls of God in Eternity.

#### THE VOICE AMID THE TREES.

As I sit beside my window,  
On this summer eve so fair,



Oft I hear amid the stillness  
Whisperings, borne upon the air,  
Gently swelling—and then dying  
Mid the leaves on yonder tree,  
Sweet the words, though mostly sad ones,  
That they whisper unto me.

Softly sighing—now it brings me  
Cherished memories of the past,  
Sunny childhood's happy hours,  
Girlhood's joys, too bright to last.  
Dear loved voices, long since silent,  
Seem to speak again to me,  
As I listen to the murmuring  
In the leaves of yonder tree.

As it speaks, my tears are falling  
For the dearly loved and gone,  
And the shadows seem to darken  
That across my path are thrown.  
Still your whispering oh sad voices,  
Mid the leaves of yonder tree,  
If you bring with you no healing  
For those memories sad to me.

Hark! again the voice is speaking,  
Soft, and gently sweet 'tis now,  
And methinks the wings of angels  
Gently fan my burning brow.  
Why so grieving, so despairing?  
Why so weary on thy road?  
Think, oh child, thy path of sorrow  
Is to bring thee nearer God.

Dry thy tears for the departed,  
And mourn not for the living dead,  
Strong and firm be in thy duty,  
Follow where thy Saviour led.  
When sad memories cling around you,  
Meet them not with murmuring sigh,  
Listen to the voice that's with you,  
Saying—"Fear not—it is I."

Thus it is those gentle voices,  
Mid the leaves of yonder tree,  
On this soft, sweet summer evening,  
Have been whispering unto me.

### Sarah M. Parker.

Miss Sarah M. Parker, daughter of Josiah M. and Maria A. Parker, was born in Amherst, Oct., 1835, where she resided till the year 1858, removing then to Lynkboro'. The earlier part of her life was somewhat occupied in school teaching. Of late she has been a resident of Milford, where for fourteen years, in connection with other duties, she has been engaged in the much loved work of Sunday School teaching of the little children.

#### GOSPEL BELLS.

Gospel bells are sweetly ringing,  
Messages of love they're bringing;  
That will set our hearts to singing;  
Happy bells!  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Seeks the sinner, lost and lowly,  
This it tells.

List the bell of invitation,  
Calling every tribe and nation,  
To the waters of salvation,—  
Hear it tell,  
"Come, the fountain faileth never;  
Come, and drink, and live forever,  
Blessed bell!

Slighted is the invitation,  
Lo, the bell expostulation,  
Sendeth forth its exhortation  
"Why, O, why,  
Still His love and mercy spurning?  
To the fountain quick be turning;  
Will ye die?"

If these calls we still are scorning,  
Clear as song of birds at morning,  
Then the solemn bell of warning  
Gives its voice:  
If these messages unheeding,  
All too late ye may be pleading;  
"Make your choice."

Bell of hope! it soundeth cheery,  
When all other sounds are dreary,  
And the heart has grown aweary,—  
Far from home.  
"Whosoever will," 'tis saying,  
"With no doubt or fear delaying,  
Let him come."

If no more His goodness spurning,  
Whose great love is o'er us yearning,  
Unto him repentant turning,  
    We shall live.  
For then rings, as we surrender,  
Mercy bell! in accents tender,  
    "I forgive!"

Bell of peace! 'tis softly stealing,  
As at his dear feet we're kneeling,  
More of Jesus' love revealing,  
    Full supply.  
For the waters of the fountain,  
Flowing down from Calvary's mountain,  
    Satisfy.

Bell of faith! 'tis stronger, clearer,  
As to heaven we're coming nearer,  
And its mansions grow the dearer,  
    Wondrous bright!  
It will cease its ringing, never,  
Till we reach the bright forever;  
    Land of Light!

Bells of joy in heaven are ringing;  
Joy bells in my soul are singing,  
From the fountain I am bringing;  
    Glad I am!  
Record of the blest forgiven,  
Happy family of heaven,  
    Bears my name

To the morning breezes given,  
To the silent breath of even,  
Ringing all day long to heaven,  
    Bell of prayer!  
In God's ear we pour our sadness,  
Thus we tell him all our gladness;  
    Heard up there.

For His wondrous love, abounding,  
All our pathway here surrounding,  
Be to highest heaven resounding,  
    Bell of praise!  
Ring, till earth shall bow before Him,  
And till every heart adore him,  
    For his grace.

Bell of promise! down the ages,  
 From where sin its war first wages,  
 Lo, it ringeth, and engages  
     Christ shall save.  
 And more clearly still it ringeth,  
 As from out the tomb he bringeth  
     Life He gave!

I am lost in adoration,  
 And mount up with exultation,  
 As I list the proclamation  
     Of this bell;  
 For of sinless life eternal,  
 With our Lord where fields are vernal,  
     Doth it tell.

While salvation's bell is ringing,  
 And its fountain upward springing,  
 Golden hours their way are winging;  
     Pause and think!  
 Do not longer be delaying,  
 Hear the voice of Jesus saying,  
     "Come and drink."

Chime of bells! of love they're telling,  
 Love, all other love excelling,  
 Angels on the theme are dwelling,  
     Up above.  
 Talk no more of earthly glory,  
 Tell to me the sweet old story,—  
     Jesus' love.

#### HOME.

Where is your home, O my beautiful child?  
 "Home is with mother," she said as she smiled,  
 "'Tis where my father, no kinder could be,  
 Takes up his little one oft on his knee,  
 'Tis where the birds sing so sweetly all day,  
 Down where the bees and the butterflies play,  
 Where the bright roses climb over the door,  
 I am so happy, what can I want more?"

Maiden, fair maiden, say where is your home?  
 Is there a spot whence you never would roam?  
 Is there a place where unfailing you meet  
 What the heart craveth in confidence sweet?

"Yes, in a heart that is loving and true,  
There is my home—I will tell it to you.  
He whom I cherish is noble and good;  
Where better home could I find if I would?"

Where is your home, mother? "Gladly I'll tell;"  
'Tis where my husband and little ones dwell,  
Where sweet contentment reigns all the day long,  
And oft ascendeth the prayer and the song;  
Pleasant home duties, the glad hours invite  
To bless and make beautiful, this my delight.  
'Tis where love reigneth, nor discord can come;  
Say, do you wonder I cherish my home?"

Christian, they tell me of mansions of bliss,  
Where is your home, that is brighter than this?  
Where never waves of adversity roll,  
And not a sorrow oppresses the soul?  
"Over the river,—the mansions are fair,  
My Father is waiting to welcome me there,  
Sin never can enter, its pleasures to blight,  
Its sun goes not down in the shadow of night,  
There's room for whoever, through Jesus, will come,  
And fulness of joy in His presence at home."

### Mattie Frances Jones.

Jones, whose *nom de plume* is "Nettie Vernon," was born in Hudson, in 1836, a daughter of the late Dea. E. S. Marsh. She was educated at the Nashua Academy, and at Appleton Academy, Mount Vernon. She has been of the time engaged in teaching. In 1864 she became the wife of Mr. James Jones, who had been laboring for a term of years as a teacher in California. Coming to that state with his wife soon after marriage, they remained until 1875. Jones assisted her husband in his vocation, teaching in several counties. A family has gathered around her, and amid life's busy cares she finds but time to devote to literature. She was formerly a contributor to *Arthur's Magazine*, and other periodicals. They reside in Merrimack.

#### WILL IT BE ALWAYS NIGHT?

Will it be always night?  
God knows how drear  
Is earth's poor trembling light;  
Will he not hear  
Each whispered prayer, and note each falling tear?  
Will it be always night—  
Cold night, and lone?  
Shall I ne'er see the light  
From His white throne?  
A glimmering light to guide me, trusting, on?

Will it be always night?  
 Long time mine eye  
 Hath sought hope's dawning light  
 O'er time's dark sky!  
 Faith's purest light, why greets it not mine eye?  
 Will it be always night?  
 Cold sorrow's wave—  
 I've felt its chillness quite,  
 And, by yon grave,  
 O, hear my prayer, All-merciful to save!  
 Will it be always night,  
 Night of despair?  
 Of longings for the bright,  
 Celestial sphere?  
 Thy grace, my Father, 'twill life's burden aid to bear!  
 Heaven hath no night!  
 It hath no waning day!  
 But pure and brilliant light  
 Shineth for aye!  
 No weary pilgrim seeketh there the way!

#### HAVE FAITH AND PERSEVERE.

Are you weary, sister, weary toiling up the narrow way?  
 Is life's path all dark, all dreary.—do no sunbeams round it play?  
 Trust in God! His love will surely turn the night-time into day!  
 Are you fainting, sister, fainting for the words of hope and cheer?  
 Have they long remained unspoken, never falling on thine ear?  
 Trust in God! His words of promise will arrest the falling tear!  
 Are you sitting, sister, sitting where the shadows thickly fall?  
 Is thy spirit all o'ershadowed, 'neath the folds of sorrow's pall?  
 God's free grace is ever giving sweetest sunshine unto all!  
 Are you waiting, sister, waiting for the brilliant morning dawn,  
 Ere thy soul goes forth in conflict mid the hosts of right and  
     wrong?  
 If he aid thee in the conflict, soon the direst foe is gone.  
 Do not linger, sister, linger mid these shades of grief and gloom!  
 Look beyond earth's narrow limits and the portals of the tomb!  
 Heaven has flowers of rarest, sweetest fragrance and perfume.  
 Will you pluck them, sister, pluck them to entwine around thy  
     brow?  
 Linger not amid the cypress: fairer flowers await thee now,  
 And the brightest crown in heaven may be woven here below!





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Charlotte M. Palmer.

Miss Palmer is a native of Dover, where she still resides. She is a writer of both prose and verse. Her poems occasionally appear in the *Boston Traveller* and in the *Christian At Work*.

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FAITH.

Our God gives perfect peace to those  
Whose minds are stayed on him ;  
Believing, trusting, they repose  
In faith, though hope grow dim.

Faith can endure all present ill,  
As seeing Him, unseen,  
Who gives us strength to do his will,  
Or bear, with soul serene.

Faith owns a charm which none may scorn,  
A precious secret knows ;  
Where worldly minds bewail the thorn,  
Faith sees the budding rose.

Faith hears God's fond assuring voice  
Above the thunders loud,  
Sees his benignant, smiling face  
Through the dark, threatening cloud.

Faith, like the lark, mounts heavenward,  
Soaring on noiseless wings,  
Till, distant from earth's mists and jars,  
In calm, pure air she sings.

Faith views this life as pilgrimage ;  
We tent on foreign strand,  
Still toiling on to reach, at length,  
Our home, the promised land.

Faith's torch the dangerous road illumines  
Which leads us to the tomb ;  
Through shadowy vistas we discern  
Bright shores beyond the gloom.

Though tossed on time's tempestuous zone,  
A realm of rest outlies ;  
Faith, foiling death, convoys the soul  
To gates of paradise.

## A HYMN OF TRUST.

Father, thy paternal love  
 Guards me safe where'er I rove.  
 Real good can ne'er befall  
 Him who trusts to thee for all.  
 Mid the snares of life I tread,  
 Ever by thy goodness led;  
 Every hour new mercies fall;  
 Let me view thy hand in all.

Seeming evil hath its good,  
 If but rightly understood;  
 Ill to good thy hand can turn.  
 Tears to smiles, for those who mourn;  
 Faithful ones have borne for thee  
 Suffering, shame and poverty;  
 In thy promise did they rest.  
 With thy presence they were blest.

Saints have suffered cruel death,  
 Witnessing with latest breath  
 To this hidden, mighty power—  
 Victors in the mortal hour.  
 Prison-cell and dungeon-chain  
 Echo back the sweet refrain:  
 "Evil cannot me befall.  
 While I see my Lord in all!"

Martirs, harnet to sword and flame  
 For the love they bore thy name.  
 These all join in sweet accord:  
 "Faith fills our gracious Lord."  
 Saviour, guardian, glorious friend,  
 Let me trust thee to the end;  
 Let me hear thee gently say:  
 "O child, I am thy strength and stay."

## Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

T. B. Aldrich was born in 1859. After trying mercantile business in New York, he gave his attention to literature, was connected with the *Knickerbocker*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and became a frequent contributor to the *Knickerbocker*. He began to publish poems in the *Portsmouth Journal* in 1881. In 1882 he published a book of poems, showing that he had not mistaken his vocation. In 1883 he published a series of tales which attracted much attention, and in 1884 he published a book of poems. Mr. Aldrich has made a name for himself as a poet, a novelist, and a story writer. He has published several volumes of poems and a number of novels. His poems are published in the *Knickerbocker*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and the *Portsmouth Journal*. A complete edition of his poems in one volume was published in 1885.

## ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME.

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,  
 Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.  
 Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,  
 Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;  
 Others, beholding how thy turrets climb  
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;  
 But most beware of those who come to praise.  
 O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime  
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;  
 Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,  
 Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:  
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,  
 Dissolve and vanish—take thyself no shame.  
 They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

## SLEEP.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,  
 And in a dream as in a fairy bark  
 Drift on and on through the enchanted dark  
 To purple daybreak—little thought we pay  
 To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
 We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
 So high in heaven no human eye may mark  
 The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
 Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,  
 The resting heart shall not take up again  
 The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;  
 For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
 How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

## TITA'S TEARS.—A FANTASY.

A certain man of Ischia—it is thus  
 The story runs—one Lydus Claudius,  
 After a life of threescore years and ten,  
 Passed suddenly from out the world of men  
 Into the world of shadows. In a vale  
 Where shoals of spirits against the moonlight pale  
 Surged ever upward, in a wan-lit place  
 Near heaven, he met a Presence face to face—  
 A figure like a carving on a spire,



A tiny jar, of porcelain if you will,  
Which twenty tears would rather more than fill.  
With careful fingers Claudius broke the seal  
When, suddenly, a well-known merry peal  
Of laughter leapt from out the vial's throat,  
And died, as dies the wood-bird's distant note.  
Claudius stared ; then, struck with strangest fears,  
Reversed the flask—

Alas, for Tita's tears !

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### George Dudley Dodge.

Dodge is a native of Hampton Falls, born in 1836. He entered Brown University but never graduated, on account of ill health. He has been a merchant, and lecturer, but now finds health and pleasure in the cultivation of the soil. He resided three years in Savannah, Georgia, when a bookseller. In 1880 he was elected to the Prohibition party for Governor of this state. He still resides at Hampton Falls.

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#### PEACE BE STILL.

Tempest-tossed on the billows of life,  
Weary and worn with struggle and strife,  
Upward I glance to heaven above,  
And list to words of tender love—  
"Peace be still, O troubled soul,  
I will all thy grief console."

Hope would vanish, and the giant Despair  
Would drag my soul to his dreadful lair,  
But for the voice of tender love  
Speaking to me from heaven above,  
"Peace be still, O troubled soul,  
I will every foe control."

Let the tempest roar and the billows roll,  
Nought shall disturb my peaceful soul,  
While come to me from heaven above  
These cheering words of tender love,  
"Peace be still, O troubled soul,  
I will every storm control."

God help poor souls in the voyage of life,  
Weary and worn with struggle and strife,  
Who hear no voice of tender love  
Speaking to them from heaven above,  
"Peace be still, O troubled soul,  
I will all thy grief console."

### Nancy Priest Wakefield.

Nancy A. W. Priest was born in Royston, Mass., Dec. 7, 1836. She received her education at a common school. Her desire for reading was very great and she improved every spare moment for that purpose. She began to write poetry at the age of six years. In the spring of 1857 she went to Hinsdale, and was there employed for several years in a paper-mill. In 1865 she was married to Arlington C. Wakefield. They removed to Bartonsville, Vt., where she died May 28, 1867, leaving three children, the youngest but twenty nine days old. It was while at work in the mill at Hinsdale that she composed the immortal poem "Over the River." It was written while in the mill at noon, on a stormy April day, after she had partaken of her lunch, and the idea was suggested as she looked across the dark Ashuelot river. A volume of her poems, entitled, "Over the River, and other Poems," is published by her mother Mrs. Sophia B. Priest, of Winchendon, Mass. It appeared in the spring of 1868. It contains nearly all of Mrs. Wakefield's poems which were printed under different signatures, as Nancy Priest, Lizzie Lincoln, etc., and some which have never before been in print. It is a volume of sweet poetry.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who crossed to the further side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see,  
Over the river—over the river—  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet:  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We knew she is safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river—the mystic river—  
My childhood's bliss is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail:  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye,

We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us over life's stormy sea ;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land ;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river—the peaceful river—  
The angel of death shall carry me.

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#### HEAVEN.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal ;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim, earthly vision ;  
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key  
That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
The fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

•

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
 Gleams from the inner glory  
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,  
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!  
 Father all wise, eternal,  
 Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine  
 Into those pastures vernal.

### Daniel L. Milliken.

D. L. Milliken was born in Walpole. His education was mostly obtained at Kimball Union Academy. He is editor of the "Hearth and Home," a magazine published in Boston.

### GARFIELD.

Outborne on thought's electric wings,  
 Swift flies the midnight's moaning breath  
 O'er huts of toil and halls of kings,  
 And brings to each the hush of death.

Ah, midnight bells! Ah, tolling bells!  
 Ye rouse a million sleeping bands!  
 Ah, sad, sad bells! Your throbbing tells  
 To each the drain of golden sands.

The nation's trusted ruler dead!  
 Too deep for finite minds to trace  
 The *why* his gentle blood was shed—  
 As well might mortals fathom space.

The damning deed all time shall ban,  
 And Scotia's thought shall deeper burn  
 "Man's inhumanity to man."  
 Alas! "makes countless thousands mour

And when on each centennial height  
 The nation calls her honored roll,  
 Shall Garfield's name, in letters bright,  
 With Lincoln's writ, enstar the scroll.

His lofty life, and martyr death,  
 Touch softly love's electric cords,  
 And hush and banish, with a breath,  
 The dire and wicked war of words.

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Heroic soul, thy fight is o'er,  
The world's great heart thy captive now ;  
From pole to pole, from shore to shore,  
Thy loyal legions loving bow.

Forever brave to dare and do,  
Thy banner always in the van,  
In every station staunch and true—  
A soldier, statesman, scholar, man !

The veil so thin, thine eye to greet,  
'Twixt mortals and immortals held,  
Through which ye heard God's whispers sweet,  
His pitying hand hath now dispelled.

The world gives thee its fond farewells !  
The waves of Elheron moaning stray,  
And love, in tender message, tells,  
"He calmly breathed his life away."

From lowly cot and palace hall  
Imbued with perfumed breath of May,  
Around thy bier the roses fall,  
As ne'er before round mortal clay.

From ocean wave to mountain height,  
From cabin door to gilded dome,  
Our land is draped in gloom of night,  
As are the heavens when storm-kings roam.

Nor stay our shores the waves of grief,  
But, o'er the wrecks of time swift borne,  
In other lands they find relief,  
And mighty millions, melting, mourn.

Thy name from fame's eternal peaks  
The waves of time shall ne'er efface ;  
Thy speech shall live, as lives the Greeks'—  
Thou benefactor of thy race.

For age on age, thy name shall give  
To men an inspiration high ;  
Ye, living, taught us how to live,  
And, dying, taught us how to die.

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#### IN WINTER.

When winter robes the mountain white,  
And powders all the trees ;

When banished are the birds and flowers,  
And silent are the bees ;

When brooks forget their murmurs sweet,  
And fields their fragrance rare ;  
When creaks the snow beneath the sleighs,  
And biting is the air ;

When huddled are the herds and flocks,  
And wolves grow over-bold ;  
When frosted is the traveller's beard,  
And piercing is the cold ;—

'Tis then I dream of orange groves,  
And join the birds in flight  
To where the flowers uplift their cups  
To greet the morning's light.

Yet rest, O heart, in sweet content,  
The birds will come again,  
And Spring will scatter wide her flowers  
On every hill and plain.

The seasons all are wisely planned ;  
In sunshine, storm or calm,  
For age on age, the self-same hand  
Will rock the pine and palm.

### Lavinia Patterson Weeks.

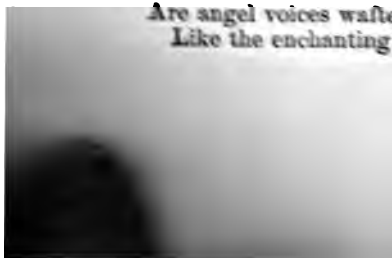
Miss Weeks was born in Hopkinton, January 3, 1837. She was educated at Hopkinton Academy, and by a private teacher, a professor of Bowdoin College. She has always resided in her native town.

#### SPIRIT VOICES.

Bright fancies hover o'er our dreams to-night,  
Sweet, gentle melodies above us roll,  
Like echoed voices from the world of light,  
To hush the wayward passions of the soul.

From nature's sacred book we read once more,  
And feel the fevered brow grow cool and calm,  
Bathed in that fount whose water can restore,  
And have for restless ones a soothing balm.

Whence come these soft, low whispers, in the leaves,  
That thrill the soul with happiness so deep?  
Are angel voices wafted on the breeze,  
Like the enchanting music of our sleep?



Blest world of love where comes no earthly harm,  
Pure spirit home which sorrow never mars ;  
If these brief glories have such power to charm,  
What regions those which lie beyond the stars !

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“HOPE ON—HOPE EVER !”

“Voyager on life's billowy main !”  
Is thy sky with grief o'ercast,  
Saddening thee with secret pain,  
Ghostly shadows from the past ?

Does the storm dash wildly round thee,  
Deep and dark the breakers lie,  
Till thy spirit sinks within thee,  
And, despairing, waits to die ?

Long thy harp has sought the willows,  
By the cold and troubled streams—  
Look beyond the surging billows,  
Where the bow of promise gleams.

Though some hopes no more may brighten,  
Nurse them not in silent grief ;  
What though tear-drops sometimes glisten,  
'Tis the soul's most sweet relief.

Languid spirit, rise and gird thee !  
Leave thy vain and idle dreams ;  
Let the call of duty nerve thee ;  
This alone the past redeems.

Though thy path may seem the darkest,  
Just beyond this mortal sphere  
There are souls, to God the dearest,  
Who have suffered keenest here.

Though the silver chain is broken,  
To be joined on earth no more,  
There's a holy, blest reunion  
Waits thee on a distant shore.

Laurels that we prize the highest  
Wreath the weary brow of pain,  
And the harp whose tones are sweetest  
Echoes oft a sad refrain.

As the stars that shine above thee  
 In the darkness of the night,  
 So the ills that now attend thee  
 Shall but make thy crown more bright.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"At break of day God called away the sweetest of earth's singers."

'Tis summer, and the morning bells ring out their joyous pealing.  
 But deeply, sadly to our hearts what mournful sounds are stealing!  
 Yes, sad indeed the tidings came, from o'er the distant waters,  
 The world of genius mourns to-day one of her peerless daughters.  
 Of that fair clime for which thy heart had beat so sympathetic,—  
 That land long bound with papal chains, thy bright faith was  
     prophetic;  
 For ere thy spirit passed from earth, the despot's power was  
     quaking.  
 And o'er that land the glorious light of freedom's morn was  
     breaking.

Although we may not witness yet the last stronghold defeated,  
 Its children shall rejoice at length o'er victory completed.  
 Oh, who could teach as thou couldst do in thy poetic trances?  
 Or learn the muses' subtle charm and feel its passion glances?  
 Thy harp could strike the loftiest notes, and yet so sweetly human.  
 That never in thy proudest strains did genius veil the woman.  
 The flowers of love within thy heart, though late appear their  
     blooming.  
 For lying thus so long concealed, retained their fresh perfuming.  
 Till thou couldst place them in that shrine more dear than every  
     other.  
 Thine was the sacred name of wife, the holy one of mother.  
 While musing on thy soul-lit strains our faith in God grew stronger,  
 The heart that felt for others' woe shall solace ours no longer.

Ye sought to wreath with lovely flowers the cold, stern path of  
     duty—  
 Now thou art gone where withered joys bloom with immortal  
     beauty.  
 They laid thee where no sounds of earth can rouse thee from  
     thy slumbers;  
 They laid thee where no joyous strains can wake thy tuneful  
     numbers;  
 They laid thee where the floral train its brightest flower dis-  
     closes;

They laid thee gently down to rest amid Etruscan roses,  
 Beneath Italia's sunny skies, amid the great and gifted ;  
 But ere thy spirit passed away, the clouds of earth are rifted—  
 The joys of purer realms than this are mingled with thy dreamings,  
 For while with us ye seemed to catch from heaven its bright re-  
     vealings.

No more for thee are loving friends their anxious vigils keeping,  
 For cold beneath the southern cross thy cherished form is sleeping,  
 But ever round thy life so pure, shall sweetest memories cluster—  
 The glorious thoughts that tuned thy lyre shall shine with  
     brightest lustre,

Now that thy spirit, free from earth, on tireless pinions roving,  
 Shall gain the "poet's highest goal," the haven of thy mooring.  
 Why should we longer wish thee here, with earthly cares  
     enthraling

The glorious visions of that soul whom God in love was calling?  
 We should rejoice that thou art safe beyond the gloomy portal,  
 And praise him for the glorious gift that crowns thy name  
     immortal.

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### Edward P. Nowell.

Edward P. Nowell was born in Boylston, Vt., February 24, 1837. His early life was spent in Portsmouth, and he was educated there. He went to New York City and became editor of the *American Odd Fellow*, for seven years, and it increased largely in circulation during his management. He was made the official reporter of the U. S. Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows for two years. Mr. Nowell sprung from Revolutionary stock. His grandfather was an officer in the federal army under Washington's immediate command, and was stationed at Cambridge, Mass., in the house which was the home of the poet Longfellow. His sudden death at Defiance, Ohio, April 29, 1880, was occasioned by an over-dose of chloral, taken to relieve severe pains from which he had been suffering the day previous. He was buried at Portsmouth.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE W. BARNES, DIED AUGUST 31, 1879.

At Summer's last decline of day,  
 At glory-season's dying hour,  
 A ransomed spirit winged its way  
     To bliss, through Jesus' saving power.

Though years of weakness and distress  
     Had o'er his life their shadows cast,  
 Yet with true fortitude ne'ertheless,  
     He bore up bravely to the last.

And when the solemn summons came,  
     His eyes were closed in death serene ;

While placid face showed that all blame  
Of life had vanished at life's e'en.

A good man to his rest has gone,  
A husband true as polar star,  
A father whose affection won  
The love of kin that naught could mar.

A noble friend to all was he ;  
His heart with tenderness was fraught ;  
'Tis said, "He had no enemy"—  
A lesson grand his life has taught.

In our swift passage to the tomb,  
Let love and friendship rule our days,  
And gladness take the place of gloom,  
While heaven and earth join in our praise !

Peace, sweetest peace, be to his soul,  
And fragrant may his memory be ;  
He's fought the fight and gained the goal  
Of unalloyed eternity !

O mourning hearts ! let light break through  
The sable clouds of grief profound,  
And give to weeping eyes a view  
Of glories that in heaven abound ;

So that this pilgrimage may show,  
In days to come, a solace sweet  
Of faith, that each at length shall know  
The joy the loved in bliss to meet !

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### Edward A. Rand.

Rev. Edward A. Rand is a native of Portsmouth, born April 5, 1837. He attended college at the Portsmouth High School, and entered Bowdoin in 1853, graduating in 1857. In 1853 he graduated at Bangor Theological Seminary, and was ordained over the Congregational church in Amesbury, Mass., in 1863. He was settled over the E Street Congregational Church in South Boston, Mass., in 1867, remaining until 1876. Declining the call of the Congregational Church in Franklin, Mass., where he preached for some time, he returned to South Boston, and, in the autumn of 1879, passed into the Protestant Episcopal Church, assuming care of Christ Church, Hyde Park, Mass., in 1880. He now resides in Watertown, Mass.

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### SING, BONNY BIRD !

Sing, bonny bird, exultant sing !  
Make field and heavens ring !  
A bugle rich and clear your voice,  
Thrice welcome, birdie, sing !



For, lo! your song brings sounds to me  
From lands you saw afar,  
Where, just above the sky's blue rim,  
Soft shone the northern star.

I hear the breeze through orange-groves  
Breathe low and hushed and calm,  
Then die away in echoes sweet,  
As dies in church a psalm.

I hear the dirge of milder seas  
Along their shores of sand,  
A wail for those who sailed away  
But ne'er sailed back to land.

And then I stand by deserts gray,  
I look across those seas,  
When lo, above my head, the palm  
Mild murmurs in the breeze.

Then stay, blithe bird, and sing again!  
Fold, fold your eager wings!  
For in the warbles of your voice  
The land far southward sings.

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#### THE SHIP IN THE SUNSHINE.

Across the sands, strange darkness fell;  
The sun had dipped beneath a cloud;  
The waves now sullenly swept on,  
The surf fast whitened to a shroud.

And shadows, too, fell on our hearts,  
When, lo! beyond the waves' dark run,  
We saw a ship far out to sea—  
A ship slow sailing in the sun!

O ship far out to sea, sail on!  
Some heart upon a darkened shore  
Will see with joy thy whitening sails,  
And fear the deepening gloom no more.

O souls that find in Christ the light,  
Sail on across life's shadowed sea!  
For many will take heart by you,  
And cry, "The Sun will come to me!"

## RAIN ON THE ROOF.

Is that a step upon the stairs,  
That makes its echo in the night?  
Not that: the rain creeps down the roof;  
I hear its footfall hushed and light.

I do not wonder that I seemed  
To hear soft footsteps on the stairs;  
I've fancied so before, and oft  
Amid the silence of my prayers.

I cannot see, but fancy still  
My sainted child looks in my face,  
And think the shadow of a wing  
Makes heavenly twilight in the place.

How oft within her eyes' blue depths  
I looked as down some shaded aisle  
That into heaven ran afar:  
God only let me look awhile!

The bitter rain has dripped but twice  
Since last I heard her little feet  
Drop music all adown the stairs;  
And now—they press the golden street.

Such music as the rain-drops make,  
Those passing feet made every day;  
One eve they stopped, and then I knew  
That they had climbed the heavenly way.

## POND-LILIES.

All through the day the lilies float,  
Swayed gently by the drowsy streams,  
As tired thoughts in sleep obey  
The changing impulse of our dreams.

Through waters dead, who thought such life  
Was creeping up the tangled stems,  
To burst in bloom of snow and gold,  
And sprinkle wide those floral gems?

In those dark depths, who thought such light  
In folded bud was thus concealed,  
To open into stars, with rays  
As pure as those by night revealed?





Take heart, faint soul! and stay the grief  
 In whose sad presence man e'er weeps.  
 Up through life's dark and shaded depths,  
 Some bloom of beauty ever creeps.

Some rays of light, in darkness hid,  
 Wait God's appointed, better day,  
 To break in stars whose peaceful beams  
 Shall shine around our darkened way.

### Francis Ormond French.

F. O. French, a son of Benjamin B. and Elizabeth G. French, was born in Ches., Sept. 12, 1837. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College, graduating with the class of 1857. He studied law at Cambridge, where he was librarian of the Law School; was admitted to the bar in New York in 1860 and practised there, and later in Exeter. He was deputy collector of customs at Boston, from 1863 to 1865, when he became a banker. In 1870 he went to New York City, where he is engaged in the same business. Specimens of his father's poetry are already been given.

#### EXTRACT

From a poem delivered at Class Day, Harvard College, 1857.

Yet surely this is not an hour for gloom,  
 This dawn of life that's opening so bright!  
 The very clouds a rosy hue assume;  
 Let owls and bats hide them before the light;  
 And, by my troth, it is a glorious sight  
 When gallant youth his armor buckles on,  
 And bears him forth so boldly to the fight,  
 As though the victory were already won,  
 And half victorious is ere yet the fight's begun!

A trumpet sounds, a heavy draw-bridge falls;  
 A cortège, gleaming in its rich array,  
 Comes slowly from an ancient castle's walls  
 That in the morning sunlight seem less gray;  
 The steeds step eagerly along the way,  
 Champ on their bits and snuff the morning air;  
 Their riders, calm, yet eager for the fray,  
 Demurely sit as though beset by care,  
 Scowl down their inward joy, and gloomy faces wear.

Their armor flashes in the morning sun  
 As though its temper not a glance could brook;  
 Their pennons flaunt defiance, every one,  
 Their lances have a fierce and angry look;—  
 I fear me little thought the riders took

While to the other brighter grows each day,  
And when upon life's verge at length he's cast,  
Light marks the path before, and all his cares are past.

Yet when the young alumnus leaves these halls,—  
A learned man, perhaps, in freshmen's eyes,  
While many honest folks without the walls  
In all that can be known believe him wise,—  
On every hand how great is his surprise  
As the world's facts unveil them to his sight,  
Or stern and hostile in his pathway rise ;  
Yet start not, for was ever picture bright  
That had not shadows, too, as well as lines of light?

First, on the threshold, what a shock to find,  
In all that he has given years to gain,  
The utter ignorance of the common mind !  
Philosophy has been to useless pain,  
And half our best loved authors lived in vain ;  
Sages and scholars, gentle, good, and wise,—  
All are unknown, all of the gifted train :  
He turns and finds, when wondering what they prize,  
That bread or broadcloth most the vacancy supplies.

And bitter is the disappointment, when,  
As to the stage of life you are brought nigher,  
You find so few of those ideal men,  
Whose lives should teach us there is something higher  
Than bread, beer, beef, soft couches, rich attire—  
These be the gods to whom the people bend ;—  
Build thou no altars to them, nor in ire  
Cast from your hands the truth you hold, dear friend ;  
Break not the tablets where God's hand the law hath penned.

And then the freedom that one hopes is his !  
When, harried by this discipline no more,  
Should he in trivial things e'er prove amiss,  
No carping scrutiny will vex him sore—  
Alas ! restraints far harsher than before  
On every side with thorns his pathway flank ;  
Still, after tea, boards talk his conduct o'er,  
And scandal still plucks at his social rank,  
Till Mrs. Grundy's feared e'en more than Tutor Blank.

Forewarned, so walk that none of these shall wound ;  
The good be glad in, evils boldly face,  
And ever true in all we do be found ;  
In our own actions our ideals trace,

Then, as they're true and lovely, lend they grace ;  
 Earnest alway for manly dignity,  
 Yet never scorn the lowliest of the race,  
 And, humble in our little worth, to be  
 E'er without pride toward those who have less store than we.

Yet why at such an hour anticipate  
 That future which One Prescience only knows,  
 The complex plan that ignorance calls fate,  
 Where man in every act the shuttle throws  
 That bears the varied woof of joys and woes,  
 Till the whole pattern is at length complete !  
 Yet this we would not, if we could, disclose ;  
 Who would not from Fate's magic glass retreat,  
 As in dark rooms we shrink our mirrored selves to meet !

Nay, ere the moment passes, while we still,  
 Though on the threshold, fondly linger here,  
 We turn to those fair scenes we love so well—  
 That theme, however old, yet ever dear,  
 That falls with spring-like freshness on the ear—  
 These, throughout life, our sympathies enchain,  
 And start in aged eyes the joyous tear,  
 As memories wake that slumbering long have lain :  
 To these, in parting now, I dedicate my strain.

### David Graham Adee.

David G. Adee was born in Boston, Mass., in 1837. He was educated at the New York University, and in 1860 was admitted to the practice of law in New York city. 1870 he travelled in Europe, Russia, Norway and Sweden. On his return he again resided in New York, until 1878, when he removed to Washington, D. C. For ten years past he has spent his summers and autumns at North Conway, where most of his poetry has been written.

#### AT ROME.

As Pius passed I held my breath,  
 My heart stood still as if in death.  
 Why should an unbeliever feel  
 Such awe and superstition steal?  
 A kind old man with silvery hair  
 And face sweet with religion rare,  
 A smile so gentle, pure and calm,  
 It seemed to sprinkle heavenly balm.  
 Methought, it is not all alone  
 Because he sits the papal throne ;  
 It is not that he reigns a king  
 And wears the sacred signet-ring ;

Or that he is the father here  
To chide the sin and dry the tear ;  
Or that he wields the holy keys  
For penitents upon their knees :  
Not these the reasons, right or wrong,  
I trembled as he rode along,  
In chariot rich with gems and gold,  
To bless the children of his fold,  
But that the heart of human kind  
Weary of groping, faint and blind,  
Despairing of the unseen power  
Coming to earth in evil hour  
To speak to prayer, to smile on praise,  
To cheer the faithful's wistful gaze,  
Had clothed this presence with all good  
To give to sinners saintly food,  
To set before the senses' soul  
Comfort and consolation's dole.  
Two thousand years have given place  
Since men have looked upon God's face.  
And the soul yearns for something real  
To represent the rapt ideal.  
If that mankind have sought to give  
A form to goodness while they live,  
Will not the One supreme above  
Reward their longing with His love?  
Thus, as I viewed the emblem there,  
An aureole seemed to glint the air,  
My spirit thrilled in blent accord  
With earth's great type of heaven's lord.

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#### FOUR PHASES.

Golden ringlets, hazel eyes,  
Deep and dreamy, fixed afar ;  
Thoughts that to the zenith rise ;  
Life the heavens and he a star :  
This the boyish poet's rapture  
Ere the hours his spirit capture.  
  
Chestnut locks about the brow ;  
Love and beauty ripe and real ;  
Love, a faith the heart to bow,  
Beauty, a divine ideal :  
These the poet's manhood gladden  
Ere the years his nature sadden,

Silvery gray the clustering curls ;  
 Looming clouds in autumn sky ;  
 Youthful gems but ghostly pearls ;  
 Beauty dead and love a lie :  
 This the poet's fatal after,  
 Bitter tears or lightsome laughter.

Snowy hair and frosty beard ;  
 Kindly glance and cheery saying ;  
 Sweet the phantom once he feared  
 While the soul was still a-Maying.  
 Poet, chant celestial measures ;  
 Rapt the realm that holds thy treasures.

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SHELLEY.

Soul-inspired skeptic and great earthly-born !  
 To thee all nature was a rapturous dream—  
 Sky, summer, life, love, and the poet's theme,  
 The silver of the sea, the golden morn,  
 The sunset, and the fields which flowers adorn,—  
 These were all worshipped with the glowing gleam  
 Of ardent adoration ; the bright beam  
 Of mortal sainted by the spirit worn,  
 And soaring toward the stars. Thou, reft away  
 From beauty and the balmy breath of rest,  
 Baskest beneath a warmer, welcomer ray  
 In the glad realm of bards supremely blest—  
 Hunt, Byron, Coleridge, Keats—in glorious day,  
 'Mong whom thy name and fame is grandest, best.

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**Henry Ames Blood.**

H. A. Blood, a native of Temple, was born about 1840. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College. After leaving College he spent a few years in teaching school, when he accepted a situation in the Department of State at Washington, D. C. He is the author of a history of his native town. A volume of his poems, and another of dramas, have been stereotyped, but as yet are unpublished. From the former the poems here given have been selected. Specimens of his poetry are found in several collections. Epes Sargent, in his "Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry," highly compliments Mr. Blood's poems, and regrets that his volumes are unpublished.

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THE CHIMNEY-NOOK.

Oh, how much comfort is there in the glow  
 Of a rosy fire in winter,  
 When each stem and stick and splinter  
 Burns all the brighter for the winds that blow.  
 Then high or low the walls, they wear a joyous look,

Nor is anything more cheery,  
When the winter wind sounds dreary,  
Than sitting by the fire, within the chimney-nook.

Bring Red-heart Oak, the tyrant of the wood ;  
Bring him hither in a dead-cart,  
Lop his limbs, tear out his red-heart,  
And throw it to this hungry fire for food.  
Bring Tall-Pine, whose old head long since the crows forsook :  
Tall-Pine, he is in his dotage,  
But his head shall boil our pottage,  
While we sit here and laugh beside our chimney-nook.

Old Tall-Pine, you were old when I was young,  
On your head the rains had drifted,  
Through your locks the snows had sifted  
A hundred years ere my first song was sung ;  
Your foot was gouty grown, your head with palsy shook,  
But your heart possessed you lightly,  
And you stood your sentry nightly,  
While I sat here and dozed beside my chimney-nook.

Do you remember, Tall-Pine, years ago,  
When I rambled in my childhood  
Through yon solitary wild-wood,  
And climbed your high top for the callow crow ?  
Hurrah for those old days when you and I partook  
Snow and rain and hail together,  
Little thinking this cold weather  
Would bring us face to face beside my chimney-nook.

But now the wind is louder than before ;  
With a wild demoniac laughter  
He is running down the rafter ;  
I will not talk nor dally with you more :  
For that you were my friend, some pity had me strook ;  
But the night is growing colder,  
And my spirit waxes bolder  
To have you keep me warm beside my chimney-nook.

Then lay his head down crowned with all its cones ;  
It shall be a bed of roses  
Where mine ancient friend reposes ;  
Peace to his ashes, rest unto his bones :  
Now, bravo, Tall-Pine, for your aged pate ne'er took,  
Since the spring-time of your story,  
Such a lustre, such a glory,  
As this I see it wear beside my chimney-nook.

Beneath this mansion is a cellar old,  
     "Where there bydeth," says tradition,  
     "A moste wondrous wyse magician,  
 Who bydeth hym in bottels grene with molde."  
 A candle's ray at night, this fellow cannot brook ;  
     We will go into the cellar  
     With our lights and blind the fellow,  
 Then bring him to his wits beside our chimney-nook.  
  
 Can you believe me? Shakespeare knew him well ;  
     Jonson loved him as his brother,  
     So i' faith did many another  
 Most potent bard who felt "hys mightye spell."  
 Ere this magician come, hang potluck on the hook ;  
     We will never close our lashes  
     Till Old Tall-Pine burns to ashes ;  
 But laugh here all night long beside our chimney-nook.  
  
 Then let the jolly, motley world wag on  
     To an age of baser metal ;  
     So it upsets not our kettle,  
 Give thanks for this and ask for fatter brawn ;  
 We shall get through our day, somehow, by hook or crook ;  
     Be our purse however slender,  
     Only give us fire and fender,  
 We shall not lack for fun beside our chimney-nook.  
  
 Oh, how much comfort is there in the glow  
     Of a rosy fire in winter,  
     When each stem and stick and splinter  
 Burns all the brighter for the winds that blow.  
 Then high or low the walls they wear a joyous look ;  
     Nor is anything more cheery,  
     When the winter wind sounds dreary,  
 Than sitting by the fire within our chimney-nook.

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 JEANNETTE.

It is no wonder I should be  
     More sad in pleasant weather,  
 For on a golden day like this  
     We strolled the fields together :  
 Oh, never lived a maid more dear  
     In everybody's praises !—  
 Jeannette was picking buttercups  
     And I was picking daisies.

How well I remember the good Old Year,  
 When, a barefooted boy, he sat under the pines,  
 This beautiful antique harp to hear,  
 As I grandly chanted mine ancient lines.  
 For though I say it, this harp, I say,  
 Has more weird music about the strings  
 Than all the new-fangled things they play  
 In convent halls or the courts of kings.

Your pardon, good folk, for I never came here  
 To chant my own praise ; but I came to lament  
 The loss of my friend whom I held so dear,  
 And who carried my heart with him where he went.  
 Alas ! alas ! my old friend lies dead !  
 And I am the wind, the harper hoary,  
 That chanted his requiem over his head,  
 And told to the hills his sorrowful story !

Gone ! gone ! forever and ever gone !  
 Would that I, too, might come to my rest !  
 But I cannot die.—I must ever go on,  
 Weary and wildered, a thing unblest.  
 Hark ! hear you not the voice of the sea.  
 Now shrill and loud, now soft and low ?  
 It is calling to me ! It is calling to me !  
 It says I must go : it says I must go.

#### THE INVISIBLE PIPER.

Hark ! the invisible piper plays !  
 You will scarcely go home. I think, to-night,  
 For your horse will cast his shoes in the ways,  
 And you will follow a fire-fly light.  
 Oh, he is the piper that never was seen  
 Any two days or nights between ;  
 But plenty there be who declare he looks  
 Like the figure of Punch in the picture-books,  
 Or a wide-mouthed, red-nosed, rollicking clown,  
 With his face all laughter from chin to crown.

Puffing his cheeks and piping like mad,  
 He will march through autumn, the motley fellow  
 And the leaves cannot see him, though ever so gaudy  
 But they all will follow him, red and yellow.  
 Not a farmer but misses his oaten straws  
 And calls on the piper, aloud, to stay ;  
 But he scarcely will get the words out of his jaw  
 Ere the piper is up and off and away.



When the winter is come, and the nights grow late,  
And the old crone leans at the kitchen grate,  
In solemn wise, and mumbles her stories  
Till the urchins make big eyes, then glories  
The piper to blow and to blow, and his tone  
Those urchins think is the desolate moan  
Of the wounded knight in the legend old,  
Which the skinny old crone has just now told ;  
And but half they believed her marvellous tale  
Till the piper sounded his notes of bale ;  
And it is very queer how the piper and she  
Will cheat little children two times out of three.

He comes up at night from the dreary wold  
And plays round the chimneys and gables old,  
And flits in and out through the haunted hall  
Till the family portraits dance on the wall.  
But most he loves in midsummer eves  
To answer her plaint when Echo grieves ;  
Or chance on lovers who kiss and play  
In the shade of an arbor hid away.  
No better piper e'er piped on a straw  
To the king of the forest, the bold outlaw ;  
And no better piper e'er piped on a reed  
To the elves and the fairies that skip o'er the mead ;  
And no better piper e'er piped on a quill  
To the shepherds that dance 'neath the loud-bleating hill:

Oh, he is the piper for all and for all ;  
For he pipes to Maggie and he pipes to Mall,  
He pipes for the cottage and he pipes for the hall ;  
He pipes for merry and he pipes for sad,  
He pipes for sorry and he pipes for glad,  
And be you a mistress, or be you a lover,  
Sour be the sorrel, or sweet be the clover,  
There is no better music the wide world over.

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#### YEARNINGS.

How charming it would be if you and I  
Could shake off every clog which Circumstance,  
Our base old dungeon-keeper, has hung round  
The natural freedom of our God-made limbs,  
And so go wandering about the earth  
At our own pleasure, till we chose to die !  
I half believe that somewhere in the far,

Tumultuous rush of the earth-wasting years.  
 I must have led a heavenly condor's life,  
 And so, full many a time, from the bright centre  
 Of the great dome that roofs the sea and land,  
 Have looked on this revolving pageantry ;  
 For not a day goes by but my blood burns  
 To roam at will the vast and glorious rondure  
 Of this fine world ; to saunter up and down  
 From end to end of all its gorgeous valleys,  
 Its rolling rivers, its majestic hills,  
 Its fiery deserts, its wide wastes of ocean.

But it should be with some dear bosom friend,  
 With whom I might be talking half the time ;  
 Now in high strain about the unknown land,  
 Now marvelling to find upon all things,  
 Whether in earth or air, upon the wave,  
 The tree, the rock, the sand, the blade of grass,  
 Still the great stamp of the Reliable ;  
 And both of us so much at one with nature,  
 We should admire the very heat and dust,  
 The very snow and hail, the wind and rain ;  
 Fearing not even the hungry howls of beasts,  
 The horrible unreason of the brutes,  
 Nor any enterprise of desperate men :  
 Knowing full well that he who builds his life  
 On pain and sorrow, builds on adamant ;  
 While from foundations deepest laid in earth  
 Must spring the highest turrets into heaven.

So then it would be nothing but a pleasure  
 To toil and sweat along the dusty roads ;  
 To drag our weary limbs from cliff to cliff ;  
 To poise ourselves upon some hair-breadth edge,  
 And breathless creep above the pits of danger ;  
 For what should all the perils of the journey  
 Weigh in the balance with its hours of joy,  
 Its blissful commerce of two loving friends,  
 Its eagle views from every towering peak,  
 Its glorious intercourse with the great God,  
 Who made and lives in all.

Oh, I believe  
 Our fate will yet go wandering with us  
 All over the green earth in this great wise !  
 I only pray it may be before Death,  
 That kind, well-meaning chemist, shall drain off

From our dear souls our sweet infirmities,—  
 As we presume he will, since without them  
 How shall we know what highest pleasure is !  
 And yet why doubt that all will not be best?  
 And why suppose that even Death can bring us  
 Where toil and pain shall walk with us no more?

Oh, certainly, if we should live so long,  
 Till heaven has sprinkled our good heads with gray,  
 Why not give up this ignominious life,  
 Surrender these pale comforts which our age  
 And time now lavish most on meanest men,  
 Distribute all our goods among the poor,  
 And after, seek our fortunes through the earth?  
 Our costume should be suited to the clime,  
 And we would carry in our loving hearts  
 The flowers of all the creeds, scarce knowing which  
 Were loveliest ! And all our walk by day  
 Should be in ever-changing atmospheres  
 Of speech and silence ; while as night came down,  
 And the good stars drew near us, and unveiled  
 To tell us we might sleep since they would watch,  
 Then seeking out the best place we could find,  
 Our bodies unto cold insensible,  
 And unto fear our souls, we should lie down,  
 And the soft petals of our eyes would close,  
 And all the heavens would watch us while we slept.

### Leander S. Coan.

ev. Leander S. Coan was born in Exeter, Maine, Nov. 17, 1837. He began the study of law, but turned his attention to religion, and determined to preach the " Gospel of the Blessed Master." He graduated at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Me., in 1862, and was ordained, as a Congregational minister, over the church in Amherst, Me. In 1864 his long pent-up patriotism burst the bounds that confined him, and he enlisted as a private in the Sixty-first Massachusetts Volunteers, with the promise that, when the battalion of six companies was increased to a full regiment, entitling them to a chaplain, he should have that position. But the close of the war the regiment was never filled. He acted throughout as chaplain but was uncommissioned. After the war he preached at Boothbay, Me., three years; Brownville, Me., three years; Bradford, Me., six months; Somerset, Mass., three years, and at Alton this state about five years. He died in September, 1879. A volume of his poems, which has had a great sale, was published in 1880.

### THE SAME OLD FLAG.

Bring out the old campaign colors,  
 Hoist the old banner high,  
 With starry blue and crimson,  
 Clear in the autumn sky,—  
 The same old flag that in 'sixty,

And later in 'sixty-one,  
We hailed with tears of devotion,  
When the skies were heavy and dun.

We followed it in its peril,  
That its folds might know no stain ;  
And now that dishonor threatens  
We rally around it again.  
We perilled our lives for its honor ;  
Can we not give watchful toil,  
That no fanatic delusion  
Its unsullied lustre soil?

When the old world's socialist convicts  
Hiss our fanatic hate,  
Assailing our free republic  
As they would a tyrannous state,  
We will rally around the standard,  
We will lift the old banner high,  
Will vote and toil for its honor,  
As once we were ready to die.

Defending now with the ballot,  
As we did with the bayonet then,  
With cordons of steel and iron,  
In the hands and hearts of men,  
We will give no vote to dishonor  
The sheen of its starry fold,  
That shall shame when in the future  
The deeds of to-day are told.

We fought disunion and treason  
As loyal freemen then ;  
And now dishonor and folly  
In the hearts of misguided men.  
Though the load to be borne is heavier  
Than we in the darkness saw,  
We may not refuse without breaking  
The sacred ægis of law.

'Tis the fate of war and the nation  
Cursed by a traitor's crew ;  
Though they were false to their pledges,  
For us it remained to be true.  
We stand by the bond, our honor  
And safety bind us there ;  
Of breaking the nation's pledges  
It behooves us well to beware.

## WATER LILIES.

Our little white lily has fallen ;  
 It dropped on a barren strand,  
 And floated away on the water,  
 Beyond the reach of my hand.

Into the mists and the darkness,  
 Far away from the clamorous strife,  
 It floats, and I may not reach it,—  
 My little white lily of life.

Oh, the little white face of my darling !  
 How it shone with a light serene,  
 As, cleaving the turbulent river,  
 Its tremulous light was seen !

And now the mists rise in the darkness,  
 And the black spray dashes afar,  
 But flashing and white in the distance  
 That little face shines as a star.

Though the waves of that river are fearful,  
 And the storm on its bosom is wild,  
 There is floating, untouched by terror,  
 The face of a little child.

---

 Abba Goold Woolson.

Mrs. Woolson is the daughter of the historian, Hon. Wm. Goold, of Windham, Maine; in which town she was born April 30, 1838. Her early life was passed in Portland; and she was educated in the High School of that city. In 1856 she became the wife of its principal, Mr. Moses Woolson—an eminent teacher, who subsequently held a similar position in High Schools of Cincinnati, Boston, and Concord, N. H. In the latter city, which is her husband's native place, Mrs. Woolson has resided for the past ten years. She is the author of three volumes, entitled *Woman in American Society*, *Dress Reform* and *Browsing among Books*, all published by Roberts Brothers of Boston. Of late years she has given courses of lectures on *English Literature in connection with History* in Boston, Washington, New York and other cities. Her poetry consists of fugitive pieces, not yet collected into a volume.

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 TO A PANSY.

Pressed smoothly in these printed leaves,  
 O faded flower of years ago,  
 Thou knowest naught of misty eves  
 Or thrilling light of morn.

The mould where once thy beauty grew  
 Has nourished many a later flower ;

And skies still widen, clear and blue,  
Above that garden bower.

But thou, alone of all thy race,  
Hast felt no touch of chill decay,  
And wearest an immortal grace  
While summers glide away.

Where dew-drops trembled, soft and bright,  
A tear now falls from saddened eyes ;  
And kisses burn, where beams of light  
Smote fierce from noon-day skies.

Not roses red that ope to-day,  
Fresh blowing where the winds are free,  
Nor tangled lilies, wet with spray,  
Can win my heart from thee.

For one whose feet no longer tread  
Through leafy ways in gardens fair,  
Once paused and bent her lovely head  
Above thy beauty rare ;

And praised thy tissues finely wove,  
In that dear voice that nevermore  
The winds may bear me, though I rove  
By plain and sea-girt shore.

Forever dark with velvet glooms,  
And golden-hearted as the dawn,  
I still shall love thee when the blooms  
Of coming years are gone.

#### THE DEPARTING YEAR.

He came, he brought us meadow-bloom and grasses,  
And bird-songs carolling the heavens through ;  
Now not a green blade flutters as he passes,  
Nor stays one thrush to hymn a sweet adieu.

Dry, rattling stalks and clumps of frozen rushes  
Are all that tremble to his parting tread ;  
From cottage windows where the home-light flushes  
No face looks out, no last farewell is said.

Bare are the walls where blushed his garden roses,  
And bare the tree-boughs swaying o'er the lawn ;  
The grape-hung lattice not a leaf discloses,  
And no late watcher sighs that he is gone :—

Gone with the beauty of the summer morning,  
The dreamy loveliness of vanished days,  
The sky's soft glory and the earth's adorning,  
June's rosy light and Autumn's mellow haze.

I begged, when first he shone with lavish splendor,  
A prince triumphant come to rule his own,  
That he some token of his grace would render  
To me, a suppliant, on his bounty thrown.

He bent and proffered, without stint or measure,  
The utmost that my daring words could crave ;  
With full arms closing round each hoarded treasure  
My lips forgot to bless the hand that gave.

He made the evening glad, the sunrise golden,  
And all existence richer that he came ;  
Yet scarcely finds my spirit, thus beholden,  
The time to weave this chaplet to his name.

O kingly giver, old and unattended,  
The world's poor gratitude is not for thee ;  
It leaves unsung the reign so nearly ended,  
And turns to hail the king that is to be.

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#### GOOD NIGHT.

O sweet my Love, the hour is late,  
The moon goes down in silver state,  
As here alone I watch and wait ;  
Though far from thee, my lips repeat  
In whispers low—Good night, my sweet !

The house is still ; but o'er the gloom  
Of starlit gardens faint with bloom  
I lean from out my darkened room,  
And only hear the roaming breeze  
Move softly in the lilac-trees.

Somewhere beneath these gracious skies  
My bonny Love a-dreaming lies,  
With slumber brooding in her eyes :  
Go seek her, happy wind so free,  
And kiss her folded hands for me ;

Across this dome of silent air,  
On tides of floating ether, bear  
To where she sleeps my whispered prayer :—

The day has brought the night forlorn,  
God keep thee, little Love, till dawn !

While life is dear, and love is best,  
And young moons drop adown the west,  
My lone heart, turning to its rest,  
Beneath the stars shall whisper clear,  
Good night, my sweet !—though none may hear.

### Homer Taylor Fuller.

Rev. Homer T. Fuller was born in Lempster, Nov. 15, 1838. He prepared for college at Kimball Union Academy, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1864. He was principal of Fredonia (N. Y.) Academy, 1864-7. He graduated at Union (N. Y.) Theological Seminary, May, 1869; was principal of St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy, 1871-82; and is at present principal of Free Institute, Worcester, Mass. He has spent about a year and a half in Europe, chiefly studying its educational institutions.

### JEWELS.

How many have jewels, gems sparkling with light,  
Held dear to the heart, and oft near to the sight,  
To which the affections so ardently cling,  
That to tear them away from the owner would bring  
Uncontrollable sorrow and unalloyed grief?  
Ah ! many have jewels :—and could we each leaf  
Of the human heart turn, and its pages peruse,  
Much there should we find both to pain and amuse,  
In beholding the jewels of various kind,  
On which nameless values are placed by the mind.  
The Brazilian has jewels :—Golconda's rich mine  
Has gilded him diamonds and rubies that shine  
With a brilliancy which is befitting, alone,  
To encircle the brow of a king on his throne :  
A kingdom will purchase, and give in return  
Drugged wines that will make the Brazilian's cheek burn.  
That will pander his passions, and fiend-like, enslave  
Both his body and soul, till he sinks in the grave.  
The Persian has jewels :—in Oman's green wave  
The pearl-diver loves his dark body to lave ;  
But spends for narcotics the fruits of his toil,  
Drinks, quarrels, and dies on that Mussulman soil.  
The Hindoo has jewels :—the famed Koh-i-noor  
Was the cause of much wrangling and many a war.  
'Till the conquering Briton, with covetous eyes,  
Obtained and bore home to his sovereign, the prize.  
Old England has jewels :—in Westminster's pile,  
Is a room well environed and guarded from wile,



Where gem-glittering sceptres and crowns of pure gold,  
Decked with amethysts, sapphires and pearls, you behold.  
The court of old England is spangled with light,  
And royalty's trappings quite dazzle the sight ;  
But while you are gazing on these precious stones,  
Just think of the debt under which England groans.  
Just think of the taxes, and all the church-rates,  
Of tenants ejected from landlords' estates,  
Of billows of misery, on which those are tossed,  
And say if these jewels are worth what they cost.  
But come home to New England—on Washington Street,  
In our own modern Athens, ere long we shall meet  
A jewelled hair-smirker, well-known to the crowd ;  
A little behind, with a carriage as proud  
As would well grace a queen, walks the belle of the town.  
If her gloves were pulled off, and her shawl would fall down,  
You might see jewelled fingers, pins, lockets, and chains,  
The gifts of such friends as have more gold than brains.  
Yea, these possess jewels ;—but can such ever give  
The possessor true pleasure, or help man to live  
As he should, e'er distinguished by real inward worth,  
As befits the great end of existence on earth ?  
But jewels there are which less dazzle the eye,  
And on which we not often set values too high.  
Good health is a jewel ;—then tarnish it not ;  
For Cræsus without it may envy your lot,  
Possessing this boon, in the most humble cot.  
True friendship's a jewel ;—the friend that will share  
Adversity, trial, misfortune and care,  
When these come upon you, should always be prized  
Above all the presents man ever devised.  
Good looks are bright jewels ;—when won well they show,  
In the face of the owner, the *wealth 'tis to know*,  
Of these, there is one which to man has been given,  
The diamond of life, to prepare him for heaven.  
Benevolence, temperance, faith, patience and truth  
With virtue, embellish both manhood and youth  
With radiance brighter than rubies can give.  
The mind is a jewel ;—the mind that will live  
When the body shall crumble to dust whence it came,  
A gem that may brighten to glory and fame,  
If cut by true wisdom, and polished with grace,  
Or lose all its lustre, if errors deface.  
The soul which is trusting to Jesus alone,  
And seeks for no good in itself to atone  
For its guilt, and which lives for the glory of God,

Shall be one of the jewels which He, in His word,  
Says, He will make up in that terrible day,  
When earth with its dwellers shall all pass away.  
Then reader, while life is vouchsafed to you here,  
Seek not the vain treasures of this rolling sphere;  
But, ere 'tis too late make the choice of that prize  
Which will crown you forever with Christ in the skies.

---

“STRAIGHTWAY.”

Mark 1: 20.

“Straightway he calleth,”—baptized from above  
Straightway proclaimeth his message of love,  
Straightway the wilderness traverseth o'er,  
Straightway resisteth temptations most sore.

“Straightway he calleth,” as soon as He came,  
Waiting to know neither title nor name;  
Asking not readiness, fitness, more faith,  
But following, obeying whatever He saith.

Straightway they followed, forsaking their nets,  
Uttering no murmurs, nor sighs, nor regrets  
For fishes, or fortunes, or friends they had left:  
For with Jesus, of naught were they really bereft.

Onward they followed through storm and through calm,  
Onward they pressed before sword, stake and flame:  
So came the kingdom, and so were there won  
Victories and crowns for the crucified Son.

“Straightway he calleth,”—yes, now, as of yore,  
Straightway He pleadeth, put nothing before,  
Straightway, to-day, choose thou the “good part.”  
Straightway, to-day, give O give Him thine heart.

---

Emily Graham Hayward.

Miss Hayward, the daughter of Den. Amherst and Sarah Fish Hayward was born in Gilesum, February 8, 1838, and died in that town, April 26, 1888. She received an academic education at Meriden and New Ipswich. Most of her poems were written for special occasions and were published in the local newspapers. A short time before her death she wrote the following stanza in a friend's address.

There were celestial notes  
Sweet almost in my sight,  
But of whose purity I was not well,  
And there is no more sight.

## THE WREATH OF LOVE.

Oh, twine a wreath of love for me,  
And place it on my brow ;  
There let me wear it day by day,  
Forever bright as now.

The flowers of love are very fair,  
Though gentle be their hue ;  
They never fade when once in bloom ;  
They're ever fresh with dew.

A wreath of love alike becomes  
The child of want and wealth ;  
It gives a charm that still is felt  
In hours of pain or health.

Then gather now the flowers of love,  
And weave a wreath for me ;  
I'll wear it still where'er I go  
Upon the land or sea.

'Twill be my passport through the world,  
Where'er my footsteps bend ;  
'Twill gain me entrance through the gate  
At this lone journey's end.

There I shall meet the pure and blest,  
And, sitting down with them,  
The wreath of love will then become  
An angel's diadem.

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LINES

Suggested by reading "Jane Eyre."

Lonely and weary my footsteps are straying,  
While round me the damp winds of evening are playing,  
And over my heart cold shadows are falling,  
While a voice deep within for my lost one is calling,  
"Come back, oh come back, my darling, to me,  
And cheer the lone heart that is aching for thee."

You have wandered away, you have left me alone,  
As if my poor heart were nothing but stone ;  
But 'tis bleeding and breaking in anguish to-day,  
While you amid strangers are now far away ;  
Your own heart will weep, for your cruelty tore  
Yourself from the hopes you will cherish no more.

And though all their beauty may fade with to-day.  
The wreath on my heart, love will keep fresh for aye.

We meet life together : as neither, alone,  
Had tasted the bliss even now all our own :  
So, through all the future, the heights we attain  
Will be those we struggle, together, to gain.

I know cares await us, but do not forget  
Love guards us, far higher and purer than yet  
Our human hearts know : so, here at your side,  
I look up, and heaven seems crowning your bride.

Ah, never a queen, in the proud days of old,  
More proudly wore crown, though of jewels and gold,  
Than wear I to-day, as you make me your wife,  
This emblem that crowns me the queen of your life.

#### FURNISHING THE HOUSE.

Nay, haste not, my friend, to arrange, for vain pride,  
Such rooms as wealth only could give to your bride:  
And make no apology : every one knows  
Rich that is not gathered before the tree grows.

Your neighbors are older : and many long years  
Have gathered the wealth that so lavish appears :  
Fling not the low words, lest you stumble and fall :  
And sacrifice home, pride and honor, to all.

O have to be happy in spots of bare floors  
And low ceilings plain, and open to doors  
To light that can hang on your shoulders a debt :  
And these same good neighbors will envy you yet.

No home, what the people would go far to gain,  
You have : and of good nature, and true without stain :  
A son, for such words, no losses to weep,  
No shadow's shadow behind you to creep.

No money can make the truest friend :  
No rooms so snug, as friends for the hand  
No marriage of love, and no married cares,  
You have the chosen things of life upon shares.

No money's worth, the true heart built on truth :  
No man's smile, no woman's smile, as true as truth :  
And all things new, and all things more,  
Are yours, and all that you are true, and all that live.

THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

Nay, darling, I cannot "love thee  
As the morning we were wed!"  
Too fondly my heart is nurtured,  
Too much upon manna fed,  
To shrink to the old-time measure:  
Although I scarcely know  
How love, that the years have strengthened,  
Found so much room to grow.

I know when the whispered, "darling"  
Woke to a happier life  
The heart that since has listened  
To the added word of "wife,"  
I fancied the very angels  
Could not have loved you more;  
But now a love far greater  
Shall kiss you, at the door.

I know you are often weary  
With business care and strife;  
But you always bring home sunshine  
And blessing, to your wife.  
Each trial but serves to strengthen  
The bond that was strong before:  
And I watch, as the shadows lengthen,  
To kiss you, at the door.

Our "God is love," my darling;  
He plants, with many flowers,  
The paths, in which his children  
Must pass their earthly hours:  
Our path seems each day brighter  
With light from the unseen shore;  
And gratefully I linger  
To kiss you, at the door.

Each life hath its minor cadence;  
The sad with the sweet must blend;  
**A**nd even to heart communings  
Come whisperings of the end:  
**B**ut, oh, if the angels call me  
First, to the shining shore,  
**I** will watch and wait to welcome,  
**A**nd kiss you, at the door.

### Clara B. Heath.

Mrs. Heath, whose maiden name was Sawyer, was born in Manchester, July 2, 1837, and with the exception of a few years has always resided in that city. She was educated in the schools there. At the age of twenty-two she became the wife of Mr. Robert Heath. She began to write poetry at an early age, but published nothing before she was seventeen. She then wrote for the *Boston Office Brand* and other papers, generally under an assumed name. In 1891 an elegant volume of her poems was published, entitled "Water Lilies and other Poems." Mrs. Heath finds her inspiration in every day thoughts and experiences, domestic joys and sorrows, simple friendships and the hopes and consolations of religion. In her picturing of natural scenes and rural life she is true to nature and very pleasing. Her verse is melodious and graceful in expression.

#### WATER LILIES.

O regal roses so bright and fair!  
Filling with fragrance the balmy air,  
Glowing in beauty on every hand,  
Sweeter than dreams of a fairy land;  
'Tis well to come when the year is new,  
In its freshest green, and its brightest blue.

In early spring 'twas the violet  
We searched for in woods and meadows wet,  
Arbutus, too, with its pink and white,  
Was ever a source of new delight;  
While the purple pansies the gardens brought  
Were sweeter than all, we sometimes thought.

But the heart of the summer brings a glow  
No other time in the year can know.  
We seek the lake, and the little boat,  
And over the waters dreaming float,  
To gather the lilies, starry-eyed,  
That rest on the shining, lapsing tide.

What is as fair of all flowers that bloom?  
What is as rare, with its rare perfume?  
What is as pure, with its home of waves?  
What is as fresh that the sunbeam loves?  
Perfect in grace and in loveliness?  
What is as dainty and sweet as this?

How spotless the pearly leaves that fold  
O'er the hidden and perfumed heart of gold;  
Like fairy castles they seem to float  
From the shadows and sins of life remote —  
Anchored, though wind and wave go by —  
With an upward look at the azure sky.

The brightest morn that my childhood knew  
Was one on the waves so dark and blue.  
How rich I was, and how gay and glad,  
Though the gold of the lilies was all I had !  
We've gathered little by life's highway  
As pure as the treasures of that fair day.

Sweet water lilies, of white and gold,  
That spring from a bed so dark and cold ;  
With never a taint of their lowly birth,  
And never a touch of their mother earth ;  
The heart of the summer would still have shone  
Though never another flower had blown.

---

BLUEBERRYING.

The clouds hung low, for they promised rain,  
The mist encircled the far-off hill ;  
Behind us the city spread far and wide,  
Before us the country broad and still.

The tall grass waved in a gentle breeze,  
The daisies blossomed around my feet ;  
I heard the song of the honey-bees,  
For the clover-tops were red and sweet.

They were making hay in a field we passed,  
The mower stood in a shady nook  
And sharpened anew his shining scythe,  
Just stopping to give us a careless look.

We passed by a farm-house, old and quaint,  
The well was close to the dusty street ;  
I thought of the shady curb "at home,"  
The moss-grown rocks, and the water sweet.

We followed a path through a pasture old,  
Where alders, mullein, and hard-hack grew ;  
It led us up to the sloping hill ;  
We knew we must climb for the berries blue.

Close under the leaves of a tiny oak,  
The sweetest spot for a bird to rest,  
**I** found four eggs of an azure hue,  
Reposing soft in a downy nest.

**O**ur pails were large, and the berries small,  
**T**he sun soon scattered the mist away

The dog came not at our fretful call,  
But panting under the bushes lay.

How often had I, when a little child,  
Gone berrying just such days as this ;  
And yet I was seldom weary then,  
No matter how warm the bright sun's kiss.

The berries seemed larger, and bluer too,  
That I gathered then on the green hill-side ;  
And the tiny pond where the lilies grew,  
I fancied looked like the ocean wide.

When next we go, may the soft winds blow,  
The berries larger and riper be,  
And fleecy clouds in the deep blue sky  
O'er-shadow valley and hill for me.

---

#### TRANSFORMED.

Death crowns us all. How soon as interest wakes  
In one bereft of friends, unknown to fame,  
When Death the weary pilgrim feet o'ertakes ;  
A new born wave of awe sweeps round his name,  
As when some sudden breeze the tree-top wakes ;  
Forgotten all his wrong, or sin, or shame,  
Even the hardest heart some pity shows,  
And sighs with solemn bated breath, "Who knows?"

Who knows what might have been, had fortune paved  
His way with buds of hope and blossoms fair?  
If but a soft Arcadian wind had laved  
The heated brow and left its kisses there?  
Who knows but that he may have been enslaved  
By mighty powers that throng the earth and air  
Such as we have not met with? Ah! who knows  
How strong life's under-current ebbs and flows?

The little child that on our bosom lay  
A few brief days, and left us sick and sad,  
Calls with a stronger voice to us to-day  
Than those who make our hearth-stone gay and glad -  
We clung the closer as they passed away,  
We did not realize the joy we had.  
Death's sombre gate of silence closes quite,  
In haste as if to shut out heaven's light.



How perfect are our dead ! no eyes so blue  
As those forever closed in dreamless sleep ;  
No lily hands, though waxen in their hue,  
Can beckon to us o'er life's slimy deep,  
With half the power of those pale hands we knew,  
That now are lost to us where shadows creep ;  
Tender and true, their follies known no more,  
They stand transformed upon the other shore.

---

### SEA MOSSES.

"Bring me, I said, a breath of the sea."

Was this the fringe of a sea-nymph's robe,  
Caught in the door of a coral cave,  
Loosened by waters that span the globe,  
And tossed ashore on a foamy wave?

Was that the tip of a dancing plume  
That decked the head of a mermaid queen?  
Or refuse threads from an elfin loom,  
Matching her mantle of pale sea green?

Were these the trees of a mimic isle,  
Never at loss for the sun or dew?  
Or only the branches that decked awhile  
A fairy boat with its fairy crew?

Are these the strands of a carpet soft,  
Richer than mortal has ever trod,  
Freed by the current and borne aloft,  
To show us the hidden work of God?

O little mosses, perfect and fair !  
Emerald, crimson, and brown, and jet,  
Fashioned with infinite skill and care,  
The charm of the sea is with you yet.

Nature, propelled by the Master's hand,  
Cares for the unseen as well as seen,  
Touches each part with her magic wand,  
Matches each stroke with a stroke as keen.

Had we but eyes for the hidden glow,  
Thrown on each page of her wondrous book,  
Were we a tithe of her beauty to know,  
Crude would the best of our efforts look.

Thanks, little mosses, daintily fine,  
 The fancies are sweet ye bring to me;  
 Thanks to the hand that transferred to mine,  
 With your fairy fronds, a breath of the sea.

### THE GREAT REWARD.

1 Cor. II: 9.

"Eye hath not seen." O human eye!  
 Bewildered by the earth below,  
 The matchless glories of the sky,  
 The shining waves that ebb and flow,  
 The flowers with all their varied tints,  
 Brighter than ever monarch wore,—  
 Are these fair things indeed but hints  
 Of what our Father has in store?

"Ear hath not heard." O human ear!  
 Charmed with the music of the sea,  
 Filled with the sounds that greet thee here,  
 Rejoicing in their harmony,  
 Entranced by every word and tone,  
 From loving lips that rise and fall,  
 Hast thou indeed, then, never known  
 The heavenly sounds that will enthrall?

"No heart conceives." Strange human heart,  
 Proud of thine unseen depths below,  
 Buoyed by the hopes that from thee dart,  
 Is there still more for thee to know?  
 Capacious heart, that burns and thrills,  
 And throbs again with ecstasy,—  
 When earth-born joys such caverns fill,  
 How deep the heavenly tide must be!

"For those who love him." Weary soul,  
 Drink deeply of the promised bliss.  
 How round and beautiful the whole  
 Of one great promise such as this!  
 O wondrous ocean of God's love!  
 Beyond all comprehension wide!  
 Thy waves will bear the saints above  
 Where all are more than satisfied.

---

**Stephen H. Thayer.**

Thayer was born in the town of New Ipswich, December 16, 1839. His early spent in his native place where he attended school at New Ipswich Academy, one of the oldest institutions of the kind in New Hampshire, which he graduated in 1857. He left his home early the following year, spending a year or more in a counting house in Boston, removed to New York city, where for six years he was employed in a banking house connected with the New York Stock Exchange. In 1864 he was elected a member of the New York Stock Exchange and very soon after united with others in organizing a banking mission house in which he has been a partner for seventeen years. He has a beautiful suburban residence near Tarrytown on the Hudson River, on a point overlooking fifty miles of river view, and in the midst of the Sleepy Hollow region made famous by Washington Irving's legendary tales, as well as by the Provincial and Revolutionary history of our country. In spite of the exacting attention to his business interests, Mr. Thayer has contributed a number of poems, during the past ten years, to various periodicals here and abroad and is still writing with the intention, at an early day, of collecting his work for publication in book form. Several of his poems may be found in Mr. Thayer's collection of "Poems of Places" published a few years ago.

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**ON THE BANKS OF THE SOWHEGAN.**

The summer air is sweet with balm,  
The river like a mirror lies,  
Reflecting back the tranquil calm  
Of Hampshire's golden sunset skies.

The waters murmur on, the same,  
Their melodies of ages long;  
The hills, so often called by name,  
Still answer back the voice of song.

The forest trail that in the days  
Of youth I roamed, the sinuous stream  
Along whose marge, by devious ways,  
I wandered in my earlier dream;

And all the slumberous solitude  
Within the old familiar glen,  
Are as they were of yore, and brood  
Within my spirit now as then.

I hear the sylvan voices break  
Far in the deeps of birch and pine,  
Where summer's wingèd songsters wake  
To thrill again with notes divine.

I stroll along the pebbly strand,  
Or wander o'er the drowsy steep;  
The meadow, lake, and slope expand  
In hazy harmonies of sleep.

And on the grassy ledge I lie,  
Unmindful of the world beyond,

Linked to the heart of memory,  
And sweetly cherishing the bond.

I close my eyes, and up the stream  
Of life return, in fancy dear,  
To those fair days of youth and dream  
When oft I rowed the river here ;

Until, oblivious of the years,  
Afar through mists of world and time,  
A phantom boatman steers and veers  
His barque, like music in a rhyme.

His form is lithe, his eye is keen,  
His song keeps time to dipping oars ;  
He sings with heart and faith serene,  
And leaves behind the merging shores :

He leaves behind the hedge and ferns,  
The sheltering trees and mimic slopes,  
As in his soul a passion burns  
That stirs his life with larger hopes.

His homely craft recoils and shifts  
Where deeper currents speed him on,  
Then down the broadening waters drifts,  
And rounds the point and he is gone.

And he is gone for aye and aye ;  
He never more as boy returns,  
But now, in sober manhood's day,  
He plucks again the river ferns.

A sterner world of stress and pain,  
A world of love and thought and strife,  
Of storm and calm, of loss and gain,  
Has knit his heart to other life.

Yet here, in memory's sweet repose,  
Where once his halcyon hopes were born,  
He sings his song of these, for those  
Who then were here, but now are gone.

---

#### THE BELLS OF NYACK.

The lurking shadows, dim and mute,  
Fall vaguely on the dusky river ;  
Vexed breezes play a phantom lute  
Athwart the waves that curl and quiver.

And hedged against an amber light  
The lone hills cling, in vain endeavor  
To touch the curtained clouds of night  
That, weird-like, form and fade forever.

The sad moon bathes with silvery beams  
The hush of twilight, bated breath,  
While fallow thoughts, unfathomed dreams,  
Weave mystic webs with life and death.

Then break upon the blessed calm,  
(Deep dying melodies of even,)  
Those Nyack bells; like some sweet psalm,  
They float along the fields of heaven.

I know not that their liquid knells  
Bear less of joy's than grief's refrain;  
Yet from their echoing spirit swells,  
Methinks, a melancholy strain.

As if a throb from out the wave  
Had mingled with their airy motion;  
A song from some fair mermaid's cave,  
A sigh from some far depth of ocean.

The forests add their sylvan lay,  
The night-birds lend their plaintive rounds,  
The perfumed flowers that fill the day  
Add incense to the muffled sounds.

And now I hear a marriage chime,  
Commingling with responsive voices,  
A festal song completes the rhyme,  
As heart with wedded heart rejoices.

Then, lo! the shadows deepen down,  
And veil, in nun-like darkness, all;  
Toll slowly, bells, o'er sea and town,  
For death has hung its gloomy pall.

Dark fancy hears lamenting moans,  
And voices hush, and hearts are broken,  
And in thy knells are widowed tones,—  
A prayer for some wild woe unspoken.

Then golden-like, along the west,  
A bright reflection lightens mine,  
And visions in my thought a rest  
That mingles in these sounds of thine.

Now laden with a nameless balm,  
Now musical with song thou art ;  
I tune thee by an inward charm,  
And make thee minstrel of my heart.

Oh, bells of Nyack, faintly toll  
Across the starry-lighted sea ;  
Thy murmurs thrill a thirsty soul,  
And wing a heavenly hymn to me.

---

A JUNE SONG.

A heart, in the June-day of summer,  
Had tasted the violet's lips,  
Had stolen, from every new comer,  
The honey that lover-heart sips,  
Had traversed the low-lands, the high-lands,  
To drink of the dewy sweets there,  
Had wandered through near-lands and far-lands,  
The blossoms of summer to share ;

Till longing and lonely, a-sighing  
For love of a love that was vain,  
For a bliss that ever was dying,  
For a joy that covered a pain,  
It winged its far flight over mountain,  
It spanned the purple sea-plain,  
It sped to the lily-brimmed fountain  
Of the passion of youth again ;

It listened for a murmur, a laughter,  
It dreamt of a fairy face there,  
It plead for an answer, once softer  
Than songs on the summer-sea air ;  
But the voice was hushed in the gloaming,  
The form and the spirit were gone,  
The face in the mirror-fount, foaming,  
Had melted to mist with the morn.

The June-day of summer was over,  
The autumn had withered the May,  
The bloom of the heart of the lover  
Had faded forever away.

---

TWILIGHT CONTRASTED.

Thy passive hour is often full of deeps ;  
The sun has left its after-glow far east ;

O Twilight ! thou art stolen beauty ! least  
 And last of day,—an amber-calm, that keeps  
 The soul inlit with heaven, and strangely steep  
     With low embosomed song, (true minstrel feast,)  
 The fairy imagery of thought ; released  
 From sterner ways, the dreamy fancy sleeps  
 In revery ; the world is hushed and spirit  
     Answers spirit in language of its own,  
 Without the whisper, or the ear to hear it,  
     As one alone, who is not all alone ;  
 And stilly voices echo on the air,  
 And silent songs melt into silent prayer.

I hear the swift winds sweep along the west,  
     Invisible—heaven's armies put to flight !—  
     First far, then near, their giant wings affright  
 The wailing forest trees that vainly breast  
 Their torrent-force. And yet the sound is rest ;  
     I love it—fierce, defiant—in its might,  
     It lulls, like roar of ocean waves at night ;  
 Companion-like, I love its tumults best,  
 For I am weak, and strong, and nothing long,  
     Fretting against the narrow walls of sense,  
 Impatient of the unimpassioned throng,  
     Half-prisoned by dull fate, but still intense  
 With will to conquer and compel—a power  
 That tempts, and yet eludes me every hour !

---

#### UNINTERPRETED.

Within the vale-embosomed wold,  
     Low droop the tasselled chestnut boughs ;  
     Soft lullabies of sweet repose  
 Still murmur, as in days of old.

Deep in the sleeping solitude,  
     Half-muffled in its ferny dream,  
     The silver ripple of the stream  
 Whispers its ancient interlude ;

While, far aloft; the busy wren,  
     Or thrush, or lark, in luteful strain,  
     Flings wild its pangs of joy or pain,  
 In echoes through the hollow glen.

And here awhile I muse in thought,  
 How, through the nameless eons gone,  
 The circling birds have sung alone,  
 In language man was never taught.

Thick sheltered from the common way,  
 Who knows what airy spirit thrills  
 The feathered throat, what rapture fills,  
 Or tender vows inspire its lay?

Who knows the lyrical caress,—  
 An art by man scarce understood,—  
 By which the birdling's heart is wooed  
 To love's delirium of bliss?

Who knows the sadness that it sings?  
 Its chidings to its lover-mate?  
 Or fond reply, or scornful hate  
 Marked in the flutter of its wings?

What sighs intone its music so?  
 What passions tremble in its song?  
 What questionings of right and wrong  
 Impel its answer, "Yes" or "No"?

What code of wisdom teaches it?  
 What yearnings fill its aching breast?  
 What glory of celestial rest,  
 Eternal, in its soul is lit?

Who knows, ah! who? We can but guess  
 An inly answer, as we sing,  
 Or think, a vain imagining;  
 But all without is nothingness.

Yet, might I know—or foul, or fair,  
 Whatever fortune wins the day—  
 That birds would fill my wandering way  
 With their wild songs, I would not care.

---

#### GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

Thou art not now; a far off age did knell  
 A greater death that marked thy lesser fall,  
 Thou mighty temple, reared by Egypt's thrall!  
 What grandeur do thy silent ruins tell,  
 Wherein a thousand buried arts do dwell?  
 O Karnak! wondrous e'en thy mould'ring wall,



Whose countless crumbling monuments recall  
The mystic splendor of thine ancient spell !  
But wherefore name thy praise ! Forevermore,  
As ever, thou art dead. Thou ne'er didst live,  
Save in the mockery of truth, to score  
The spoils of false, despotic kings ; to give  
The tyrant's lash to cringing slave, or fame  
To glory, or to baser gods a name !

---

#### A PARTING SONG.

Not long ago, I listened to the song  
A robin trilled, as, from a covert shade,  
Beneath a maple's golden bough, its strong,  
Clear voice broke from the stillness of the glade.

To me, the plaintive notes had drawn their sweets  
From nature's emblems of the waning year.  
A flush of glory and of death entreats  
The heart to nameless longings, which endear

The senses to the mem'ry, as they meet  
This vision of the summer's parting bloom ;  
And as the redbreast's wondrous song did greet  
My ear, it seemed a plea to stay the doom.

"The past ! the past ! Oh, for a breath of spring !  
Come back to me, ye loves of youth !" it said ;  
"Oh ! hasten, moments, once again, and bring,  
Bring to my brooding wings the loved ones fled."

A-dying pathos blended with its tone,  
As if it knew that nevermore again  
Could be reclaimed the happy seasons gone.  
Its wild impassioned song was sung in vain !

Its tired wings, uplifted, beat the air,  
As, breasting onward toward the southern sky,  
Noiseless it soared away, I know not where,  
In softer climes to sing its song, and die.

---

#### A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

Once, by the moon-lit sea we stood,  
And watched the shield of glimmering light  
That fell across the throbbing flood,  
Melting the shadowy folds of night.

Far o'er the shifting, silvery sand  
 That every rolling wave re-swept,  
 We heard the billows lave the strand,  
 In monody that never slept ;

And far along the sheeny deep,  
 We saw the flying fleet of sail  
 That cleft the swell, and seemed to leap,  
 And scorn the threat of gathering gale.

And ah ! the sounds that softly broke  
 In ceaseless surges from the sea,  
 Blent with a murmuring voice, that woke  
 To breathe an answer back to me :

For there beneath the bending sky—  
 Sweet vision of a day that's dead—  
 One whispered words that ne'er can die,  
 Whose earthly image long has fled.

Break thou, O purple waves, for aye,  
 And hie the winds, and kiss the shore,  
 For all in vain I dream, a day  
 Shall bring me back that voice of yore.

But yet, along the strand, alone,  
 I watch the never-dying sea,  
 And hear the never-dying tone  
 From lips that whispered love to me !

### Miranda M. Gerrill.

*Miss Gerrill, a daughter of Samuel Armour and Hannah (Bradford) Gerrill, was born in Salem in 1841. Her years have been spent in her native town and in Manchester till 1888. She is now residing in Portsmouth at the Homestead long owned by her grandfather, Robert Bradford.*

#### LOOKING ACROSS THE VALE.

Sing, happy birds,—ye cannot know  
 Our human sense of heavy loss :  
 Erewhile, flowers fair,—of pain or woe  
 No weight is yours, nor any cross !

Sing on, sing on, sweet voices, still !  
 Look upward, blossoms, from the sod !  
 Live on, live on, ye do fulfil  
 Your being's law, the will of God !

Most dear ye are, ye gladdened so  
The hearts of those, who, passing o'er  
Death's vale of shadows, long ago,  
To mortal sight return no more.

"Are not these flowers new words of God?"  
Asked one of these, friend of the poor,—  
Lifelong, Truth's thorny way he trod,  
In holy cause, strong to endure.

His life, his love, still speak his praise;  
His words along the years shall ring!  
Even now, though late, for him men raise  
The graven stone, and tribute bring.

All powerless now Hate's fiery breath;  
No more of fruitless toil they know  
Who enter truer life through *death*,  
And drink where healing waters flow

From springs eternal;—but, O love,  
Cannot *thy* pleading reach them yet?  
Stand they on heights so far above  
Earth, that thy sorrow they forget?

We still, with tongues that falter, read  
First-lesson pages, stained with tears;  
The hands we lift, in childhood's need  
Of guidance, tremble with our fears.

So backward we, and slow to learn,  
So often wander far astray,  
In wistful searching and return  
Spending so much of precious day;

While they, our dear ones, nevermore  
Lose time or strength in effort vain,  
But wiser grow in heavenly lore,  
And unto higher life attain;

Ah, surely, we can ne'er o'ertake  
Them, in the far-off, unseen land!  
And if they turn not, for love's sake,  
Unto its border, where we stand

At last, bewildered, weary, sad,—  
If they come not, with word and tone  
And welcome, as of old-time, glad,  
How shall we find again, our own?

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

I stood upon a wreck-strewn shore,  
Watching the pulse of ocean beat,  
Until a white-capped wavelet bore  
A bit of drift-wood to my feet.

Then, from the depths, there came to me  
A voice I knew,—“What art thou, soul,  
Afloat upon a troubled sea,  
Borne onward as its waters roll?

Behold thyself, thyself, in this  
Fragment, so worthless, useless, all!  
What wonder, if, to some abyss  
Of darkness, thou at last shalt fall?

Of dust, one atom in the air,  
The tiniest shell in yon sea-cave,—  
These with the universe compare,—  
Dreaming of life beyond the grave!

Think of unbounded fields of space;  
Of stars, as countless as the sand;  
Each held in its appointed place  
By the Creator's tireless hand!

Yea, God, the Infinite, o'er all  
Ruleth, the King of worlds untold;  
But, ‘What is man?’ O soul, recall  
And ponder well the question old!

Look thou abroad, among thy kind:  
See how death and destruction wait;  
What chains of limitation bind  
Men down in lowness of estate!

Believest thou, of God, that he  
Will hear, or heed, a mortal's cry?  
Then, why doth poor humanity  
Under a cross of anguish lie?”

Lost was the voice, in murmers low  
Of evening wind, o'er wreck and tide;  
“I know, I know, and do not know—  
O where art thou, my God?” I cried.

“Giver of life, dost thou not care  
For earth-born children, in their woe?”

Wilt thou abandon to despair,  
The least, most helpless, here below?

Nay, let me keep my faith in thee,  
Through all of ill that may betide !  
Faith in thy love, this, grant to me,  
Whatever else may be denied !"

An answer came ; when all the wild  
And dreary scene, night curtained o'er ;  
One after one, above me, smiled  
The glad stars, friendly as of yore !

From the eternal realm of calms  
They looked, and said, "'Neath great and small  
Are yet the Everlasting Arms,  
From which not one, not one, may fall !

The laws so dimly understood  
By thee, O thou of little faith,  
Are those of wisdom, justice, good,  
And unto life, they lead, not death !

Thy God is there, thy God is here,  
Where'er on him his creatures call ;  
Listen no longer unto fear,  
Trust Him, who is the Life of all !"

Assured, and comforted, and stilled,  
I, then, with clearer vision, saw,  
That, all its purposes fulfilled,  
Perfection is the end of law,

Upon the first, large-lettered scroll  
Of nature glows the word, "Design,"  
And, surely, as the ages roll,  
Unfoldeth still, the plan divine !

Slowly,—as light grows, hour by hour,—  
Even through suffering made strong,  
The human race shall gather power  
To break its chains of sin and wrong !

Take courage, weary, aching heart,  
Faint not beneath thy load of care !  
They who in battle have a part  
Will in the joy of victory share !

### Helen A. F. Cochrane.

Mrs. Cochrane is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Daniel French and Sarah Wingate Flagg, of Chester, and a half-sister of the late B. B. French. She has been a contributor to various publications—chiefly of stories, short and serial; but has occasionally furnished poems and miscellaneous articles, and at one time wrote letters from Washington, D. C., while temporarily sojourning there. In 1874 she was married to Hon. G. W. Cochrane, of Boston, Mass.

#### OH STAY.

How lovely fair my roses bloomed  
On that bright morn in May ;—  
“And must ye fade?” I sadly cried,  
“Oh stay, sweet roses, stay !”  
E'en then a passing zephyr swept  
My beauteous flowers away,  
And, withering, dying, on the sod  
Each crimson petal lay.

A storm came o'er the setting sun,  
But lo ! as it passed by,  
Jehovah's promise written there  
Upon the cloudy sky !  
With hands upraised I quickly cried,  
“Oh, lovely rainbow, stay !”  
E'en while I spake, those glorious hues  
Were fading fast away.

Sweet summer, with her golden hair,  
Walked through the joyous earth,  
And wood, and vale, and water-fall,  
Seemed jubilant with mirth.  
But scarce I caught the glowing smile  
That wreathed her rosy mouth,  
When autumn frowned, and she, poor maid,  
Went weeping toward the south.

And lo, a change ! a crimson flame  
Glowed bright from bower and tree ;  
Methought each shrub a “burning bush”  
Where angels called to me.  
In triumph I rejoicing cried,  
“Oh, glorious vision, stay !”  
Alas ! for nature only wore  
The splendors of decay !

I saw a maiden, sweet and fair,  
With pure seraphic brow,—  
Well might it be,—alas the day !

For she's a seraph now :  
I fondly thought to walk with her  
Along life's darkening way,  
But she was of earth's beautiful,  
And so she could not stay.

Oh autumn leaves, that glow in death,  
Ye roses fair of May,  
Say, if in all this weary world  
There's nothing that will stay?  
Bright summer hours and rainbow hues,  
Too soon they pass away,  
But human life, and human love,  
Are frailer things than they.

---

PARTED.

My sister, in some musing hour,  
When o'er thy soul the past hath power,  
When in thy dreams thou livest o'er  
The days that will return no more,—  
Say, does no yearning thought e'er come  
To this, thy childhood's earliest home?

Thy home, though years and years have passed  
Since thou, dear one, wert with us last ;  
And oft we've wished, though still in vain,  
That thou wert with us once again.  
Say, will thy foot cross nevermore  
The threshold of thy father's door?

Thy father ! thou wouldst miss his face,  
His kindly smile and dear embrace ;  
For oh, he left us long ago,  
Left sickness, care, and grief below ;  
And so we laid his weary head  
To rest, among the quiet dead.

Ah me, the gloom that o'er us fell,  
None but the fatherless can tell !  
Then our fair sisters left us, too,  
As if too dark life's pathway grew,  
As if they fain would seek above,  
What earth held not, a father's love.

Sweet flowers above their graves we set—  
The myrtle, rose, and violet ;  
Sweet flowers that tell how brightly they

Are blooming in eternal day ;  
*Frail* flowers that tell us, with a sigh,  
How in the dust they mouldering lie.

And home would seem so sad and strange,  
For thou wouldst mark each dreary change ;—  
But holy memories linger here  
To call thee back, my sister dear ;  
Old memories that thy soul would thrill,  
And there are hearts that love thee, still.

Thy mother, where the shadows lie  
That tell life's setting hour is nigh,  
Still walketh on with cheerful feet ;  
How would she joy thy form to greet—  
To greet ere she shall tread that shore  
From which no foot returneth more.

And I—companionless I stand,  
The last of all our household band ;  
The last, to linger here alone,  
When all the old home light hath flown.  
And I have marked the changing years  
With weary heart and falling tears.

They say that time hath touched thy brow,  
I scarce would know my sister now :—  
And should fate's darkly rushing tide  
For aye our earthly paths divide,  
In that sweet land where comes no care,  
Where all is lovely, pure and fair.  
Shall we not know each other there?

---

#### ACROSS THE SEA.

Thou hast left thy home my brother,  
Left the friends who love thee best ;  
But sweet memories, and hallowed,  
Come to soothe each saddened breast ;  
And the prayer goes up at even,  
For our wanderer o'er the sea.  
"O, our Father, gently lead him,  
Bring him safely back to me."

At her window sits thy mother,  
Musing in the twilight grey.  
And I know that she is thinking  
Of her dear one far away.



And I know that thus she prayeth,  
While her heart goes o'er the sea,  
"O, our Father, gently lead him,  
Bring him safely back to me."

Often dreams thy fair young daughter  
Of a far off, foreign land,  
While beneath the trees she strayeth  
Planted by thine own dear hand;  
Vines and trees and roses whispering  
Tender, holy thoughts of thee—  
Then she meekly prays, "God bless him,  
Bring him safely back to me."

In the wood, and by the river,  
Sports thy gay, brave-hearted boy,  
And thy little ones are singing  
All day long in childish joy;  
But when comes the silent evening,  
Hushed is all their childish glee;—  
Then they pray, "God bless my father,  
Bring him safely back to me."

She, the tender and true-hearted,  
Given erst thy home to share,  
From thy fire-side passed serenely—  
Passed, and left a shadow there.  
But though in her earthly dwelling  
We no more her form shall see,  
Well we know, mid heaven's brightness,  
That she still remembers thee.

All last night among the branches,  
Mourned the plaintive whippoorwill,  
And I questioned of my spirit  
If his song foreboded ill.  
Then the song grew louder, sweeter,  
Surely thus he said to me—  
"God, who loves each little creature,  
He will bring him back to thee."

Glorious broke the summer morning,  
When I oped my window wide,  
And the dear, delicious sunshine  
Bathed me in its golden tide.  
Gemmed with dew-drops hung the blossoms  
Of the old horse-chestnut tree,  
While, to sip their honeyed sweetness,  
Flitted humming-bird and bee.

So the world looked up, rejoicing,  
 Heaven looked down to earth and smiled,  
 And of all its dim foreboding,  
 Nature's voice my heart beguiled.  
 So I said farewell to sorrow ;  
 He who loveth bird and bee,  
 He who giveth flowers and sunshine—  
 God is ever watching thee.

### Annie B. Holbrook.

Mrs. Holbrook, wife of Rev. C. F. Holbrook, of Newport, is a native of Maine. She is a daughter of the late Benjamin B. Bradbury, of Bangor. At the early age of fifteen years she completed the course of study in the Bangor High School, after which she was a pupil in Mt. Holyoke and Charlestown Female Seminaries, and was graduated from the latter. As a pupil Mrs. Holbrook was diligent and brilliant, and as a teacher of young ladies she was efficient and accomplished. She was married to Mr. Holbrook in 1863, and since that event has shown such devotion to parish work and to family duties as to leave her little time for literary labor.

#### "IT IS BEAUTIFUL THERE."

The gates were unclosing, and glories elysian  
 With strange lustre shone through earth's shadowy night;  
 A fair maiden gazed on the pure, heavenly vision  
 'Till her pillow of stone bore a Bethel of light.

The faces, lost faces, all radiant with glory,  
 Like stars that the darkness of night but reveals,  
 One moment shone downward, to tell the sweet story  
 Of satisfied hope our earth mist conceals !

O thin, love-pierced veil ! How quick the transition  
 Through clear, shining waves of light, buoyant air,  
 By a swift angel borne, whose merciful mission  
 His pale brow surrounds with an aureole fair !

The lily white bell of the sweet asphodel  
 He bears like a signet of love on his breast,  
 And smiles, as smiles only the fair Israfel  
 Who brings the evangel of peace and of rest.

The maiden looked upward, and saw him draw near,—  
 The lily bells paled in his still, icy breath ;  
 He wooed her with smiles, and with never a fear  
 She plighted her troth to the bridegroom, Death.

"I think I will go ; it is beautiful there,"—  
 And a smile of strange beauty transfigured her face ;  
 We called her by name, but the maiden so fair,  
 In death's snowy bridal, with still, silent grace

Gave back no response ; and the vision so brief  
Had faded from out the dark, vacant room !  
The maiden too vanished ; and grief, sable grief,  
With footsteps all noiseless, approached in the gloom.—  
Be still, throbbing heart, and cease thy repining !  
Breathe out thy vain sighs in a child's trustful prayer,  
Beyond the thin veil God's love still divining,  
And know, surely know, "it is beautiful there."

---

HYMN,

Written for a church dedication.

Though heaven itself cannot contain  
Thy presence, Lord of Grace,  
Yet in the humble, contrite soul  
Thou hast a dwelling place :  
So we, with grateful heart, would dare  
To offer for thy shrine  
Our work of love, this house of prayer ;  
O, consecrate it thine.

Our work of love, with pure desire  
Inwrought through every part,  
Behold, from corner-stone to spire,  
An offering of the heart !  
Here let the swiftly coming years  
Attest redeeming grace,  
And penitents, through falling tears,  
Behold a Saviour's face.

Here yield thy balm, once smitten Rock ;  
Bloom fresh again, sweet Rod ;  
As cloud and pillar led the ark,  
So let thy light, O God,  
Forever shining in this place,  
Our Leader's love reveal ;  
And daily miracles of grace  
His benediction seal.

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POEM,

Written for the 90th birth-day of Rev. Ira Pearson, of Newport.

These ninety years ! What magic pen  
Their history can trace,  
Bring back their vanished youth again,  
Give each its wonted place !

Within that deep, unfathomed sea  
That buries all the past,  
Like snow-flakes falling silently,  
Their full, rich life is cast.

Far, far beneath the tidal wave,  
Beneath the passing storm,  
Lie dreams of youth, the bright, the brave,  
And hopes that gave them form.

In that still depth no current moves,  
The billows lie asleep,  
And early griefs and buried loves  
A sacred silence keep.

Like precious beads, from shining braid  
Or broken rosary,  
With mocking glitter they evade  
The grasp of memory.

But in the old man's heart, a power  
Above decay or blight,  
Pure trust in God, a precious dower,  
Still glows with quenchless light.


There stainless honor dwells with love,  
And truth, a constant guest,  
While peace, o'erbrooding like a dove,  
Builds safe her sheltered nest.

Hope anchors there within the veil,  
And faith in things unseen  
Unfurls her eager, wingèd sail,  
And skims the gulf between.

As pearls are crystallized from pain,  
So silent, humble tears,  
The dews of gratitude, remain  
Enshrined within these years.

Thanksgivings of the humble poor,  
Heart offerings of the blest,  
Upon his head, now silvered o'er,  
In benediction rest.

His tender ministry of grace  
Flows on, unchecked by time;  
In many a loving heart we trace  
Its silent force sublime.



In Indian-summer's waiting calm,  
 He reaps the aftermath  
 Of all the past ; its treasured balm  
 Sheds fragrance o'er his path.

Long past the fervid heat of noon,  
 With mellow fruitage rife,  
 He welcomes heaven's sweet, restful boon,  
 The evening-time of life.

As slow the weary sun goes down,  
 The stars of heaven appear,  
 The cross recedes, the jewelled crown  
 Of glory draweth near.

---

### Helen Mar Bean.

Mrs. Bean is a native of Hopkinton. She is the daughter of the late William H. Smart, M. D., for many years a practising physician of Concord. She lived in Concord until her marriage, since which time her home has been in Boston. Her summers have been for many years spent in Swampscott, Mass.

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#### WAITING.

While waiting for thee near the tall elm-tree,  
 The song of a bird came floating to me.  
 Enraptured I sat, and I listened long,  
 As she poured forth her soul in a wondrous song,  
 And then, like a flash from the throat of the bird,  
 A quick, eager call to her mate I heard.  
     Caressingly soft,  
     She repeated it oft,  
     "Sweet, sweet,  
     Come to me, sweet."

A moment she listened, then called again,  
 Then she sang as before—a soul-stirring strain,  
 With never a doubt and never a fear,  
 There was faith in her voice so thrilling and clear ;  
 Not long does she wait, for lo ! while she sings,  
 Comes an answering note and a flash of wings,—  
     An answering note  
     From a tree far remote  
     "Sweet, sweet ;  
     I'm coming, sweet."

When he flew to the tree and found her there,  
 Such a burst of melody filled the air ;  
 Such happiness gushed from their tuneful throats ;  
 Such ripples of laughter, such gay, merry notes !  
 In their sweet bird language I heard them say,  
 "We're the happiest birds in the world to-day."  
     Again and again  
     Came the tender refrain,  
     "Sweet, sweet,  
     To love is sweet."

I sang with the birds in the morning clear  
 The song that my darling loved best to hear ;  
 With never a doubt and never a care,  
 My heart was as light as the fresh morning air ;  
 I called like the bird in the tall elm-tree,  
 "I am waiting, my dearest, waiting for thee."  
     Caressingly soft,  
     I repeated it oft—  
     "Sweet, sweet,  
     Come to me, sweet." •

But my heart grows faint as the day wears on,  
 The gladsome light of the morning is gone,  
 And a mist creeps up from the cold gray sea,  
 In its chilling embrace it is folding me ;  
 I call and I listen and wait in vain,  
 With a burning thirst and a hungry pain ;  
     And my eager tone  
     Has changed to a moan,  
     "Sweet, sweet,  
     Where art thou, sweet?"

---

### YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

#### YESTERDAY.

A cloud rose up in the far-off west,  
 And with thick folds covered the sun ;  
 With sombre garments the earth was dressed,  
 And the heavens were gloomy and dun.

A mist came up o'er the dull gray sea  
 And covered the earth like a shroud ;

Compassionate nature sorrowed with me,  
For my heart with anguish was bowed.

She veiled the gladsome blue of the skies  
And put on a garment of serge ;  
The tears fell fast from her pitying eyes,  
And the sea sang a mournful dirge.

The gay birds hushed their songs in the trees,  
And the heads of the flowers drooped low,  
With infinite pity sighed the breeze,  
And the hours dragged heavy and slow.

"My life is dreary and full of pain,"  
In my despairing grief, I said,  
"No whisper of love will come again ;  
He is false—or—he must be—*dead*."

TO-DAY.

"Shake out, O sea, your skirts of light,  
With shimmer of silver and flash of gold ;  
And deck your bosom with jewels bright,  
And all your wonderful beauties unfold !"  
And the bright waves danced  
With the maddest glee,  
As the sunlight glanced  
O'er the jewelled sea.

"And sing, O birds, with tuneful throats,  
A song of joy and thanksgiving with me ;  
Pour forth your gladdest, merriest notes,  
And fill all the air with sweet harmony !"  
And the gay birds sang  
From the topmost tree,  
Till the whole earth rang  
With their melody.

"Rejoice, O day god, from on high,  
And cover all nature with glory new ;  
Let the fair glad earth and sea and sky  
Rejoice with me, for my darling is true !"  
And the bright sun beamed  
From the heaven's clear blue,  
Till the whole world seemed  
Created anew.

### Mary R. P. Hatch.

Mrs. Hatch, whose name previous to marriage was Platt, is a native of Northumberland, her present residence. She was educated at Lancaster Academy, and at her home, reciting her French, rhetoric, and astronomy lessons to her mother, and her lessons, in Latin, to a learned but improvident hired man of her father. At the age of nineteen she began to write for the press. Her writings are mostly in prose. In 1871 she was married, and migrated from one farm-house to another. The poems of Mrs. Hatch have been published mostly in the *Portland Transcript*, and much copied by other papers. Her Temperance Pieces, which are two poems of considerable length, were copied, says an editor, into more than twenty of his exchanges.

#### ONE BY ONE.

|                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| One by one the days go by,        | One by one are battles fought,    |
| One by one our darlings die ;     | One by one are great deeds        |
| Budding hopes and waning day,     | wrought ;                         |
| One by one they fade away.        | Kingdoms, heroes, deeds and all,  |
|                                   | One by one they rise and fall.    |
| One by one the seasons pass,      |                                   |
| Frost and snow, and flower and    | One by one come smiles and tears, |
| grass ;                           | Hopes and sorrows, joys and       |
| Twig by twig the birdlings build, | fears ;                           |
| Drop by drop the brooks are       | Year by year our lives are told,  |
| filled.                           | Step by step we near the fold.    |

#### THE WEARY SOWER.

“My seed fell always on the stony ground,”  
 She sadly said,  
 Then bowed her weary head ;  
 “I cannot ask my Father for a crown,  
 When I go hence, nor hear the words ‘well done,  
 Come unto me and rest from toil, dear one.’  
 “At early dawn, I went forth with the rest,  
 To do my task ;  
 I never paused to ask  
 If it were light or hard, but did my best ;  
 Now night has come, and I have sadly found  
 My seed fell always on the stony ground.  
 “The happy, careless toilers by my side,  
 With heedless hand,  
 Cast o’er the waiting land  
 Their sprouting, vernal seedlings far and wide ;  
 Back came to them rich blossoms fair and bright,  
 While mine, fallen amid stones, had suffered blight.  
 “It is so hard to die and be forgot ;  
 But harder yet  
 To know that they forget,



Because no noble deed I ever wrought ;  
I tried, but all too soon the night came round  
And found my seed sown on the stony ground."

A gentle spirit hovering in the air,  
Hearing, drew near,  
And whispered in her ear,  
"Dear heart, the Lord would not have thee despair,  
He knows thy toil, thy sorrow, and thy love ;  
The seed thou'st sown hath blossomed up above."

---

### COUNT YOUR MERCIES.

When the clouds of heaven lower,  
And the rain is falling fast,  
O remember in this hour  
That the storm won't always last ;  
Just sit down and count the mercies  
That have blessed you day by day ;  
Think that sunlight can't be falling  
All the time across your way.

If you're poor you've surely some one  
That is daily loving you ;  
If no children, if no parent,  
Then a friend who's kind and true.  
Poor, when you have earth's best treasures,  
Love and friendship? Can you care  
For the fleeting joys of riches?  
Count your mercies ; you've your share.

If you're friendless, just consider  
You've a mighty Friend to love ;  
If you're poor, you can have treasures,  
Rich and rare, laid up above ;  
If your nearest and your dearest  
Has gone out beyond your sight,  
Think he'll be the first to greet you  
In that land which hath no night.

Rain must fall in every measure,  
Every heart must have its grief ;  
Storms are rising, hopes are shipwrecked,  
Waves dash high on every reef.  
Though the blinding tears are falling,  
Count your mercies, count them true ;  
Ah ! dear heart, you'll find bright jewels  
Have been meted out to you.

## PATRICK'S LETTER.


I've a mother in ould Ireland,  
Though I fear me she is dead ;  
For the dreadful tale of famine  
Makes my heart sink down like lead.  
They tell me Ireland's starving,  
That the crops have failed to pay,  
And but few have any praties—  
Let alone the mate and tay.

It's a year now since I left her  
For to cross the stormy say ;  
And she blissed her boy at parting,  
Saying "don't forgit to pray !"  
So I've prayed to Virgin Mary  
And to many a blissid saint  
For luck to come to Ireland ;  
But now my heart is faint.

O, I see my poor ould mother  
As she looked upon that day  
With her dim old eyes a-weeping,  
And her face so worn and grey.  
"Shure we'll live like quanes and princes,"  
Said she, when my grief she see ;  
"And I'll sell the pig and shanty  
When you send the word for me."

I'd niver left my mother  
But I heard such fine big pay  
Might be had for jist the asking,  
In the land beyond the say.  
I've sint my earnings to her,  
But I've niver heard a word ;  
And I'm feared she not's a-living  
Since the dreadful news I've heard.

Please write to Ireland, mister,  
Jist a little, little bit,  
And ask if Mis' Maloney  
Is alive, and if she's writ.  
Say, since the dreadful famine  
That my heart has been like lead,  
Say "write to your son Patrick,  
If its thrue that you are dead."



---

**Arvilla Almira Woodward.**

Arvilla Woodward was born in Swanzey, April 4, 1840. She was educated at New Richmond Academy, and at Newbury, (Vt.) Female Collegiate Institute, graduating in 1861. She became a school teacher, teaching in Marlborough, and in Upton, Weston and Worcester, Mass. She died in Worcester, Nov. 25, 1885. A volume of poems was printed in Keene after her death.

**THINKING.**

Through the leaves of gold and purple  
 Slow the sun is sinking ;  
 Fetlock deep within the river,  
 Stand the cattle drinking ;  
 On the bridge above the mill-stream,  
 Rests the maiden—thinking.

Nut-brown hair that mocks the sunset  
 With the golden gleaming,  
 Hands above the picture folded,  
 With the graceful seeming  
 Of an antique, sculptured Nereid  
 By a fountain dreaming.

As a tender thought had swayéd,  
 O'er the stream she's leaning ;  
 While her red lips curve and quiver  
 With a sudden meaning,  
 And a quick nod shakes her ringlets,  
 All her features screening.

For there comes a sound of laughter,  
 And a merry cheering ;  
 And the cattle turn their faces  
 To a step that's nearing—  
 And she waits for words low spoken  
 In a tone endearing.

Now behind the western tree-tops  
 Low the sun is sinking ;  
 Toward the bridge the weary cattle  
 Turn themselves from drinking—  
 Ah ! they never guessed, as I did,  
 What the maid was thinking.

**George Bancroft Griffith.**

Geo. B. Griffith was born February 23, 1841, in Newburyport, Mass. He was educated at Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass. At the age of eighteen, at his own invitation, he entered a store in his native city as a clerk. Two years afterwards he went to Haverhill, Mass., and was married to a New Hampshire lady, Miss Anna

S. Howe of Bradford. Shortly after the breaking out of the Rebellion, Mr. Griffith enlisted and was stationed, with the exception of a few months of service in the defence of Washington, at Fort Constitution near Portsmouth. Here he began to write for Boston and New York publications, and several of his poems appeared in the *Portsmouth Journal*. After being mustered from the U. S. service he removed in 1871, to Newport, and soon engaged in the lumber business in an adjoining town. At a later date he removed to East Lempster, where he purchased a fine residence for a permanent home. Mr. Griffith is gaining much pecuniary reward for his literary labors. He is now engaged as a contributor, both in prose and verse, to many of the leading periodicals of the day. A volume of his poems is soon to be published.

### THE WEBSTER HOMESTEAD.

Embowered amid the charms of May  
I saw his boyhood's home one day,—  
That cottage brown ;  
The granite mount that bears his name,  
An emblem of enduring fame,  
Looked calmly down.

The chain of hills was shining clear,  
Those lofty peaks to Webster dear  
In other years ;  
Above me arched the same blue skies  
On which he gazed with partial eyes,  
Suffused with tears.

Sweet clover rippled in the breeze,  
The sun hung o'er the apple-trees  
A shield of gold ;  
The meadow brook in silence flowed,  
And white flocks fed beside the road,  
Far from the fold.

A single cloud hung low remote,  
Like fleecy veil did slowly float  
O'er blooming dell.  
But fairer far than all to me  
The stately, fragrant old elm-tree  
And mossy well !

By honored sire, with greatest care,  
That spreading tree was planted there  
Long years ago ;  
His hand set up the ancient sweep  
(Long may its ashen fibres keep !)  
And curb below.

How oft beneath its cooling shade,  
In pure delight, has Webster laid  
And watched the sky ;

How oft by that fern-bordered brink  
The mighty statesman stopped to drink,  
In years gone by!

Once, when his fleeting days were few,  
He for a friend that bucket drew,  
And said to him,  
"Sweeter than Hybla's honey this!"  
Then quaffed a cup and left a kiss  
Upon its rim!

We bless his kind sire's memory!  
Long may the roots of that green tree  
Be fast and sure!  
Long may that well-curb stand above;  
New Hampshire's sons its waters love,  
And keep them pure!

---

#### THE STORM AT FORT POINT.

January 4th, 1868.

As did the plumes of Erin's giant race,  
Now toss the scented pines of ancient Rye!  
By roused Boreas shook like lightest fleece;  
And, as a pall, gloom darkens all the sky.

Maine's seaward trend, a vast, sharp-pointed ledge,  
Like a Leviathan with teeth all bare,  
Dripping the foam of his stupendous rage,  
Dares the Storm Spirit of the sea and air!

Lashing the bosom of the maddened Ocean,  
The wind sweeps inland with a deafning roar—  
Lo! with terribly sublime commotion  
The mighty billows thunder on the shore!

Dense vapor has engulphed the Isles of Shoals;  
But dimly Whale's-Back light-house can I see,  
Which Ocean as a little toy enfolds,  
And fain would egg-like crush its masonry!

One craft belated, at the river's mouth,  
Drifts swiftly leeward with its anchors down;  
God save it from the tempest's awful wrath,  
For powerless looks on the anxious town!

Awe-paled I crouch beneath the old Fort's wall,  
The salt spray dashing to my very feet,

Yea ! up the granite cliffs and over all  
The sea-side roofs it leaps, one blinding sheet !

The massive derricks groan and madly fling  
Their arms against the shoulders of the blast ;  
The wire-rope guys like yielding hempen swing,  
But the north scarp-wall standeth grim and fast !

Yes ! spite the Storm-King's strong artillery  
Of ceaseless hail and sleet that loudly raves,—  
More dreaded still, its trooping cavalry,  
White-capped and merciless, the thun'drous waves !

Firm as the eternal rocks, to the seaward  
From its embrasures the unfinished Fort,  
Though Ocean 'whelms, still looks stern and froward,  
Careless of e'en the earthquake's dread report !

---

#### THE DATE-GARDEN OF THE DESERT.

Faint and athirst, in arid wastes astray,  
Wandered an Arab, parted from his band,  
Who reached an herbless spot at close of day,  
Where cooling moisture rose amid the sand.  
Though weak and weary, to his arm-pits deep  
The pilgrim scooped the sand that wetter grew ;  
Then, hopeful, laid him down to rest and sleep,  
And round his aching limbs his mantle drew.

At early dawn, with trembling form he rose,  
And, lo ! the basin he at twilight made  
Mirrored the sun, and, strengthened by repose,  
He quaffed the fountain, and his thirst allayed.  
"Allah be praised !" he sang with bounding heart,  
And from his scanty store of dates he ate ;  
Both man and beast, with strength renewed, depart,  
And reach their tribe where shifting sands abate.

One seed alone that morn unnoticed fell,  
One kernel of their fruit in that small pool,  
Whose sleeping germ awoke in its lone cell,  
A tiny rootlet kept by moisture cool.  
Behold ! its fibrous threads sink slowly down,  
A little stem arose, and leaves took form ;  
And feathery fans unfold a lovely crown,  
And cap a palm-tree daring heat and storm.

Its tuft of living greenness nodded high,  
Its blossoming clusters perfumed all the waste ;  
Majestic, pierced the unimpeded sky,  
And beckoned all that saw to thither haste.  
Far over that secluded, boundless plain,  
Its sweets exhaled to lure all living things,  
Till, midst its foliage finding rest again,  
Swift birds of passage folded weary wings.

Its ripening fruits, like rubied gems of gold,  
From luscious bunches hung on every limb ;  
There insects hummed, and life grew manifold :  
From many nests was breathed the birdling's hymn,  
And glossy vines and brilliant shrubs soon wound  
Their loving bands around the tall, strong tree ;  
Young palms arose, and o'er the naked ground  
Coarse grasses crept, and twining growths swung free.

Ere long the shadows of a little wood  
Shut out the scorching beams of lurid sun,  
Where panting antelopes unfrighted stood,—  
God's timid creatures gathered one by one.  
The swift gazelle and ostrich daily fed  
On tender buds and herbage fresh and green ;  
The golden-hammer tapped all day o'erhead,  
Nor aught disturbed the beauty of the scene.

So years slipped by ; and he who dropped the date  
Within the hollow of the lonely vale,  
Among his children's children sadly sate,  
With age and sorrow drooping, wan and pale ;  
While hostile tribes annoyed the kindred sore,  
And drouth had withered all the sward around,  
He called a council, and long pondered o'er  
How some relief from many ills be found.

A sudden gleam lit all his rugged face,  
And lifted as a cloud his load of care ;  
He sent his sons to that lone garden place,  
To see if trace of moisture still was there ;—  
That vale so precious in the long ago,  
When death was baffled by the fount that flowed  
From those wet sands,—and, bowing faint and low,  
Once more he asked God's blessing, oft bestowed.

Lo ! they return with shouts and hurried tramp,  
“Haste ! haste,” they cry, “to that most blest retreat !

Yea, by to-morrow eve we may encamp  
 In earthly Eden, refuge fruitful, sweet !"  
 The tears ran streaming from the old man's eyes,—  
 "See what a kernel has produced," he said,  
 "For our deliverance ! I pray you prize  
 And lay me 'neath that palm when I am dead !"

### THE CHIME IN THE ANDES.

On evergreen cactus the ring-dove sits swaying,  
 Her nestward flight checking till vespers are o'er ;  
 'Neath cinnabar image, now chanting, now praying,  
 The throng passes quickly through San Rosa's door.

What tremulous joy fills the ancient rotunda  
 As the clear convent bell strikes peal upon peal !  
 E'en the awe-stricken tourist stands gazing in wonder,  
 While o'erladen bondsmen with reverence kneel.

The call of the partridge is hushed in the barley,  
 The humming-bird settles upon the first spray ;  
 The peach-dealing Creole no longer will parley,—  
 She kneels by her basket to silently pray.

No more by the roadside her chica drink selling,  
 The fair Guayaquil tempts all with her eye ;  
 Those white fingers now are her rosary telling,  
 She hears the rich chimes of the vespers float by !

With hoe dropped beside them, 'midst canebrakes are kneeling  
 The poor devotee and his Indian bride ;  
 And miners their burden, as upward comes pealing  
 The summons for vespers, fling quickly aside.

The swift arriere, his mail-horn uplifting,  
 The glacier crowned Andes to wake with the blast,  
 Hears the chime of the evening on fleecy clouds drifting,  
 And waits till the last faintest echo has passed.

The restless Inaja, that torrent-fed river,  
 Subdues its wild rushing a moment to hear  
 The soft, whispered cadence that breathes of our Saviour.  
 There nightly repeated, yet evermore dear !

Where'er the last rays of the sunset yet linger,  
 O'er valley or table-land glimmering far,—  
 On lofty peak pointing its golden-tipped finger,  
 Where gloweth night's censer, the bright evening star :





The mellow sound rises, its music prevailing,  
And circles round pyramids evermore white;  
To soften the voice of the lone pine bewailing,  
And die in the arms of the slow-fading light!

---

TWILIGHT.

Lone watcher, I lingered, on hill-top benighted,  
As dreaming lay beautiful valley below;  
Above me the star-sprinkled sky, dimly lighted,  
And westward the jewels of sunset aglow.

A ribbon of silver encircled the mountain,  
And, rising like incense from altars of prayer,  
Mists pure as the drops from the baptismal fountain,  
Glowed, shimmered, and faded on wings of the air!

Lo! green-walled Ascutney night's purple had tinted,  
His forehead cloud-hooded and silvered by time;  
From summit to summit the rosy haze printed  
The rich, tender smile of a tropical clime!

The Pleiades, fondly their silver braids twining,  
On night's placid brow set their jewels once more;  
Not a sound stirred the air save the owlet repining,  
Or white heron piping its note on the shore.

O'er calm lake encircled, of summer-time dreaming,  
The woods hung their banners of frost-smitten leaves;  
The red shield of Mars from his blue tent was gleaming,  
And evening winds sighed through the harps of the sheaves!

Ah! day and night's nuptials were viewless lips singing;  
The star of the evening, the planet of love,  
As bride'smaid, her censer of glory was swinging,  
While smiled her attendants and beckoned above!

Sandalphon, majestic, as bridegroom preparing,  
His flower-wreathed feet on a ladder of gold,  
Ten thousands of stars in the gladness are sharing,  
And Saturn's bright fingers the wedding-rings hold.

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Mary Elizabeth Hobbs.

Mrs. Hobbs, formerly Miss Mary E. Erwin, was born in Bethany, N. Y., June 21, 1841. She was educated at Bethany Academy, and Cary Collegiate Seminary, in her native state. She was for some time member of the editorial staff of Wood's Household Magazine, published at Newburg, N. Y. In 1878 she became the wife of Josiah Howard Hobbs, a lawyer, of Madison, where they reside at the present time. Mrs. Hobbs has the true poetic nature. She keenly appreciates the beautiful and joyous about her. The poems here given are copied from the *American Rural Home*, a literary paper of which she was a contributor.

## JUNE.

Month of my heart ! with what a growth of green  
Thou comest to the garland of the year !  
What snows have sifted, storms have swept between  
The June long vanished and the June now here !  
What wealth of faded foliage beneath  
Thy feet, forgotten, lies in earth entombed—  
Sweet flowers on which the dying year did breathe,  
Half opened petals, buds that never bloomed !

And from the ashes of the buried year  
Spring, phoenix-like, the glories of to-day ;  
The vernal wrappings that thy forests wear,  
The star-strewn emerald of thy carpet gay.  
For thee alone the opening roses blush,  
And breathe their fragrance out in many a sigh ;  
The listless air grows heavy with the hush,  
And wooing zephyrs faint in ecstasy.

I hail thy coming ; and a gladder song  
Goes up from every warbler of the plain ;  
For greener trees and bluer skies belong  
To thee than any follower in thy train.  
The rustling of thy leafy robes I heard  
In the soft music of the April showers,  
And caught the far off trill of coming bird,  
And breathed the fragrance of thine unborn flowers.

And thou art here ! I feel it in the lull  
That steals o'er nature's bounding pulse to-day ;  
The spring retires and leaves the summer full  
Of brimming beauty, dauntless of decay.  
I hear thy presence in the whispering air,  
The lifting leaf, the honey-bee's low tune,  
The drowsy hum of insects everywhere ;  
The world is full of thee, O peerless June !

---

DIS-ILLUSION.

The world is a-glint and a-glory to day,—  
Coruscant, in armor of ice,  
Not a rock-rooted tree, not a quivering spray,  
But is caught in the crystal device ;  
Not a bramble, or weed, howe'er humble and mean,  
But, touched and transfigured, belongs to the scene.



No last summer leaflet forgetting to fall,  
No seed left alone in its blight,  
No wind haunted husk of its gold emptied all,  
But is glorified now in our sight,—  
With pendant and sparkle and splendor, I ween,  
As earth never saw in such scintillant sheen.

Through orchard and forest, and wild tangled wood,  
Stretch arches and arches away  
Of crystal and coral and pearl, in the flood  
Of deepest and down-pouring day ;  
While the high hidden glory of heaven appears  
All flashing, reflected from earth's frozen tears.

A sigh of the south wind, a kiss of the sun  
Sends thrill after thrill through the scene,  
Of swift disenchantment, whose dalliance done,  
How vanisheth shimmer and sheen ;  
But they bid us believe it a prescient spell  
That on tendril and tree doth their fruitage foretell.

And life has its glamour, its glint and its gold,  
'Through the touch of a crystalline spell,  
When, with heart all a-hush, it leans out of its hold,  
Unfettered, o'er shackle and cell ;  
When through the mirage of its own stormy tears,  
The guerdon, the glory, the respite appears.

The sweep of the past takes the tint of to-day  
Through the crystallized atom of time,  
And it touches the years so receding and gray  
With the glint of a garment sublime ;  
Past, present and future,—one infinite whole,  
Flashes in on the sight of the halo-held soul.

No far-stalking shadow, no cloud lurking low,  
No dark day of all, set apart,  
No moment of time with its measureless woe  
Held close in the crucified heart,—  
But, transfigured with glory, is crowned from afar  
With the promise and peace of the Bethlehem star.

Life takes up its tragedies tearless and calm,  
Reviewing each anguish again,  
Beholding a beauty and breathing a balm,  
Where blight and bereavement had been ;  
While the rock and the wreck of earth's treacherous tide  
Alike are re-quickened, alike glorified.

A breath of the real may shiver the scene,  
 May melt with iconoclast touch  
 The miracle-frostwork that trembles between  
 Life's infinite little and much ;  
 But the soul will lean back to its burdens again  
 More patient and pure, for each exquisite pain.

### MISERERE.

With lifted brow and sea-blown hair she sits  
 Beside the open casement in the gold  
 Of early evening, and there hardly flits  
 A flake of sail on ocean's bosom bold  
 But she descries it, with that far-off gaze  
 That gathers dreams delusive in her eyes,  
 Those eyes that wear a depth of other days,  
 A past, which all the present underlies.

Forgetful she of this her gilded home,  
 Its proud appointments, and its stately lord,  
 Forgotten too, as well, each olden tome  
 Of storied ancestry, or quite ignored.  
 Her soul leans sobbing out upon the sea,  
 The faithless sea, that brought no relic back  
 Of all it bore away, so mockingly,  
 Beyond the proud ship's evanescent track.

Alas ! alas ! that all those years went by,  
 Nor washed ashore for her, one shred of sail !  
 Alas ! alas ! that pride and power should sigh  
 Around her path, at last with such avail.  
 Her ashen lips essayed to whisper "yes ;"  
 Her hand was given, but her heart was gone ;  
 Nor yearning hope, nor gnawing grief could guess  
 The mystery that wrapped the absent one.

And now from him whose ways are stern and cold,  
 Whose tones are bitter, and whose words unkind,  
 She turns away, and hates the very gold  
 Whose heavy links her bleeding pinions bind.  
 She hears the sea-gull screaming from afar,  
 The curlew's cry is music to her ears,  
 And just beyond the hazy harbor bar,  
 To her fond eye a fancied sail appears.

The vision deepens to a real bliss  
 That wipes away those waiting-years of pain,



When on her quivering-lips the olden kiss  
 Comes back with him she welcomes home again.  
 The brooding shadows built her little cot  
 On some lone crag beside the sobbing sea,  
 Where loving eyes (long closed in ocean-grot!)  
 Look into hers and question tenderly.

Nor tone, nor step breaks in upon her dream,  
 Till her cold hands are thrilled by the caress  
 Of baby-fingers, and two bright eyes gleam  
 Star-like across the gulf of her distress;  
 Quick to her hungry heart the nestling head  
 Is gathered, and again the dream goes on,—  
 Another's child her fond arms fold instead,  
 Her home another's, he the absent one.

Alas! for her who dreams beneath the gloam  
 With shadowy eyes of ocean-borrowed blue;  
 Alas! for him whose cold, unhallowed home  
 Wears not one love-link tenderly and true.  
 Peace, peace to him, who 'neath the warring waves  
 Went down to dreams more tranquil and serene  
 Than theirs who hopeless watch beside the graves,  
 The living graves of all that might have been.

### Charles Chase Lord.

C. C. Lord was born in South Berwick, Me., July 7, 1841, but before he attained to recollection his parents removed to Newmarket, and in 1846 the family again removed to Hopkinton, where the home has been most of the time since. He was educated at the Hopkinton, and Seabrook academies, and spent a brief time in the Methodist Biblical Institute at Concord, being at that time a licentiate of the Baptist church. He ultimately became a preacher of the doctrines of Swedenborg, occupying pulpits in Contoocook, North Bridgewater, Mass., and Riverhead, N. Y. In 1868 he was ordained a missionary, or minister without formal settlement, at Orange, N. J. His work as a preacher was very much curtailed by bodily illness, while, in the end, his tendencies to speculative methods occasioned his voluntary abandonment of a part of the Swedenborgian philosophical system and a consequent abandonment of the pulpit of the New Church in 1870. For the past ten years he has preached only a few sermons, but has given prominence to journalistic and literary pursuits. Mr. Lord has written but a few poems, all of them brief and somewhat unique in conception.

### FLEUR DE LIS.

While strolling in a meadow green,  
 Enchanted by the summer light,  
 I spied my heart's ideal queen,  
 Arrayed in robes of purest white;  
 I saw her shining tresses play,  
 Her beaming face the breezes fanned,  
 And, looking sweet as blooming May,  
 She held an iris in her hand.

Such charms she wore as daze the eye,  
 And fill the heart with curious dread,  
 Awhile it longs its fate to try,  
 And test her love, as on she sped ;  
 Desire to join her on her way  
 Perplexed my heart, which leaped to see,  
 While I was doubting if I may,  
 She waved her iris unto me.

Together through the mead we strayed,  
 Till, where a mound with moss was grown,  
 And sheltered by a grateful shade,  
 I longed to claim her for my own ;  
 My heart grew bold that happy day,  
 Nor will I tell you all the rest,—  
 By sign, inditing that I may,  
 She gave her iris to my breast.

#### HEROISM.

I love the rare tradition, told  
 Of that old Roman, staunch and grand,  
 Whose son, by war's relentless hand,  
 Lay dead ; and, viewing, stiff and cold,  
 The lifeless corse, the father spoke  
 Such words of stately grace and pride,  
 That nobler ne'er of all beside  
 Out of the depths of anguish broke :  
 "Welcome, my son, who willing lent  
 A public hand and shed thy blood ;  
 I contemplate the glorious flood,  
 And count thy wounds magnificent !  
 "Since war divides the state of Rome,  
 My face confused with shame would glow,  
 If neither cloud nor shade of woe  
 Had dimmed the sunshine of my home."  
 Thus he, in nobleness elate,  
 Expressed the type and element  
 Of social worth and true intent  
 That dignified the Roman state.  
 We contemplate the ancient days,  
 Of savage aims and kindred deeds,  
 And bless the Power that kindly leads  
 Our willing feet in gentler ways ;



Nor yet renounce a pride to own  
The man of true and honest heart,  
Who freely takes a common part,  
Nor ever thinks of self, alone.

A hero he of modern times,  
Who, lending ear to public cares,  
A sympathetic burden bears,  
Nor recks the cost in cents and dimes.

In him the blush of shame will burn,  
If haply common griefs abound,  
And he has neither sorrow found,  
Nor felt misfortune in his turn ;

Or if some urgent hour has come,  
And he disclosed no zeal to rise  
And grasp a loyal victor's prize,  
Or seize the crown of martyrdom,

Though careless he of idle fame,  
His works to deeper chords appeal  
In kindred souls, who own and feel  
An inspiration in his name ;

And when grim death his face debars  
From human eyes, a thankful praise  
Repeats his name, recalls his days,  
And writes his memoir in the stars.

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#### THE ROBE OF WHITE.

I see a thousand forms that try,  
By varied hues, to lure my sight,  
But keep my praise for one I spy  
That glories in a robe of white.

This one, as coming from the sphere  
Of sacred love and holy light,  
Appears in mould select and dear,  
Outlining of the robe of white.

The visions glide and leave no trace  
Or fond impress of being bright,  
Save this that bears angelic grace,  
And wears a spotless robe of white.

I often wonder why the mien  
And aspect of a radiant sprite

---

With loving hand I sew her shroud ;  
The good old soul is dead.

She died as she had lived—alone ;  
We found her—not one trace  
Of the last fearful passion shown  
By her dear withered face.

Reproach, regret, were all in vain ;  
'Twas like her so to die,  
As if to save our hearts the pain  
Of bidding her good-by.

How poor and plain she used to be !  
How generous and how kind !  
She left a blessed memory  
And three black gowns, behind.

The little place she used to rent  
Will be a lonely spot ;  
A certain grace her presence lent  
To house and garden-plot.

The children swung upon her gate  
And watched her apples fall,  
And still, like some benignant fate,  
She smiled upon them all.

The roses on her window tree  
Were plucked before they bloomed ;  
And lavender and sanctity  
Her quiet rooms perfumed.

She rests, at last, from pain and woe ;  
She sees God's perfect will ;  
And yet, though free from care, I know  
She must be busy still.

Perchance, while through the golden air  
The heavenly music swells,  
She shows some little angel where  
To find the asphodels.

Or, sent with mercies from the skies  
To comfort souls unblest,  
She flies, God's bird of paradise,  
On wings that cannot rest.



Glad be her flight! She rises o'er  
 The cloud that round us lowers;  
 The tears shall fill her eyes no more  
 That gather fast in ours.

#### THE YELLOW COTTAGE.

Mid fields with useless daisies white,  
 Between a river and a wood,  
 With not another house in sight,  
 The low-roofed yellow cottage stood,  
 Where I,  
 Long years ago, a little maid,  
 Through all life's rosy morning played.

No other child the region knew;  
 My only playmate was myself,  
 And all our books, a treasured few,  
 Were gathered on a single shelf;  
 But, oh!  
 Not wealth a king might prize could be  
 What those old volumes were to me!

On winter nights, beside the fire,  
 In summer, sitting in the door,  
 I turned, with love that did not tire,  
 Their well-worn pages o'er and o'er;  
 In me.  
 Though sadly fallen it is true,  
 Their heroines all lived anew!

One day, about my neck a ruff  
 Of elder flowers with fragrant breath,  
 I was, with conscious pride enough  
 To suit the part, Elizabeth;  
 The next,  
 Ensnared by many wily plots,  
 I sighed, the hapless Queen of Scots!

Where darting swallows used to fit,  
 Close to me on some jutting rocks,  
 Above the river, I would sit  
 For hours and wreath my yellow locks,  
 And trill  
 A child's shrill song, and, singing, play  
 It was a siren's witching lay.

On Sundays, underneath the tree  
That overhung the orchard wall,  
While watching, one by one, to see  
The ripe, sweet apples fall,  
I tried  
My very best to make believe  
I was in Eden and was Eve !  
  
Oh, golden hours ! when I, to-day,  
Would make a truce with care,  
No more of queens, in bright array,  
I dream, or sirens fair ;  
In thought,  
I am again the little maid  
Who round the yellow cottage played !

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## PATIENCE DOW.

Home from the mill came Patience Dow,  
She did not smile, she would not talk ;  
And now she was all tears, and now  
As fierce as is a captive hawk.  
Unmindful of her faded gown,  
She sat with folded hands all day,  
Her long hair falling tangled down,  
Her sad eyes gazing far away,  
Where, past the fields, a silver line,  
She saw the distant river shine.  
But when she thought herself alone,  
One night, they heard her muttering low,  
In such a chill, despairing tone,  
It seemed the east wind's sullen moan :  
"Ah me ! the days, they move so slow !  
I care not if they're fair or foul ;  
They creep along—I know not how ;  
I only know he loved me once—  
He does not love me now !"  
  
One morning, vacant was her room ;  
And, in the clover wet with dew,  
A narrow line of broken bloom  
Showed some one had been passing through ;  
And, following the track, it led  
Across a field of summer grain,  
Out where the thorny blackberries shed  
Their blossoms in the narrow lane,  
Down which the cattle went to drink,

In summer, from the river's brink,  
 "The river!" Hope within them sank;  
 The fatal thought that drew her there  
 They knew, before, among the rank,  
 Water-lilies upon the bank,  
 They found the shawl she used to wear,  
 And on it pinned a little note:  
 "Oh, blame me not," it read, "for when  
 I once am free, my soul will float  
 To him! He cannot leave me then!  
 I know not if 'tis right or wrong—  
 I go from life—I care not how;  
 I only know he loved me once—  
 He does not love me now!"

In the farm graveyard, 'neath the black,  
 Funeral pine-trees on the hill,  
 The poor, worn form the stream gave back  
 They laid in slumber, cold and still.  
 Her secret slept with her; none knew  
 Whose fickle smile had left the pain  
 That cursed her life; to one thought true,  
 Her vision-haunted, wandering brain,  
 Secure from all, hid safe from blame,  
 In life and death had kept his name.  
 Yet, often, with a thrill of fear,  
 Her mother, as she lies awake  
 At night, will fancy she can hear  
 A voice, whose tone is like the drear,  
 Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make:  
 "I know not if 'tis right or wrong—  
 I go from life—I care not how;  
 I only know he loved me once—  
 He does not love me now!"

### Clark B. Corbrant.

Clark B. Corbrant was born in New Boston, February 9, 1843. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, and studied law at Albany University. He was admitted to the bar in 1863, and after following his profession in New York City for several years, he removed to New Hampshire. He was engaged in mercantile and manufacturing pursuits in New Hampshire. His poem, "Minerva and Other Poems," was published in 1864.

### THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Oh, how your white riverless wing  
 The flying seasons come and go.



Instruct my truant muse to sing  
The better days of long ago.

The present may, perchance, beguile  
My passions while its moments last ;  
But fortune's best and dearest smile  
Is buried in the silent past.

And I would gladly now resign  
All that the future has for me,  
To spend one hour of sweet lang syne,  
Dear Mary, with the past and thee.

But that, alas ! can never be  
The fate of fancy's hapless son ;  
And unrelenting destiny,  
With cruel finger, beckons on.

I see the future, dark and dim,  
Before my mortal vision rise ;  
The years, like banished seraphim,  
Are marching by me in disguise.

My days are dark and cheerless now,  
Since time cannot reverse its flight ;  
Oblivion's hand is on my brow  
And beckons down the pall of night.

Yet sometimes in these darker hours  
I dream of better days in trust ;  
But when I reach to pluck the flowers  
Of youth, they turn to senseless dust !

New England ! on thy glorious hills  
I stand in thought, a moment free ;  
I hear the music of thy rills,  
Nature's low notes of liberty !

And where my long lost love reclines  
In welcome shade I kneel to woo ;  
And nature's lyre of mountain pines  
Breathes soft as it was wont to do.

But ah ! the witching vision flies,  
And facts are sterner things than dreams ;  
Sweet Mary's dark and solemn eyes  
No longer watch thy purling streams !

Oh, they have changed from what they were  
When last they shot their fire at me ;

Like sounds of far-off voices drawing near,  
The coming of the summer wind we hear  
In the long branches rising like a psalm  
Of peace upon thy shore ; more sweet, more clear  
Than song of angels to the morning star,  
When, from the rifted darkness of old time,  
Kearsarge and Sunapee arose sublime  
To watch thy face forever, from afar.

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### THE OLD RED HOUSE ON THE HILL.

I am dreaming to-night of my boyhood's prime,  
Of days that now seem like the sound of a rhyme  
When the voice of the singer is still ;  
And somebody's spirit is leading me back,  
Along a rough and a weary track,  
To the old red house on the hill.

How well I remember that dearly loved spot ;  
No place could be dear where my Mary was not,  
No other my fancy could fill ;  
For oft when my feet were too weary to roam,  
I turned, like a pilgrim hastening home,  
To the old red house on the hill.

And when the red moon was a-climbing the sky,  
And night spread its star-sprinkled banner on high,  
We listened the lone whippoorwill ;  
And while we forgot all our sorrow and care,  
The poplar trees lifted their branches in prayer,  
By the old red house on the hill.

Oh, the poplar trees stand by the old house yet—  
Their murmuring leaves, by the gentle dews wet,  
Are feeling the summer's warm thrill—  
But the maiden is gone from the open door,  
And my weary feet shall be rested no more  
In the old red house on the hill.

Ah me ! Can it be ? Is it only a dream ?  
Shall I never again in the sunset's gleam,  
When the odors of evening distil  
Like ambrosial balm on the soft summer air,  
Press the hand and the lips that once waited me there  
In the old red house on the hill ?

Are torn away from hearts that break and bleed,  
 While those are left of none or little worth,  
 To mock the name of Beauty, and her heritage by birth.

'Twas at thy foot the fair Sevilla fell  
 By murderous hand upon the virgin snow—  
 And her fierce lover, whom the fiends of hell  
 Might fitly be ashamed of, if to know  
 A viler dwelt on earth, could cause a blush below.

He sleeps to-day within a culprit's grave,  
 And no tongue mentions but to curse his name;  
 Till old Oblivion's all-assuaging wave  
 Shall blot the record of his evil fame;  
 Vile homicide! who puts the bloodiest wretch to shame!

But she will live forever, conquering death;  
 And when the spirit of eternal good  
 Shall pour along the summer gale his breath,  
 Her chainless soul will wander in thy wood,  
 Free as the mountain air of thy sweet solitude!

Reclining here beneath this giant oak,  
 Where oft the dusky wooer met his love,  
 I hear the silence by her whispers broke,  
 Soft as the love notes of the mated dove,  
 Or faint and distant echo of some choir above.

And when within thy leafy recess lingers  
 The wood-lark's breathings, like the songs of Aiden,  
 I've seen thy wild rose plucked by viewless fingers,  
 And floated on the breezes, perfume laden;  
 And then I know the presence of the hapless maiden!

And legends old are floating through my brain,  
 A thousand idle and discordant fancies;  
 I see Joe English, in his plumes again,  
 March down the war-trail of his old romances—  
 And now the painted savage round the war-fire dances!

Through thy green groves resounds the clash of arms,  
 And death's relentless angel gluts his ire;  
 The Indian war-cry, with its dread alarms,  
 Speaks far and wide of tomahawk and fire;  
 And now the bleeding captives around the stake expire!

When Liberty, from out her dungeon barred,  
 Sent her faint cheer for Concord's battle won,  
 The thrice accursed tories basely marred

Thy fair traditions ; and, towards the slanting sun,  
Hurled down, in burning effigy, the patriot Washington !

Oh, let them have no pity, but the scorn  
Of freemen's sons through everlasting time !  
The meanest enemies of man yet born,  
They wallowed in the God-insulting slime  
Of treachery, blacker than the foulest crime !

The Arnolds of Perdition, justly damned,—  
Their names shall blot thy history's pages !  
Their souls shall be a stench in Hell, and jammed  
In the black den where pain relentless rages,  
Shall writhe in agony of endless ages !

But all is changed save thy unchanging form ;  
The conflict's diapason sounds no more,  
And naught disturbs thy silence but the storm  
That howls among thy branches, as of yore ;  
And peace and plenty smile upon my native shore.

And since those days the fleeting years of time  
Have borne into the past these visions gory ;  
And standing here, upon the verge sublime  
Of two eternities, I see thy story—  
Thy mystic legends fading upon the page of glory.

Alas ! that Fate, with dark and stern decree,  
Should bid that I in other lands must roam,  
Far from the friends I ever loved, and thee,  
O mountain, that beside my early home,  
Pointest thy regal head up to the welkin dome !

But it is so : and why do I stand here,  
And cavil at the things I cannot change,  
And not resign myself unto my sphere,  
And through this world of death and sorrow range,  
Companion unto doubt and fear, and all that's dark and strange

Away, thou phantom ! quick ! the spell is o'er ;  
O come ! hies spirit that enchantment lends,  
Into my bosom all thy nectar pour !  
With ether mountains I will make new friends,  
Nor yet forget the one with thoughts of childhood blends !

I never can forget those happy hours  
I whiled away beneath thy oak-shade ;  
Hearing the wild birds in their vocal bowers ;  
Rending with joy—and yet with little heed,  
Nature's sublime volume, spread out where all may read

nd in the fleeting years, when far away,  
 My bark is tossed upon life's troubled stream,  
 My thoughts shall turn, O mountain old and gray,  
 Back unto thee, my boyhood's early theme,  
 Thou monumental pile, that meet'st the sun's first beam.

### Frank O. Everett.

F. O. Everett is a photographer and has a studio in Nashua. He was born in Dover, November 10, 1844. His parents moved to Manchester when he was about 10 years old. He was educated in the schools of Manchester. He began his career as a printer at an early age, and followed that business ten years, when he changed the stick for the camera.

#### MABEL.

Can it be? Can it be? This impress so sweet;  
 The smile on those dear, dainty lips we have pressed;  
 Those large, wondrous eyes in their mystical sleep;  
 The shapely hand resting so still on her breast.  
 O darling! Is this, then, the lamb of our fold,  
 Asleep in the arms of Death, silent and cold?

Hush! Do not wake her! The angels forbid!  
 Let me raise the soft lids from her luminous eyes.  
 I know I shall find underneath them is hid  
 The great, shining gateway of Paradise.  
 And lo! they are looking straight up to the stars,  
 While heaven its flood-light of beauty unbars.

I press my ear close to her heart; in its hush  
 It never responds to my plaintful call;  
 Nor sends to my questioning one throbbing flush  
 To break the deep darkness that broods over all.  
 At rest! with her hand nestled under her cheek,  
 She smiles as if angels had lulled her to sleep.

I will take her up gently again as of old;  
 I will breathe in her face life's awakening breath;  
 And while round my treasure these strong arms enfold  
 She'll whisper and tell me the secrets of death.  
 I will coo in her cold face some soft "baby-bye"  
 Till her wee, tiny spirit returns from the sky.

No answer? No word from the closely-sealed lips?  
 No lingering breath from the half-ripened mouth?  
 A mouth that seems borne on aerial ships  
 From some shining sunland afar to the south.  
 No word? While my poor heart is breaking, the while  
 You lie there asleep with a heavenly smile!



O darling! forgive me!—I'll question no more.  
 Aye, even if power were given to-night  
 I would not recall from that shadowy shore  
 Your pure, tender soul down its trackway of light.  
 You shall shine in our lives like some radiant star,  
 With a gleam that no doubt-shadows ever can mar.

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### Elizabeth Martin.

Miss Martin was born in the city of St. John, N. B., June 15, 1843. Since 1867 she has lived in Shaker Village, Canterbury.

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#### "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Let thy deeds like sunlight falling  
 Where the shadows often stay,—  
 And thy voice in loving accents  
 Cheer the weary o'er life's way.  
 We are all so weak and needy,  
 Deeds of love and tender care  
 Are the sweetest joys that mingle  
 With our battle and our prayer.

Then let soul with soul be blended  
 In life's active, earnest strife;  
 Thus by loving one another  
 Be renewed from life to life.  
 We are children of one Father  
 Sharers in his love divine,—  
 Why not, then, as friends and brothers,  
 Round each heart affections twine?

Best amid the pearls that glitter  
 In the victor's diadem,  
 Is the one of purest water,—  
 Love, the brilliant sparkling gem.  
 This the halo of our Saviour,  
 This the glory of his strife;  
 Let us weave its radiant brightness  
 In the fabric of our life.

---

#### CONSECRATION.

Here I pledge my earnest spirit  
 To be thine, forever, Lord,



Claiming not a single merit,  
 Only knowledge of thy word.  
 I have walked in paths forbidden,  
 And engaged my soul abroad ;  
 Now I seek the path that's hidden,  
 And forgiveness of my God.  
 Take my will and guide it, Father,  
 In the work thou'dst have me do ;  
 All my life I would surrender,  
 In thy service e'er be true.  
 I would tell of loving kindness,  
 Truth and justice of thy way ;  
 Light restore, to those in blindness,  
 Till they walk in perfect day.

---

#### HOUR OF WORSHIP.

I love the hour of worship,  
 Where angels gather nigh ;  
 With heavenly inspiration,  
 To raise our thoughts on high.  
 I love to offer pledges,  
 Before my Father's throne ;  
 Which will redeem from error,  
 And draw his blessing down.  
 I love to know my spirit  
 Is blending with the pure ;  
 That I am storing treasures,  
 Eternally secure.  
 And thus I feel exalted,  
 Yet humble, when I see  
 How good in all his dealings  
 My God has been to me.

---

#### James G. Russell.

G. Russell was born in Norwich, Vt. His parents embraced the doctrines of  
 cerism and moved into the Society at Enfield, with their family, in 1846, when  
 es was but two years old, where he was educated and became a faithful adher-  
 to the Shaker faith.

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#### "WHAT LACK I YET?"

Good Master, what wouldst thou have me to do,  
 That I may have eternal life in thee?

I seek a part within thy kingdom new ;  
 What further sacrifice remains for me ?  
 The things that thou hast mentioned—all have I  
 Most sacredly observed, and ever set  
 My heart intent on godliness, whereby  
 I would in truth be free : what lack I yet ?  
 Loved one—the goodly Master now responds—  
 If perfect thou wouldst be, go sell thine all,  
 And give unto the poor, release their bonds,  
 Then come and follow me. Most blessed call !  
 And yet behold the sorrowful effect !  
 The sacrifice too great, for great indeed  
 Were earth's possessions, thus to resurrect  
 And unto God the miser'd soul to lead.  
 Away the anxious face with sorrow turns,  
 With feelings of dismay and deep regret,  
 Though for eternal life the spirit yearns—  
 Comes forth in words of grief—"much lack I yet!"  
 Ah, is the sacrifice too great to make ?  
 A life of worldliness to lay aside ?  
 The christian pathway cheerfully to take ?  
 And in the loving grace of God abide ?  
 Thou surely shalt have treasures stored in heaven,  
 If cheerfully the price thou'lt fully pay,  
 If unto God thy time and strength be given,  
 To walk with care the self-denying way,  
 Though worldly riches be the selfish part,  
 That calls for sacrifice, though great or small,  
 Or be the idol sinfulness of heart,  
 That seeks indulgence, allied to the fall ;  
 Whatever be the part for sacrifice,  
 If God's pure love is all in all to thee,  
 From worldly loves and pleasures thou may'st rise,  
 And in my kingdom have a part with me.

### Baron Samuel Crowell.

Baron S. Crowell, only son of the late Samuel Crowell, was born in Newport, Nov  
 8, 1814. He was an invalid most of his life, made so by an imprudent bath taken  
 when too warm. He died June 17, 1872.

### CHARITY.

Let us never judge our neighbor,  
 Though his light be very dim,  
 For we cannot know the trials  
 All in secret borne by him.



We may ne'er suspect his sorrows,  
 Note his crosses or his cares ;  
 Never guess his hopes and longings,  
 Never hear his earnest prayers.

But his silent supplications,  
 Though to mortals never known,  
 On the wings of faith ascending,  
 May the soonest reach the throne.  
 And the One who sees his strivings  
 May regard his feeble powers,  
 And the pearly gates may open  
 For his soul as well as ours.

Let us never judge the erring,  
 But in patience bear with all,  
 For we may not know the story  
 Of their struggle and their fall.  
 The allurements they encountered  
 Might have tempted us to stray,  
 And if saved by our surroundings  
 Are we perfect more than they?

To reclaim and raise the fallen  
 Let us labor to the last,  
 Ever asking, "Are we sinless?"  
 Ere a single stone we cast.  
 Then shall we receive a blessing  
 For the love and mercy shown ;  
 If we save a soul from ruin  
 It may help to save our own.

### Thomas Francis Leahy.

T. F. Leahy is a native of Ireland, born in 1844 in the town of Rathmorrell, Causeway, County of Kerry. He received a good education in English branches and in the Latin language. He arrived in New York city in April, 1861, and went soon after to Hinsdale, where he engaged in work on a farm. Subsequently he obtained a clerkship in Jersey City, N. J., in the employ of the York and Erie railroad. After about two years he resigned his position and returned to Ireland, where he was arrested on suspicion of being a Fenian. Coming back to this country he went to Chicago, Ill., where he obtained a clerkship on the People's Despatch Line railroad. After leaving that position he learned the carriage painting trade, and has followed that business the last ten years, and is now proprietor of a shop in Keene.

### THE MEN OF FORMER DAYS.

Oh, for the men of former days,  
 Who did our starry banner raise,  
 And bore it through the smoke and blaze  
 Of battle, blood, and slaughter !

Oh, for the patriotic few,  
 Who, to their loving country true,  
 Would not be bound by tyrants who  
 Were miles beyond the water!

There's Washington, and La Fayette,  
 Glorious names we'll ne'er forget,  
 And Jackson brave, who nobly met  
 And whipped the British foeman.  
 There's Stark, that hero of great fame,  
 And many more that I could name,  
 Who to the front, like Allen, came,  
 And swore they'd yield to no man.

Oh, for those men who boldly said,  
 "Of tyrant laws we're not afraid,  
 And low in death we shall be laid,  
 Or Columbia shall be free!"  
 Then Patrick Henry raised his voice,  
 Which made the patriots rejoice;  
 For he declared that for his choice,  
 He'd have death or liberty.

His voice it rang through hill and dale,  
 And good and true men did not fail  
 His sentiments to heed and hail  
 With joy and exultation.  
 With steady step and fearless brow  
 They quit the workshop and the plough,  
 And showed the haughty foeman how  
 To fight, and free a nation.

Oh, for those men who gallantly  
 Fought for their homes and liberty!  
 Their hearts were true as hearts should be,  
 And fired with pure devotion.  
 So let their names be e'er renowned,  
 Who gave their lives and only found  
 A grave in some far distant ground,  
 Mid battle's fierce commotion.

#### MOLLY'S BEAU.

I'll seek the pleasant breezes,  
 Where food heart never freezes,  
 And if my Molly pleases,  
 I'll run 'most anywhere.

With feet the very fleetest  
I'll seek for flowers the sweetest,  
And in a way the neatest  
I'll place them in her hair.

I'll never vex or tease her,  
I'll do my best to please her,  
And lovingly I'll squeeze her  
To my fond heart with care.  
And rather than offend her,  
I'd lose my life to render  
All joy to one so tender,  
So loving and so fair.

Where'er my footsteps wander,  
Of her I think and ponder,  
And daily I grow fonder  
Of Molly, I declare.  
For her true heart is teeming,  
And her bright eyes are beaming  
With truth that's always gleaming  
Around her everywhere.

If doomed from her to sunder,  
Her bright eyes fill with wonder,  
I see the clouds of thunder,  
And tears begin to fall.  
Such showers I know would shake me,  
Such grief as that would make me  
To wish that death should take me,  
Than part with her at all.

But I shall never, never,  
From my dear Molly sever,  
But always shall endeavor,  
Should fortune prove unkind,  
With heart as light as feather,  
In spite of wind and weather,  
To walk through life together  
With an untroubled mind.

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#### THE ROSE OF KEENE.

Out of employment to seek enjoyment  
One day as I went, down by Main Street,  
A maid in splendor, fair, young and tender,  
Genteel and slender, I chanced to meet.

I did endeavor, though I could never  
 The name discover of this nymph serene ;  
 Nor information of her location,  
 But her appellation is the Rose of Keene.

While I stood glancing, this maid entrancing  
 Was then advancing toward the Square ;  
 And I, amazing, continued gazing,  
 Silently praising her beauty rare.  
 Her dress so neatly, her looks so sweetly,  
 Made her completely the city queen.  
 In every feature this lovely creature  
 Was made by nature the Rose of Keene.

'Tis not alarming if one so charming  
 Had lovers swarming 'most all her life—  
 If hearts were panting, and 'gents' were wanting  
 This maid enchanting to be a wife—  
 If such were sighing and almost dying,  
 Anxiously trying to gain this Queen,  
 Who's fair as Flora, or sweet Aurora,  
 Or famed Pandora, the Grecian queen.

Her eyes are brighter than stars at night are,  
 Her step much lighter than the fleet fawn ;  
 Her cheeks are glowing like flowers blowing,  
 With beauty flowing o'er vale and lawn.  
 Minerva's graces her form embraces.  
 Like hers a face is now seldom seen ;  
 So fascinating that hearts are breaking.  
 And thousands aching for the Rose of Keene.

Now in conclusion, 'tis no delusion  
 Nor vain effusion that I indite ;  
 For were I gifted or yet uplifted  
 Where learning's drifted, 'tis there I'd write,  
 With joy and pleasure I'd praise this treasure,  
 Nor stint the measure, in rhyme I ween :  
 But with great glory in song and story.  
 I'd praise till hoary the Rose of Keene.

### Henry Laurens Talbot.

Rev. Henry L. Talbot was born in East Machias, Maine. He received his early education at Washington Academy in his native town. He studied three years at Wilbraham, Mass., then at Wiliston Seminary, East Hampton, graduating from Andover Theological Seminary in the class of 1870, and was called to settle as pastor of the Congregational Church, in Durham, N. H., Nov., 1872, where he has since resided.

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“I SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.”

“Shall see him as he is !”  
How thrills that thought the Christian’s soul,  
Luring him onward to the goal  
Of everlasting bliss.

Earth, with its hopes, away ;  
My soul hath heard your charmed song,  
By sin’s dark waters lingered long,  
Yet wearied of their play.

And now its hope is this :  
By faith and prayer at length to rise  
To that sweet home beyond the skies,  
And “see him as he is !”

Hasten, O happy hour ;  
Nor longer stay thy lingering wheels,—  
This promise to my soul reveals  
The Christian’s priceless dower !

---

THE WAR-CRY.

Give me the panoply of war,  
I’m ready for the fray !  
Gird up my loins, and quickly, for  
I will no longer stay.

I hear the trumpet’s certain peal,  
It thunders in my ear,  
My Captain beckons, and I feel  
No shame, no doubt, no fear.

The hosts of sin assail my Lord,  
His banners drag in dust,  
My soul grows strong ; hand me the sword,  
It shall no longer rust.

Quick, or my Master’s cause is lost !  
Quick, or my Lord is slain !  
I see, of sin, the myriad host  
Fast gathering on the plain.

Though faster, thicker come the foe,  
Stronger and braver I !  
For Jesus I will gladly go  
To suffer and to die.



Has shielded been from every strife—  
Up to the confines of the day!

And should he reach that better land,  
Will he not feel himself alone,  
As if an uninvited one,  
And on its threshold trembling stand?

Oh, who will know the child is there,  
In that vast world of dazzling light?  
Amid the hosts of seraphs bright,  
Who'll see that little form so fair?

Ah, some one from the angel-band  
Who watched *our* angel here on earth,  
And claimed with him a kindred birth,  
Will greet him in that better land,—

Lead him, through ranks of legions bright,  
To One who trod life's pathway dim,  
And called earth's children unto Him  
Now seated on a throne of white!

And He will take my little boy  
And fold him to His gentle breast,  
Till, sinking in that blissful rest,  
His soul shall taste eternal joy!

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### Lydia Frances Camp.

Camp is a native of Grafton, born in February, 1845. She received an liberal education at Canaan and Andover. Teaching was her vocation previous marriage in 1877. She resides in Hanover.

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#### IN MEMORY BRIGHT.

Oh, truthful words, "In memory bright!"  
That old square house, my youthful home,  
I seem to see through fancy's flight,  
And love it yet, though far I roam.  
Those early days, each early scene  
Are still impressed upon my mind,  
More clear than all that lies between  
The things a-near and those behind.

I cannot help but feel regret  
That having wandered here and there,  
No vine or fig-tree have I yet  
That shall for me its fruitage bear,

And to my children seem a boon  
As precious as my mem'ries dear,  
Which cannot from me perish soon,  
Of that loved spot I cherish here.

My school-day friends! Oh, where are they  
Whose names I heard at call of roll?  
Many of them have passed away  
To land above—home of the soul!  
How various are the ways of those  
Who still upon life's pathway tread!  
Joy comes to some, to some come woes,  
Some live in ease, some toil for bread.

### Clara Fellows Mackintire.

Mrs. Mackintire was born in Salisbury, Jan. 13, 1846, where she spent her boyhood, leaving town at the age of eleven. She passed her girlhood in Hopkinton where she received her education. At a very early age she exhibited a gift for poetry and sketching. At the age of thirteen she wrote a composition in which so surprised her teacher that she thought she must have had assistance from some older and more experienced person. At a later period her pictures in water-colors and oil attracted attention and were deserving of merit. At the age of twenty-three she was married to Charles Mackintire in Henniker where she resided. Her only child, little Robbie, was born in 1870 and died in his first year. For the past ten years Mrs. Mackintire has been a confirmed invalid and her position—confined to her chair, unable to lie down or move her limbs. While in this condition she composed some of her best pieces of poetry many of which have been published in the leading journals in this state and elsewhere under the name of Clara Mackintire. Although she has been an invalid so many years she possesses a strong mind and clear intellect. Her home is a home of cheerfulness with her friends upon the landing and the bay is the lifeblood of the age in a manner that shows she has wasted no time in storing her mind with useful knowledge.

### MUSINGS.

I sit alone and dream to-night,  
Before the embers burning bright,  
And in their crimson glow  
Quaint pictures there I see, and trace  
Each well remembered form and face  
Of friends of long ago.

Without, the willy rustling gale  
Goes by with shriek and sob and wail  
Like lost souls in despair,  
But all within is warm and bright,  
Save where the flickering fire-light  
Throws shadows here and there.

They sleep without the picture fair,  
Their forms are but in my mind,  
They whisper soft and low.

Dear friendly hands in mine I grasp,  
Their loving arms around me clasp,  
My loved of long ago.

Sweet kisses on my lips are pressed,  
A child's head nestles on my breast,  
And one by one I twine  
The golden tresses tenderly,  
And hum a low, soft lullaby,  
As erst in days of mine.

Forgotten is the tempest's wail,  
My ear heeds not the sleet and hail  
That beat the window pane.  
Sweet music heard in by-gone hours,  
Faint perfume of forgotten flowers  
Float round me once again.

Again I thread the olden maze,  
The paths I trod in girlhood's days  
When life seemed, ah! so sweet,  
Ere my young life had known a care,  
Where earth seemed naught but good and fair,  
And time seemed all too fleet.

And thus I dream the hours away,  
The fire-light fades to ashes grey,  
The blackened embers fall.  
Until the chiming of the clock,  
Until the crowing of the cock,  
My wand'ring thoughts recall.

My guests have flown, the house is still,  
The room is cheerless, dark and chill,  
The shadows seem to fall,  
And close around me fold on fold;  
And in my heart a gloom untold  
Seems settling like a pall.

O tired heart! once filled with joy  
And bliss which seemed without alloy,  
Thy visions bright have fled,  
And naught remains to mark the way  
But broken dreams and ashes grey  
Of cherished hopes now dead.

I rouse me from these fancies drear,  
The storm is spent, the air is clear,  
Sweet calm reigns near and far,

All clouds from yonder sky have gone,  
And through the purple dusk of dawn  
Burns pale the morning star.

O glorious harbinger of day !  
Is there for me of light one ray  
Behind these gloomy shrouds ?  
Yes, something bids me not repine,  
The star of hope will brighter shine  
When lifted are the clouds.

When for the summons home I wait,  
Or pause before the mystic gate  
That leads to perfect rest,  
Behind the shadows I shall see  
Why life has been so dark for me,  
And why God deemed it best.

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#### AUTUMN.

Royal, queenly, golden Autumn !  
Thou art here, and once again  
Broods the drowsy Indian summer  
Over valley, hill and plain.  
On my cheek I feel the soft wind,  
As it gently steals along,  
Bringing near the distant chorus  
Of the farmers' harvest song.

Pale mists lie along the valley,  
Clothing it in snowy shrouds,  
Or beneath the morning sunlight  
Float away in amber clouds.  
Pearly smoke wreaths, slowly rising,  
Hang in all the hazy air,  
And thy gorgeous gold and crimson  
Tint the woodlands everywhere.

Drowsily the late bee, humming  
O'er the wild flowers lying dead,  
Chants a requiem, sad and tender,  
For the summer's sweetness fled.  
Listen to the plover calling  
In the meadow brown and dry,  
Nearer sounds the partridge drumming  
In the hazel copse hard by.

I can hear the ripe nuts falling  
 As the forest paths I tread,  
 And the saucy squirrels chatter  
 In the branches over head.  
 Sharp and clear the huntsman's rifle  
 Through the morning stillness breaks,  
 Mingled with the hound's deep baying  
 Echo after echo wakes.

All the flocks and herds are coming  
 From the hill-side and the plain;  
 We have harvested and garnered  
 From the fields their wealth of grain.  
 We have plucked the fruits grown mellow  
 In the suns of autumn time,  
 And the wine-presses are laden  
 With the fruitage of the vine.

All these signs speak, in a language  
 That my fond heart knows full well,  
 Of thy presence, bounteous season,  
 And we own thy magic spell.  
 We have marked thy silent coming  
 By these tokens far and near,  
 And with glad thanksgiving greet thee,  
 Regal queen of all the year.

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### Mary Helen Boodey.

Miss Boodey, the daughter of Jacob P. and Louise M. D. Boodey, was born in Dover, December 11, 1847. She died in Laconia, April 29, 1880, two months after the death of her father. Her first poem was published in the *Home Journal* when she was fifteen years of age. In 1871 she became assistant editor of Ballou's Magazine, and remained in that capacity until compelled by ill health to return to her home in Laconia. Her death was a sad loss to her many friends. Her ability as a writer, both of prose and verse, was of a high order. As she wrote many poems it would be desirable that they be published in a volume.

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### OCTOBER MUSINGS.

The wintry skies are dark with clouds  
 Portentous of the coming blast,  
 A mournful gloom my heart enshrouds,  
 The while I muse upon the past.

Dear Summer! thou art gone away,  
 Thy withered robings fill the air,  
 Fit emblems of our life's decay,  
 Of all things transient, bright and fair.

Thy sister, Autumn, reigned awhile  
In gorgeous loveliness and pride,  
She made us on her beauty smile,  
While yet for love of thee we sighed.

She wooed us with her queenly state,  
Her golden-tinted robes of red,  
Nor dreamed so sad should be her fate,  
Clasped in the arms of Winter,—dead!

She gently kissed, with breezes bland,  
That half were Summer's, half her own,  
The brightly blooming, verdant land,  
Till it became her fitting throne.

We bowed in admiration mute  
Before her grand peculiar charms,  
And half, before her silent suit,  
Forgot sweet Summer's twining arms.

Still memory with her gentle spell  
Would waft us back to days before,  
When every green-clad hill and dell  
Was like some fair enchanted shore.

Ah! then her lavish beauty plead  
In vain, 'gainst Summer's mirth and bloom,  
We sadly longed for pleasures fled—  
The bird's sweet song, the flower's perfume.

And now fair Autumn sinks in death,  
Her beauteous cheek is blanched with pain,  
She shrinks before the chilly breath  
That heralds her destroyer's reign.

Our life, 'tis said, is like to this,  
And summer is the golden time  
When love may ripen into bliss,  
While joyous hope-bells sweetly chime.

Alas! for those whose life-hopes fade  
As autumn woods in winter's blast,  
For whom sweet summer's verdant shade  
Is but a dream too bright to last.

But Hope points upward, smiling still,  
To spheres unscanned by mortal eye,  
And whispers, "there 'tis summer still,  
Though earthly flowers may fade and die."

## THREE LITTLE BLUE BONNETS.

Inscribed to Susie, Louise, and Alice T—.

Three little blue bonnets are over the border,  
Three little blue bonnets so cosy and warm,  
And oh, may our Father his providence order,  
To keep those who wear these blue bonnets from harm !

Three sweet little faces, all artless and winning,  
Look out from the depths of these bonnets of blue,  
So fair, and so free from all traces of sinning,  
Like beautiful blossoms they seem to our view.

Three pairs of bright eyes, full of beauty and laughter,  
And blue as the sky is, the rare sky of June,  
Look out on the world with a joy that hereafter  
Will sing to each heart like some exquisite tune.

Six fair little hands ever eager for motion,  
And six tiny feet lightly tripping along,  
Three light little hearts full of childish emotion,  
And three little rosy mouths ready for song.

Three buds in earth's garden, that promise so sweetly  
A joy for the future wherein they shall bloom ;  
Oh, may that dear promise be fulfilled completely,  
May they smile in their beauty to brighten earth's gloom !

But what shall I wish as the best of all wishes,  
A token of love for these dear little lives ?  
That they may have beauty and brightness and riches,  
And each one become the most cherished of wives ?

Ah, yes ! may all this be their fair earthly dower,  
The blessings that life in its fulness may bring,  
Sunshine that will brighten each day and each hour,  
While joy in the heart like a fountain may spring.

All womanhood's blessings and womanhood's crosses  
Lie hid in the future that beameth so fair ;  
I pray that its gains may outnumber its losses  
To these gay little hearts so unconscious of care.

But this were of friendship an unfinished token ;—  
There's something far grander than happiness gives ;  
For life may grow dark, and its fond ties be broken,  
But *one* hope through sunshine and shadow still lives.

Oh, then, I will wish that, whate'er life may bring them,  
These three little girls may be steadfast and true,  
And three little queens I will joyously sing them,  
Or princesses rare in their bonnets of blue.

Joint heiresses, they, of the joys and the sorrows  
That wait in the path of a true woman's feet;  
May angels attend them, while earth from them borrows  
A glory the brightest, a bliss the most sweet.

---

AFTER I DIE.

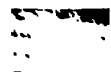
What care I then, if the bright summer sun,  
With its enthroning sky of cloudless blue,  
And sweet-voiced fountain's softly falling spray  
Reflecting in its beauty many a hue,  
Shine not for me!

Full well I know the earth will be as green  
In the sweet summer, and the flowers as fair,  
The skies as cloudless, and the silvery sheen  
Of falling waters yet as rich and rare,  
Though not for me!

I shall exult in freedom, like a bird  
Long caged and eager for an upward flight;  
With no regret my soul will then be stirred,  
Though the calm splendor of the jewelled night,  
Its starry jewels beaming golden light,  
Beam not for me!

The kindly greeting of the friend to friend,  
The cordial hand-clasp and the smiling brow,  
The gentle glance that love-thoughts ever lend,  
And tender words, so soothing, soft and low;—  
These may spring up, as violets by the way,  
To gladden other hearts in their brief day,  
If not for me.

But O! the unrecorded, untold bliss  
That may be mine in yonder brighter sphere,  
The glad reunion, and the welcome kiss  
That I dare hope will end my journey here,  
Will be more precious and more perfect joy  
Than earthly friendships with their rude alloy  
Can give to me.





Though earth may pass away and be no more,  
Her landscapes fade before my closing eye,  
And those to come forget that long before  
Their present time I laid me down to die,  
The brighter beauties of immortal day  
May sweep each lingering thought of grief away—  
And *this* for me!

---

“VOICES OF HEART AND HOME.”

Fain would I sing a song for home,  
Where faith and trust abide,  
For all the gentle joys that come  
Borne on love's swelling tide.  
Sweet voices warble in the heart  
A song that never dies;  
E'en while the burning tear-drops start,  
Their melodies arise,

And, like the sound of Sabbath bells,  
That speak to us of prayer,  
Within our hearts their music tells  
Of all things pure and fair.  
Go, if you will, and bend the knee  
At pleasure's gilded shrine;  
Kneel with her myriad worshippers,  
While youth and health are thine;

But as you sweep the giddy round  
That pales the blooming cheek,  
Oh, ask your heart if you have found  
The happiness you seek.  
Does not the tinsel and the glare  
Soon fail to charm your eye,  
And what you deemed so strangely fair  
Fade into mockery?

Ah yes! and then you vainly weep  
For tender, clasping arms,  
And a sweet voice to give you sleep,  
And rest from all alarms.  
There is no joy like being loved,  
To read in truthful eyes  
The strong affection time has proved,  
The love that never dies!

And if in youth we cast aside  
The stainless joys of home.  
When we have tested all beside,  
We rarely wish to roam.  
The clasping hands, the beaming eyes,  
The accents soft and low  
Are tokens of the tenderest ties  
Our earthly lives may know.

Then would I sing a song for home,  
And feelings that impart  
The fragrance of undying bloom,—  
Wild roses of the heart!  
Through these we sometimes faintly guess  
The perfect joys of heaven,  
As by the spring's pale loveliness  
A summer-hope is given.

#### A DREAM.

Alas, alas! the dreary winds are blowing,  
And loudly sobs and wails the restless sea;  
Across my sky the clouds are coming, going,  
That bring a weird uncertainty to me.  
My heart beneath its weight of woe is crying,  
My life's wide plain appeareth bleak and bare;  
And ah, my flowers, my cherished flowers are dying,  
Chilled by the wintry breath of dark despair!  
Beneath the gloomy sky I wander lonely,  
Grasping what once were roses in my hand;  
Alone, alone! Oh God! to thee, thee only  
I lift my eyes upon this haunted strand.  
Wilt thou forsake me, O mild-eyed Redeemer!  
Behold the cruel thorns have pierced my feet!  
Thorns such as *thou* didst bear without a tremor,  
Dear Christ, and for that reason they are sweet.  
Upon the blast my hair streams without decking,  
My "bonnie hair," he called it—well a-day!  
Now I may cry—he lieth without recking,  
Whom once my softest tone could rule and sway.  
Wail on, ye winds, your mournful voice is music;  
Bend down, ye skies, ye dreary skies of gray;  
Sob on, O sea, they but prize love who lose it,  
And see its faded trophies strew the way.

But ah ! what glowing star above the mountains  
Beckons me on through pathways lined with flowers?  
What voice, like rippling rills and gushing fountains,  
Comes to me as to earth the vernal showers?

Is it for me the sky once more grows rosy,  
While low, soft music soundeth from the sea?  
Is it for me that morn once more uncloseth  
Her golden gates of glory wide and free?

What hand hath crowned my pallid brow with roses,  
While gentle zephyrs lightly lift my hair,  
And song of bird or hum of bee discloses  
The wondrous truth that earth again is fair?

Where hath the black-browed tempest fled that grieved me?  
Oh, joy ! the flowers are springing at my feet.  
Gone are the fearful shadows that deceived me,  
I only dreamed—and ah, to wake how sweet !

---

#### WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

We shall meet again on a beautiful shore,  
Where the sorrows of life can assail us no more,  
Where the bliss of the heart is unmingled with fear,  
And the light of existence beams holy and clear.  
We shall meet where the zephyrs forever are bland,  
And the brow of delight is by gentleness fanned.  
Where the soul will rejoice in a wonderful joy,  
And the glory of life will be free from alloy.  
We shall meet face to face, I shall see thee once more,  
And the smile in thine eyes will beam bright as of yore,  
And the love that the strong hand of death could not quell  
To its full tide of beauty and blessing will swell.  
Oh ! sweet is the thought, as it comes to my soul,  
That though life's stormy billows all roughly may roll,  
The time will soon come when my soul will be free  
From the frail house that now hides thy spirit from me.  
Will heaven shine the brighter for thee when I come  
Like a dove that is weary and seeketh its home?  
Wilt thou greet me with words that will fall on my ear  
Like the music of heaven in their accents so dear?  
Shall I nestle to rest in the arms of thy love,  
And wilt thou rejoice o'er thine earth-weary dove?  
I have wept, I have mourned, in my sorrow for thee,  
For the light that on earth I may nevermore see,

And my tears have been swift as I've pictured earth's strife  
 Bereft of the one who was dearer than life ;  
 But ever when agony rose to its height,  
 And my soul was enshrouded in grief's wildest night,  
 A sweet voice has whispered my anguish to rest,  
 And a sense of thy presence my spirit has blest ;  
 It comes like the sunshine that bursts through the gloom  
 When the tempest subsides and the rainbow can bloom.  
 And so great is my joy at this viewless delight,  
 That hope springeth up, and my future grows bright.  
 Ah, yes ! we shall meet on that beautiful shore,  
 Where death, separation and grief are no more,  
 Where God gives his children reward for all pain,—  
 In the glad light of heaven I shall meet thee again.

### Addison Francis Browne.

Addison F. Browne was born at Union Town, N. J., March 11, 1848. His father, Rev. Addison Browne, is a native of Brentwood, and his mother was born in Portsmouth. Until his sixteenth year he resided in various New Hampshire and Massachusetts towns, where his father, a Baptist clergyman, preached. He then went to the war, joining the thirtieth Massachusetts regiment. After arriving home he led a wandering life for several years, visiting different states, and making long voyages to distant countries ; but finally, tired of such experiences, settled down in Boston, where he has resided for the past twelve years. He is engaged in literary work and is meeting with very cheering success. He is on the staff of "*The Watchman*."

#### TWO SCENES.

I stood upon a stage of gold,  
 Sweet perfume filled the air ;  
 While robes with flashing crimson fold,  
 And diamonds bright were there.

Around me, friends with noble look  
 Composed a picture grand,  
 And of my bounty all partook  
 With joy and willing hand.

The place was filled with brilliant light ;  
 Many a lady fair,  
 And many a handsome featured knight  
 With haughty looks was there.

But to my door a stranger came,  
 Who, though of noble look,  
 Was clothed in rags, and sore and lame,  
 And by all friends forsook.

He asked but for a crust of bread  
 For one of home bereft ;

And when his simple want was fed  
He wished me well and left.

Upon that scene the curtain fell !  
But shortly rose again,  
And sure I am no one could tell  
The form that stood there then.

Bright splendor now had flown away :  
I stood in rags, alone !  
With not a place my head to lay,  
And naught to call my own.

For with my fair prosperity  
My friends had gone also,  
And in complete adversity  
I felt forebodings grow.

But, to my cheerless, gloomy night,  
A noble friend there came,  
Whose eye was bright with manly light,  
I looked—it was the same !

'Twas he to whom in wealth and pride  
A crust of bread I gave,  
Who, now in wealth, came to my side  
From sorrow me to save.

---

#### MOONLIGHT IN SEPTEMBER.

The glory of day has flown to the west,  
And the twilight fades to a purple ray,  
As the orange light on yon mountain's crest,  
Before the night shade, passes up and away.  
Such is the view as I walk by the side  
Of Merrimack's fair and peaceful tide,  
Near one of those highlands, rugged and great,  
So often found in the old Granite State.

Soon, from yon east, the full harvest moon  
O'er mountain and plain, and rivulet free,  
Sheds the pure white glow of reflected noon ;  
And the woodland dim, like a shadowy sea  
Stretching away to the distant gloom,  
Attracts the eye by each tossing plume,  
Through whose leafy harp the night winds blow  
With a chanting sound of melody low.

The grand old mountain, so massive and high,  
With lofty summit and steep rocky side,  
All clearly defined stands out from the sky ;  
While the glittering spray of a streamlet's tide,  
Dashing along in the moonlight's glow,  
Swiftly descends to the valley below,  
And journeys toward the central stream  
That with shining jewels is all a gleam.

How soothingly calm is this soft fair light !  
Its milder beauty so changes the scene,  
That valley and plain and sky seeking height  
Appear as the parts of a picture serene ;  
And far away through pasture and dell  
My step is guided by a mystic spell,  
Whose potent power—an unseen will—  
Seems all my spirit with rapture to thrill.

---

#### ONE LOOK.

While we were hurrying through a crowded street,  
The human surges brought us face to face,  
And it has never been my lot to meet  
With one revealing more of native grace ;  
As like a flash, that language of the heart  
Which binds long legends in a single book  
Appeared, in guise secure from carnal art.  
And though our passing but a moment took,  
That holy glance and half completed smile,  
Which came to me while eye was fixed on eye,  
Invoked a spirit thrill, whose noble style  
Reveals a sweetness that can never die.  
And as with me, so it must be with her,  
For mutual causes like results confer !

---

#### SLEEP.

When far intensified, abnormal sight,  
Through hours of awful length has pierced the gloom,  
Till telescopic fancy takes command  
Of all within my shadow-altered room,  
And weaves a wild array of angry shapes,  
Whose labors centre in a mission sad,  
To chain my thought on mem'ry's most unpleasant page,  
Which Hope had told me, in the cavern graves of time

Would sink beyond all resurrection chance,  
And never break the constant rising ground  
Which later acts have thrown upon its rest,  
The near approach of Goddess Sleep is fraught  
With tyrant fear, that burns in every nerve,  
For then her features have an icy glare .  
That speaks a semblance of her sister Death,  
And to her victims seems to prophesy—  
“Your coming slumber will be long and deep !  
Eyes that are closing now will close fore’er !  
While thought and sense will change into a frozen dream,  
The latest mortal footmark of a passing soul.”  
Far better—when a life is so disturbed  
By overplus of unrelenting care,  
Or with the burden of that sick’ning fruit  
Which is the certain growth from criminal seeds,  
That sleep cannot be wooed in natural ways,  
And only comes, when painful lassitude invites,  
To give the frenzied brain, instead of needed rest,  
A clouded space of semi-conscious work  
On doleful pictures from the world of dreams—  
To let our fancies wander as they will,  
And wait relief from morning’s subtile balm,  
Instead of seeking sleep.

For warning dark,  
At such a time is often warning true !  
When happy days of fair advancing work  
Have left their records in the book of time,  
And evening hours have passed with such a flow  
Of social friendship’s brightly ordered stream,  
Or young affection’s spring of prospect sweet,  
That we must surely win a profit large ;  
As on its welcome pillow lies each head,  
And gentle weariness has only come  
That we may know the potency of rest ;  
Then, as my nightly visitor descends  
To slowly move her care-suspending wand  
Across the key-board of my tired soul,  
And hushes every note whose stirring voice  
Contributes to the varied harmony  
Of wakeful nature’s rapid flowing song,  
I can receive her as a loving friend,  
And in her quiet arms sink softly down  
With every sense attuned to anthems low,  
Whose melody, of steady halcyon notes,  
Is but the golden throbbing of her heart,

And undulates upon my raptured ear,  
As over blissful seas I float away  
Into a mighty trance of dreamless calm.

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### Addelaide G. Bennett.

Mrs. Bennett was born in Warner, Nov., 1848. She is the daughter of Gilman C. and Nancy (Badger) George. She was for several years a teacher in the Manchester High School. In October, 1877, she was married to Mayor Charles H. Bennett, of Lemars, Iowa, now of Pipestone City, Minnesota. In 1881 a small volume of her poems was issued by H. S. Smith & Co. of Lemas.

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#### THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

Faintly shines the moon's fair crescent,  
Slowly setting in the west;  
And the gathering, deepening darkness,  
Shining stars in beauty crest.

Sadly now the shadows lengthen,  
And enfold the shivering earth,  
For to-night the old year dieth,  
And the new year has its birth.

'Tis a watch-night through the nation;  
Prayerful hearts in silence wait,  
Watching the fast fleeting moments,  
Watching till the hour grows late.

And the silver-voiced Muezzin,  
From his battlement on high,  
Cries, "'Tis twelve, the old year dieth,  
And the new is drawing nigh."

Spreading forth his new-fledged pinions  
At Aurora's rosy dawn,  
Over isles and lakes and ocean  
Flies the happy year new-born.

From the hill-side and the mountain,  
From the valley and the plain,  
Onward spreads the joyful greeting,  
"Happy New Year once again."

List: the broad Atlantic surges  
Roll it westward o'er the strand,  
And the soft Pacific murmurs  
Send it eastward o'er the land.



Louder, clearer grows the greeting,  
 Many tongues repeat the call,  
 And in joyful chorus echo,  
 "Happy New Year unto all."

Happy new year! bright thy dawning!  
 Be it like an opening bud:—  
 Ripening into fairer flowers,  
 Bringing to us happier hours,  
 Ere thou pass beyond the flood.

### John Adams Bellows.

Rev. John A. Bellows, a son of Henry A. and Catherine Bellows, was born in Littleton, May 27, 1848. He entered Dartmouth College in 1866, and graduated in 1870, with a poem on Commencement Day, and an ode on Class Day. He engaged in literary work on the *Liberal Christian* newspaper, of New York city, until 1876. He was ordained and installed as minister of the First Unitarian Society of Waterville, Maine, June 6, 1878. He married Isabel Francis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., November 6, 1878.

#### THE POET.

No golden lyre his hand has swept  
 To please some high-born lady's ear,  
 But mid wild nature's solitudes  
 He sang, nor wept though none might hear.

He wrote not for the bustling throng,  
 For battle field or busy mart,  
 'Neath spreading trees and God's blue sky  
 He sang the voices of his heart.

Great sorrow knew he;—when was song  
 E'er ripe and perfect, but, unseen,  
 An angel in disguise had sown  
 Some bitter thorn the flowers between?

He lived a quiet life; unheard  
 The hurrying throng each day passed by;  
 He had sore conflicts, yet passed through  
 The fire, nor flinched, with heaven-lit eye.

Is it decreed that poets learn  
 By toil and anguish, suffering long,  
 By bitter word and sneer of men,  
 The lessons that they teach in song?

They blamed him that no deeper thought  
 Did haunt his lines of poesy

Than that which sings in bending leaves,  
Or sparkles on the rippling sea.

Better they blamed "the birds that sang  
God's lyrics through June's golden days,"  
Better the laughing brook, than one  
Who sang, yet wept to wear the bays.

He died, as all men must, and then  
Each lent his word of blame or praise :  
"This poet struck some few notes well,"  
They said, then went their several ways.

But o'er his grave the wood-birds sing  
Their wildest notes of melody,  
And still above him, loved so well,  
Hovers the cloudless, summer sky.

And freed from earthly care and loss,  
From sore defeat or victory won,  
Through worlds of space, from star to star,  
His poet-soul went singing on.

---

#### TWO PICTURES.

She sits in the low, old-fashioned room,  
Two white hands are crossed on her knee,  
The clock is ticking on in the gloom,  
Marking the moments, steadily.  
While the red glow of the failing fire  
Flashes full in her pure, young face ;  
I wonder if she is unaware  
Of lips' expression, and eyes' sweet grace !  
Or does she guess, has some one told,—  
Surely she loves, I know not whom,—  
That her hair is like to fine-spun gold,  
Her cheeks to the pink of the apple-bloom ?  
What sweet fancies have thronged her mind,  
Thoughts of happier days long past ?  
Hears she the roar of the dreary wind,  
The branches creaking at every blast ?  
Knows she aught of the falling rain,  
Of the pitiless, merciless, driving sleet ?  
Look ! she has pressed her face to the pane,  
Gazing out on the long, dark street.

Now she has clasped her fair, white hands :  
 "Father in Heaven, I look unto thee,  
 Thou who rulest on wave and land ;  
 'Tis a terrible night for my lover at sea !"

Many a year has gone to its grave,  
 Years with sorrow and loss in their track,  
 Since her fond prayer went over the wave  
 For one who might never again come back.  
 Still she sits in the darkening room,  
 Her poor, thin hands at rest on her knee,  
 The old clock ticking still in the gloom,  
 Marking the moments steadily.  
 Ah ! but the face is so old and wan,  
 And the wond'rous hair that her lover called gold,  
 Years ago in the days long gone,  
 Has silver threads ; she is growing old.  
 Still when she hears the wintry blast  
 Singing its dirge in each leafless tree,  
 Says she softly, while tears drop fast,  
 "'Tis a terrible night for those at sea !"

### Sylvia A. Moss.

Mrs. Moss, a daughter of Abner and Sarah (Jenness) Harriman, was born in Bradford, Vt., in 1848. At the age of thirteen years she went with her father's family to Stratford. When sixteen years of age she began teaching school and followed that vocation during six years. In 1872 she was married to Edward Moss. They reside in Worcester, Mass.

### HOW HAPPY.

How happy must he be who falls asleep,  
 His hands full of fame's roses freshly blown ;  
 For him the world takes ample time to weep,  
 His few defects, as yet, are quite unknown.

Those little minds that would the great undo  
 Not yet their undermining have begun ;  
 All speak in praise of what he wished to do,  
 All sorrow that he left so much undone.

Blest must he be who gently falls asleep  
 Ere any worldly blast withers fame's roses,  
 Whatever comes he will have had his day,  
 A day whose sunlight only good discloses.

## Rhoda Bartlett Seymour.

Mrs. Seymour, a daughter of the late Stephen Bartlett of Warner, was born in that town, June 29, 1848. She was educated at Contoocook Academy, and afterwards at New London Academy, completing at New London a four years' classical course, graduating in the class of 1873. In the autumn of that year she became principal of the High School of Littleton, Mass., and, in the following year, of the Girl's High School in New Brunswick, N. J., in which position she taught the languages in the boys' department of the school. Private study and instruction in languages was pursued while teaching in New Jersey, until her position there was resigned and she entered upon the study of the German language in Washington, D. C. In 1879 she went as teacher to Georgetown, Colorado, and in 1881 returned to be married at the old homestead in Warner, to Robert G. Seymour, of Seymour, Ill., who is at present a grain merchant in Georgetown, Colorado, where they reside.

## OCTOBER.

|                              |                                     |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Oh, sweet October day,       | Leaves from the tall old trees,     |
| Jewel in Autumn's crown!     | Scarlet and brown and gold,         |
| How shall I sing my lay      | As they float on the mystic breeze, |
| While the merry leaves float | A deeper meaning hold               |
| down                         | Than those the same breeze          |
| And lie in heaps at my feet, | scattered                           |
| Golden and red and brown?    | In the Sybil's cave of old.         |

|  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| How shall I weave some part              | For all December's story,     |
| Of thy dreamy, restful hours             | And all of April's grief      |
| Into this song of my heart,              | And August's crowning glory   |
| As one of thy parting dowers             | Of ripened grain and sheaf,   |
| That shall come to me again              | Are o'er and o'er repeated    |
| When winter has killed the flow-<br>ers? | In the gold and crimson leaf. |

|                                  |                                     |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Soft, on the distant hills       | Bathed in a yellow light,           |
| Lies a tender, purple mist,      | The western hills lie dim,          |
| And a murmured melody fills      | As the sun sinks down from sight    |
| The air, as I idly list          | Behind their purple rim,            |
| On the shore, where the pebbles  | [ed. And a stillness, almost vocal, |
| and waves                        | Falls like a vesper hymn.           |
| Have hurriedly clasped and kiss- |                                     |

## A MEASURE.

How shall I estimate the love  
That fills my soul for thee?  
By countless stars, by light of sun,  
By depth of boundless sea?

Stars fade by day, suns sink at night,  
And treacherous is the sea,  
By Love's own height and breadth and depth  
I'll bound my love for thee!

## A HOME PICTURE.

A hill-side, bright with golden-rod  
 And sweet wild asters' nodding flowers ;  
 A sunset sky, whose rosy dyes  
 An idle girl with dreamy eyes  
 Is watching, while the wingéd hours  
 Bear home another day to God.  
 The late birds flit along the hill,  
 Or wheel in circles through the air ;  
 The mountain line grows sharp and clear  
 As gathering twilight brings it near,  
 And sounds of noonday's work and care  
 Are hushed, and in the skies  
 The sickle of the harvest moon  
 Gleams mid the stars, and all too soon  
 The day's bright beauty dies !

---

 Alfred William Sargent.

A. W. Sargent was born in Warner, May 31, 1849. He was the only son of Ebenzer W. and Ruth W. Sargent. His father died when he was in his fourteenth year, leaving to him the care of a farm. Possessing a quick intellect and retentive memory, he acquired a large amount of general information, and his poetic genius seemed to be the result of reading some of the great poets. He died in his native town, Feb. 23, 1882.

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## WISDOM AND POWER DIVINE.

How wondrous are thy works O Lord of hosts  
 Omnipotent ; how manifold and vast !  
 Which as a cloud of witnesses attest  
 Thy power divine, and wisdom infinite  
 Displayed in their creation. In the dawn  
 Of time's primeval morning thou didst call  
 'Chaos from nothing, and the warring waste  
 Of crude incipient elements prepare :  
 And mould and fashion from the whirling mass  
 The glittering hosts of heaven, resplendent suns  
 And worlds which by their revolutions mark  
 The onward march of ages. By thy skill  
 And power divine, those bright celestial spheres  
 Unnumbered, numberless, harmoniously  
 Pursue their ceaseless courses, unsustained  
 By visible upholding. At thy word  
 They were, and are, and to proclaim thy power  
 Forever shall endure. This lower world  
 Which as a little atom floats in space

Around her central star, yet speaks of thee,  
Her maker, and in concert with the skies  
Joins the celestial song. Thou didst collect  
Her substances. Thy sovereign will divine  
Present forever in each secret part  
Of all thy vast sensorium, nature's realm,  
Here wrought thy pleasure. From her crucible  
The tested elements flowed forth in streams  
Of molten fury. Thou didst then combine  
Those which thou wouldst combine, and separate  
Repelling parts. Rolling in frigid space  
The forming planet hardened by degrees,  
While ages dawned and fled. Thine eye divine  
Incessant watched the changes which thy skill  
And power performed. By world-convulsing throes,  
Thy viewless movements, were the hills upreared,  
And lofty mountain ranges. By the power  
Of liquid torrents and of ceaseless waves,  
Thy tireless agents, were the rocks reduced  
To plant-sustaining soils. Thou didst create  
Earth's first primeval forests, and direct  
Their giant growth. Subservient to thy will  
The tempests rose, and air and ocean warred  
With vegetation : like a serried host  
O'erthrown in battle, mighty forests fell,  
And, tempest-driven, in caverns vast were massed  
In bulk like buried mountains. At thy word  
The power of nature metamorphosed them ;  
While other forests on the earth restored  
Luxuriant grew. With living creatures strange  
The seas were peopled, and upon the earth  
Unnumbered species lived, and died, and left  
Their several links in that great chain which binds  
The present with the past. Each animal  
Which roamed in those wild solitudes, or flew  
Above the earth, or dwelt within the deep,  
Proclaimed thy skill and wisdom, to the hosts  
Of watching seraphim. Each chaos wild  
Which swept the planet desolate and bare  
Thou didst commission to prepare the way  
For a renewed creation. Step by step  
The mighty work progressed. No error marred  
Its plan or execution. Thou didst view  
The end from the beginning ; in thine eye  
Each part minute of all this world appeared  
Present before thee, ere thou didst command

Matter to be. Thy wisdom infinite,  
 And skill divine with high omnipotence  
 Harmonious wrought, and all the work was good.  
 Within the moulded dust thou didst implant  
 Thine image ; by thy breath inspiring life  
 Into the silent clay. Creative skill,  
 Unlimited, uniting with the dust  
 Perception, intellect, intelligence,  
 Reason, accountability, prepared  
 On earth the image of the Deity,  
 The moral likeness of the infinite,  
 Eternal God, to be the sovereign head  
 Of his creation ; male and female formed,  
 Each to the other complementary,  
 On earth to dwell together, president  
 O'er all this earthly mansion, to adore  
 The great Creator, whose omnipotence  
 Of skill divine, of wisdom, and of love,  
 The earth and heavens declare, whose praises rise  
 Like incense from the lips of seraphim  
 Standing in glory round about his throne.

**Horace B. Baker.**

H. B. Baker resides in Nashua, and is a writer of prose and verse for the *Maine Farmer*, and other papers in Maine.

WINTER.

Far down below the drifted snow  
 The germs of summer's beauty lie ;  
 No leaping rills among the hills,  
 No wild birds through the green boughs fly.

No toiling bee on flower we see,  
 No hum of insects do we hear ;  
 No singing birds, no grazing herds  
 On mead or hill-side now appear.

No shady bower, no fragrant flower,  
 But through the leafless branch o'erhead,  
 Cold from the north the wind moans forth,  
 A seeming requiem for the dead.

The cheerless look of lake and brook,  
 Fast fettered with an icy chain,  
 The rushing blast, the sky o'ercast  
 Proclaim old winter's tyrant reign.

### Anabel C. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews, whose name previous to marriage was Follansbee, is a native of Manchester. Her parents removed to Massachusetts when she was a child. They afterwards went South, and when the war of the Rebellion began they went West. Her father entered the army, and after serving the whole five years of the war, died at last in a southern prison. In 1870 she became the wife of George G. Andrews of Hudson.

#### EVENING.

Slow sinks the sun behind the purple hills,  
The crickets' chirp the quiet evening fills;  
The air is hazy with a languor sweet,  
The very zephyrs move with noiseless feet!  
Great waves of crimson roll from out the west  
And break upon the gray, each glitt'ring crest  
The sun's last rays have burnished into gold.  
Day's dying glory—new, and yet so old!

Slowly the sunset splendor fades away;  
One golden star shines out upon the gray,  
The new moon's silver crescent just below,  
Across which fleecy cloudlets come and go.  
A perfumed breeze comes dancing from the south,  
And whispers to the leaves, with dainty mouth,  
Of shaded rills; of forests cool and green  
Where mosses grow with brimming brooks between.  
The distant whip-poor-will begins his song—  
"Whose melancholy notes to night belong."  
Nearer, he wings his flight with circling sweep,  
His perch at last—in shadow cool and deep—  
A clump of roses by the garden walk,  
Or by the royal lilies' drooping stalk.  
"Whip-po-will! cluck! whip-po-will, whip-po-will!"  
He sings; till in your dreams you hear it still.

#### AT REST.

Sleep, darling, sleep!  
The purple harebells swing like censers to and fro;  
The long grass whispers to the roses white as snow,  
Blooming upon the lowly bed  
That pillows soft thy sunny head.  
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep!  
The perfumed south-wind sighs among the cypress-trees.  
Rocked on the lily-cups drowsily hum the bees;



Softly, sweetly, sleepily sing  
 The bonny birds, with quiet wing—  
 Sleep, darling, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep!  
 The shadows lengthen, and the lylas sings his song;  
 The hidden cricket chirps, and beats her tiny gong.  
 The dreamy, drowsy zephyrs pass  
 Gently over the fragrant grass.  
 Sleep, darling, sleep!

### EVENTIDE.

I have tucked our darling up snugly,  
 And kissed her a tender good night.  
 While heavy-fringed lashes are drooping  
 And hiding her fair eyes from sight.

And now I sit here in the lamplight,  
 With a basket of stockings to darn;  
 And topmost of all lies one small pair  
 That are knitted of bright scarlet yarn.

Oh yes, I find holes here in plenty—  
 They cover feet restless and quick;  
 Toes that will find ways to creep out  
 Through stocking, though ever so thick.

In and out as I weave my large needle,  
 I think of the time that will come,  
 When these little feet will be straying  
 From the paths of their quiet home.

When they take their first step in life's journey,  
 For the right will they firmly stand?  
 Will they walk ever onward and upward,  
 Ever on to the blest Beulah-land?

Our Father, thou only canst answer,  
 Oh, point by thy Spirit the way  
 That will lead her through life's thorns and pitfalls  
 To the regions of unending day.

### Edward John Colcord.

v. E. J. Colcord was born in Parsonsfield, Maine, July 28, 1849. He studied for  
 ge at the academy in Eppingham, N. H., and graduated at Colby University in  
 After teaching school two years in Beverly, Mass., he became a student in  
 on Theological Seminary, and after graduation was settled as pastor of the  
 1st Church in Amherst.

## ACTION.

Oft have I felt within the ardent fire  
 And passive thrill of longing stir the soul;  
 Oft great ambition fills my being's whole  
 With wild unrest and dreams of something higher.  
 Yet what avails this flame of fond desire?  
 Cheated by hope I miss the illusive goal,  
 Or else am stayed by power beyond control,—  
 I grasp at phantoms when I would aspire.  
 Then shall I deem that all this inward pain  
 Of baffled aims is mockery at best,  
 And cease to wish because I cannot gain?  
 Ah, no! my heart can never idly rest:  
 Though effort dies and ardor glows in vain,  
 In noble toil alone is living blest.

## FAREWELL.

The dying Greek beheld with cheerful eye  
 Death's twilight fall; life's glories pass away:  
 He saw in fancy break another day  
 Whose constant sun illumed a nightless sky.  
 What though with life all mortal splendors fly?  
 Beyond the north-wind's blast immortal lay  
 His snulit home untouched by sad decay,—  
 The blessed world where heroes never die.  
 So like the Greek, dear friend, we too have known  
 The shade of death when to the mingling dust  
 Of centuries these storied years have flown.  
 His hope is ours: beyond the moth and rust  
 That mar this fleeting life the soul shall own  
 A mansion deathless as the Christian's trust.

## Frank H. Carlton.

Frank H. Carlton is a son of Henry G. Carlton, of Newport. He was born in town, Oct. 8, 1849. He learned the trade of printer in the office of the *Argus Spectator*. After fitting for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, he entered Dartmouth College and was graduated in 1872. He was for a while on the editorial staff of the *Union Democrat*, Manchester. He then went to Minnesota and city editor of the *St. Paul Press*. In 1874 he entered the law office of Governor K. Davis, of that city, and the next year was made Clerk of the Court, which he held for nearly four years, having in the meantime been admitted to the bar in 1879, and during the next year, he travelled in Europe. On his return he became secretary to Governor John L. Pillsbury. He is now practising law in Minne-

## THE DIVINE PLAN.

On every side God's hand is seen ;  
The sky so blue, the earth so green,  
Whatever strikes the eye of man  
Is evidence of one great plan.

Look where we will, on land or sea,  
On mountain top or flowery lea,  
In clouds above or air around  
Proofs of Omnipotence abound.

All nature is his diadem,  
In which is set some priceless gem ;  
Man cannot add or take away,  
His part is merely to obey.

The seasons pass and years roll round,  
Changes on every side are found ;  
Man, bird and beast have their short day,  
While God's transcendent law holds sway.

The works of man are mean and frail ;  
Our hardest toil cannot avail  
Against God's plan, which e'er appears  
In atom small and heavenly spheres.

This wondrous earth with all its gifts  
One import has to him who lifts  
Himself above the grovelling throng,  
And lives devoid of strife and wrong.

'Tis that we worship God, and seek  
To make each act distinctly speak  
In louder terms than words can do ;  
Though hands may err our hearts are true.

---

Isabel C. Greene.

Isabel C. Greene, formerly Isabel Colton, is a native of Pittsfield, Vt. At an early age she was removed to this state, and her home is in Nashua. Her youth was devoted to music, which her friends regarded as her one gift, ballad singing and church singing being her specialties. Maturer years, however, have developed a talent for writing, both in prose and verse, in the former of which she is best known.

---

MY LOVE.—A SONG.

My love, she wears a gown of white,  
A red rose in her hair ;  
Her eyes are like the stars of night,  
Oh, my love, she is fair !

Her singing, as she trips along,  
The birds all list to hear,  
And die with envy at her song,  
It is so sweet and clear.

And when she stoops above one flower,  
And takes it to her breast,  
Its heaven begins that very hour,—  
It pities all the rest.

### Ellen McRoberts Mason.

Ellen McRoberts was born in Baldwin, Me., October 5, 1850, of Scotch-Irish parentage on the father's side. She was educated after the usual manner of farmers' daughters, at the different high schools and academies of the county, and at the Farmington (Me.) Normal School. She was a teacher for a short time, until 1873, when she was married to Mahlon L. Mason, of North Conway, the proprietor of one of the many summer hotels there, the Sunset Pavilion. Mrs. Mason's literary career has begun since her marriage, and it is chiefly from her short stories and descriptive articles that have appeared occasionally in the *Boston Sunday Courier*, the *Granite Monthly*, the *Portland Press and Transcript*, that she is known as a writer. Her stories have been commended by John G. Whittier. She has genuine pathos and humor, united to a great love and tender appreciation of nature, that has been fostered by living among the grand and beautiful scenes of her present home.

#### A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

Within a dear old-fashioned room,  
All flooded with a rosy bloom,  
In the fire's gleeful blaze and glow  
I watch a vision come and go.

A Christmas thirty years ago;  
The world without up-piled with snow,  
Grey, early day and children's din,  
And merry, happy hearts within.

Glad, happy hearts save all but one,  
And his, whose life was last begun,  
The pet and darling of the rest.  
The one I always loved the best.

My troop of boys, I see them now,  
Grave Jamie with his thoughtful brow,  
And Will and Georgie full of glee,  
As handsome lads as you might see.

And Robin with his glowing face,  
And earnest eyes and witching grace;  
Ah, I shall see long as I live  
That little mouth so sensitive!

But Rob had been a naughty boy,  
And so, instead of longed-for toy,  
Above his stocking jammed and thick,  
I hung a cruel, slender stick !

"Mamma does Santa Claus hate me?"  
The tear-wet face was sad to see !  
"That stick—I did not think he would—  
I've tried so, lately, to be good !"

'Tis years ago and I am old,  
And many feelings have grown cold,  
But when the vision comes again  
I feel the olden thrill of pain !

For soon there was a little mound  
Thrown up above the frozen ground,  
And the pure white and blessed snow,  
Soft hid the scar of my great woe.

Though many sins and many a wrong  
Have been mine since, forgot ere long,  
*This* ever comes at Christmas time  
To haunt my age, as in my prime !

I feel now we are far apart,  
How sore I griev'd the tender heart !  
And I shall see long as I live  
That little mouth so sensitive !

---

#### MY DEAD LOVE.

They gazed upon her sweet, pale form  
No earthly kiss nor clasp could warm ;  
And moaned, "How hard that she should die !"  
But I who loved her faintest sigh,

I, knowing how her heart had bled,  
Thought, "Better far that she is dead !"

For we had met when far too late,  
And she was chained by cruel fate,

And we could only live apart  
Who should have lived as heart to heart.

First since her death has set us free  
I feel that she belongs to me.

And in the land she enters in  
Is her love counted *there* a sin?

Among us all, ah, who can say?  
We wait the light of clearer day.

But now that death has set us free,  
As I love her does she love me?

---

UNRECONCILED.

I sit within a dismal room ;  
A cheery fire burns low,  
And sends athwart the tender gloom,  
A rosy, dull, soft glow.

It gleams on gilt and pictures rare,  
On bronze and silk and lace ;  
On flowers, books, and all things fair,  
But not on the sweet face

Of my own bright, home-keeping dove,  
The form of sprightly grace,  
The large, brown eyes alight with love,  
Brown head and sweetest face.

The lovely face a year ago  
Made radiant all things here,  
It gave the fire's heartsome glow  
And lent the sunny cheer.

They tell of sorrows she has flown,  
And prate of her blest lot ;  
I shrink with dread from life *alone*,  
And mourn the time that's not.

I hate their talk of saintly joys,  
Their wondrous far-off land ;  
I want the thrill of her soft voice,  
The touch of her warm hand !

Might die the hope to be forgiv'n  
Were we not far apart !  
For better than the hope of heaven  
The smile that warmed my heart !

---

MY MONITOR.

My little boy with large eyes eager wide,  
And lips a-tremble, piteous to see,  
Comes often slow and gravely to my side,  
And humble, lowly asks, "Do you love me?"

With kiss and fond embrace I answer him,  
Agrief to see the pretty face so sad ;  
Still swimming, tender tears the blue eyes dim,  
He pleads : "And do you love me when I'm bad ?"

How oft we grieve the Father's loving heart !  
How oft rebellious are, dear little lad ;  
He pardons when we choose the wrong, sad part,  
And loves us evermore, though we are bad !

So may much patience mingle with my love,  
And I grow fitter still to council thee  
With purest wisdom given from above,  
And may the patient Father bear with me !

---

Clara E. Bolles.

Miss Bolles is a native of Richmond, where she resides.

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"JESUS ON THE SHORE."

Through the night of sin we journeyed,  
Stumbling oft beside the way,  
For the clouds hung thick above us,  
Veiling every starry ray.  
Then there came a voice to cheer us,  
One we ne'er had heard before,  
Lo ! the morning light was breaking,  
"Jesus stood upon the shore."

Sorrow's wing was brooding o'er us,  
And we knew not where we trod,  
For the tear-drops dimmed our vision  
As we felt the chastening rod.  
Then a light shone through the darkness,  
And we whispered o'er and o'er,  
"Grief depart, your reign is over,  
Jesus stands upon the shore."

Want and woe were hastening toward us,  
Pallid phantoms, stern and grim,

And we knew not how to pass them,  
For our faith was growing dim.  
But the hand of love that led us  
Kindled up the flame once more,  
And we felt the blest assurance—  
"Jesus stands upon the shore."

And this thought will come to cheer us,  
Drifting on life's ocean wide,  
Floating nearer, ever nearer  
To the home beyond the tide.  
Though the storm may sweep the waters,  
And the billows loudly roar,  
Peace, be still, we'll anchor safely,  
"Jesus stands upon the shore."

Death is coming, surely coming,  
And the shadows of the grave,  
But we need not fear its terrors,  
If we trust His power to save.  
Lights are gleaming in the valley,  
Shining through the crystal door,  
And in yon eternal morning,  
Jesus stands upon the shore.

---

#### THOUGHTS.

The day wheels slowly down the west,  
And night with star-gems on her breast,  
Enthroned within her purple car,  
Comes o'er the shadowy hills afar,  
A moon-crowned queen.

And through the darkness' sable pall,  
And through the silence, over all,  
A strain of far-off music rings,  
And soft the touch of spirit wings  
Falls on my brow.

I check my heavy tears to see  
That which the daylight veils from me:  
A vision of that unseen land,  
A glimmer of the golden sand,  
Shines through the gloom.

The past unlocks her golden doors,  
I wander o'er the crystal floors,





And there in memory's stately halls  
Sweet pictures hang upon the walls,  
To comfort me.

Loved forms and faces come again,  
With cheering words to soothe my pain ;  
They bring a balm of sweetest flowers,  
From their own sunlit Eden bowers,  
To heal my heart.

A breath, a touch, the dream is fled ;  
My heart with gloom is overspread ;  
I touch its strings, with saddened moan  
It echoes back, alone, alone,  
Alone on earth.

Be still, oh heart ! Oh eyes, be clear !  
Nor dim your brightness with a tear ;  
He holds thy days within His hand,  
That which thou canst not understand  
He knows full well.

If Marah's waters fill thy cup,  
Bow down thy head and drink it up ;  
He mingles bitter with the sweet,  
To make the future more complete,  
Thy heaven more dear.

### Bessie Bisbee Hunt.

Mrs. Hunt was born in northern Vermont, near the lake Memphremagog. She received her education in her native state, and at Dio Lewis' Lexington School. She studied elocution in Boston. In 1870 she was married to N. P. Hunt, a lawyer, of Manchester.

#### KNITTING.

When withered leaves go flitting by  
With weird, fantastic gesture,  
When earth awhile is putting on  
Her staid old russet vesture,  
When cellars hold a golden store  
The hand of toil to strengthen,  
And when across the gleaming hearth  
The shadows daily lengthen,—

How sweet to fill the chair that waits  
Beside the glowing fender ;

To know the hand that placed it there  
With love is always tender ;  
To draw the shining needles out,  
To watch them glint and glisten.  
While to their cheerful, steady click,  
Unconsciously you listen.

The soft, warm wool, a shapely ball,  
Upon your lap is lying,  
Or else to play at hide-and-seek  
Upon the mat is trying.  
Your cares are lulled, as in and out  
The mystic needles hurry,  
And for a while is quite o'ercome  
The arch-destroyer, Worry.

Your thought flows backward to the days  
That shone for you the brightest ;  
Your heart beats o'er and o'er again  
Its measures that were lightest ;  
There falls a winsome, gentle breath,  
Ne'er warmed before an ingle,  
It comes from out that summer's day  
That always will be single.

The joys that grew when love was new  
About your features linger,  
As one by one the stitches fall  
From off your taper finger.  
If Kensington new glories wear,  
And Holbein seems more fitting,  
Oh, let us cherish to the last  
The homely joys of knitting.

---

#### MOVING.

Oh, could I that fine April morn of my birth,  
With vision prophetic have looked o'er the earth ;  
Nay, could I have caught but a gleam of its pain,  
My eyes had refused their poor office again.

From the gray of life's morning, way on to its close.  
There is never an end to the trail of its woes.  
There are trials degrading and trials improving,  
But the trial most vexing of all is called moving.

Not moving a friend with compassion and love,  
Not moving with pity the angels above,

Not moving amendments beneath a proud dome,  
But moving your furniture, changing your home.

It isn't enough that your boxes are packed,  
Your closets and bureaus and cupboards ransacked ;  
There are carpets, such stupid, refractory things,  
I only wish art could provide them with wings.

There are deadly encounters 'twixt funnel and stove,  
There are curtains disposed from their fixtures to rove. .  
There is bric-a-brac hiding, and pictures that tell  
The torturous tale of the tumult too well.

The turmoil of politics who can prevent?  
Without turmoil society were not content ;  
But give us in quiet our homes to improve,  
And banish the syren that counsels a move.

---

#### A DEEP SECRET.

Why is it so restless, the wonderful sea?  
'Tis kissed and caressed by the sun,  
The low winds have rocked it as soft as could be,  
Till day and night watches were done.

The stealthy white mist in her trailing array,  
Enfolding the sun's ardent beam,  
Has given it shadows and phantoms for play,  
That might have been born of a dream.

Yet up the sea-wall, where the cliff-eagles soar,  
It is dashing itself into spray,  
And never a moment the wide sands before  
Have its waters been willing to stay.

You white-sheeted messengers sailing afar  
In the path of the bright beacon's glow,  
And whispers drop softly from many a star—  
The secret you surely must know.

In mood rather haughty, triumphant may be,  
I have heard the sad story before ;  
Did it cast from its bosom, unknowing, poor sea,  
The one precious gem of its store?

Then beat of your woe the unending refrain,  
Against the lone cliff and the cave ;  
Search over and over the sands of the main  
A treasure your white lips would lave.

The winds may not cradle or lull you to rest,  
 But hearken, I'll tell you it low,  
 On shore there is beating in many a breast  
 The unresting throbs of your woe.

### Lora Ella Chellis.

Miss Chellis is a native of Barre, Vermont. Since her early childhood she has resided in Claremont. She was educated at Stevens High School, at Kimball Union Academy and at Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary.

#### HEART'S-EASE.

All among the grasses  
 By the valley-stream,  
 Hidden in the clover  
 Where the dew-drops gleam,  
 For the passing stranger,  
 Waits a happy dream.

Years ago the summer  
 Shone upon a maid  
 Weeping, faint, and lonely,  
 Where the shadows played,—  
 Sorrows rose to greet her  
 Wheresoe'er she strayed.

Dearest of Earth's blessings  
 Given from the sky,  
 More than all else meaning,  
 Balm for every sigh.—  
 Mother-love had left her,  
 For the home on high.

With a tearful blessing  
 She had breathed a prayer,—  
 "May the gracious Father  
 All your sorrows share,  
 Send in mercy heart's-ease  
 With your earthly care."

As she wept in sadness  
 All the lonely hours,  
 Quietly there blossomed  
 Fairy little flowers,—  
 Fresh, as they had fallen,  
 From eternal bowers.

Soft as purple velvet  
 Painted in with gold,  
 Smiling from the grasses,  
 They their story told,—  
 "We are little heart's ease  
 From the heavenly fold."

Through the world of sadness,  
 Mid the tears of woe,  
 Where the smiles of gladness  
 Lend a radiant glow,—  
 In our every pathway,  
 There the "pansies" grow.

Pansy thoughts for heart's ease,—  
 May they ever bloom ;  
 May we ne'er forget them  
 In our hours of gloom ;—  
 For they bring a blessing  
 From beyond the tomb.

#### AUTUMN LEAVES.

Twisted and sere are the leaflets,  
 Naked and ghastly the trees,  
 Nothing but skeleton branches,  
 After the autumnal freeze.



Faded the garlands of summer,  
Stricken the wild forest's pride ;  
Flown are the fairy-like songsters,  
Over the white-foaming tide.

Slowly the emerald verdure  
Changed to a fiery hue,  
Mocking the bright-circled rainbow  
Hung in the soft azure blue.

Gaily they tossed in the breezes  
Laughed at the swift, chilling blast,  
Recked not that during the darkness  
Sentence of death had been passed.

Slowly and sadly the leaflets  
Came fluttering, one by one,—  
Faster, till only the branches  
Gazed at the slow-setting sun.

#### THE GENTIANES.

|                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| The twilight shades had fallen  | Shone like a silver tear-drop,   |
| Upon the toilworn day,          | Framed round with velvet hue.    |
| While dews of evening mercy     | One proud, blue cup closed       |
| Refreshed the heated way ;      | quickly,                         |
| And, when the moon shone        | In cold and selfish greed,       |
| golden                          | And one was stretched in glad-   |
| Above the starlit hours,        | ness,                            |
| There came, among the shadows,  | To fill the stranger's need.     |
| The angel of the flowers.       |                                  |
| The purple asters brightened,   | The hedges and the hill-sides    |
| The golden-rods grew fair,      | Wear many gentians blue,         |
| And many a dream-thought        | And oft as summer waneth,        |
| blossomed                       | The gentian tale is new.         |
| Upon the midnight air.          | Fair gentians closed in sadness  |
|                                 | Receive no blessed light,        |
| All weary, in the gloaming,     | Yet dream of falling dew-drops   |
| The angel passed in haste,      | Through all the weary night.     |
| Where merry-hearted gentians    | And gentians fringed with beauty |
| Smiled from the hedgerow waste. | Smile on the opening day ;       |
| Within each fragile chalice     | And oft an angel pauseth         |
| A drop of crystal dew           | To greet them on its way.        |

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**Letitia M. Adams.**

Miss Letitia M. Adams, formerly of New Boston, resides in Goffstown, and is a constant contributor of verse to the *Farmers' Cabinet*.

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**VIOLETS.**

Oh! beautiful the buds and flowers  
That bloom in bower and hall,  
The glory of the summer hours  
Has gathered round them all,  
And painted, with a deeper glow  
Than human art can claim,  
The tiny leaflets, one by one,  
That form each tiny frame.

But not for me the tender plants  
That bloom in hall and bower;  
My heart, amid the forest wilds,  
Would seek a lowlier flower;  
The little violet, blue and white,  
That lifts its modest head  
Upspringing from its mossy banks  
When winter's winds have fled,

To me a nobler lesson speaks,  
A richer prize I claim,  
Though humble be its resting place,  
And humbler still its name;  
Its simple robes of pearly white  
Or azure blue outweigh,  
Cast in the balance, all the bloom  
That decks the garden way.

Up through the earth so bleak and bare,  
Up through the clinging sod,  
To heaven it lifts a smiling face,  
With perfect trust in God;  
An earnest purpose full and free,  
A calm and steadfast will,  
A strength to do, to dare, to be,  
Wrought in its nature still,

Imparts new vigor to the soul,  
As bending o'er its bed  
I caught these meanings, as the whole  
Unwritten page I read,—



Unwritten, save by angel hands  
Unstained by human art,  
I claim thee, mid earth's bright array,  
The floweret of the heart.

---

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

From shore to shore, from shore to shore,  
Adown life's rapid river,  
The unwearied boatman plies the oar,  
Forever and forever.  
We brave the storm, we stem the tide,  
Though fierce the waves are breaking,  
We know that on the farther side  
The morning light is waking.

We leave behind the home scenes sweet,  
Lost in the mellow gloaming,  
To seek a city's golden streets  
Where stately spires are looming ;  
While fainter flow life's golden sands,  
And faint, and fainter ever,  
We leave at morn loved household bands,  
We meet on earth, no, never.

The infant in the mother's arms,  
The brown-eyed, merry rover,  
Cries, "Mamma, see, the boatman pale  
Has come to take me over."  
The maiden clasps the lover's form  
In fond though last embracing,  
Ere he, upon the white ship's deck,  
Death's stormy tide is facing.

The husband bids the wife farewell,  
The daughter bids the mother,  
While hand in hand with friendly clasp  
The sister leaves the brother.  
Old age and youth, a motly crew,  
The vessel sides adorning,  
Sail gladly forth, where full in view  
There beams a brighter morning.

From shore to shore, from shore to shore,  
We're passing on forever ;  
Our pilot glides us safely o'er  
The dim and shadowy river.

We brave the storm the waters o'er.  
 Though fierce the waves are breaking,  
 Our boat has neared the "shining shore,"  
 A heavenly morn is waking.

### Grace E. Pickering.

Miss Pickering resides in Portsmouth, the place of her nativity.

#### RESTED.

One day, a fog of sober care  
 Had covered the horizon fair;  
 No cheerful light was shining there,  
 "No heart for merry words," said we;  
 "We'll just endure, and silent be;  
 Even silence will be triumph grand,  
 Since friction galls, on every hand."  
 Life's savor, for a moment, fled,  
 And left distrust and doubt instead.  
 The just return, we dimly saw,  
 For all that mortals struggle for.  
 We said, "Oh, life doth circles make,  
 And steps of progress fails to take."  
 Just then, in friendship's vital name,  
 A kind and helpful presence came;  
 Backward and forth the signals sped,  
 Till—thought, exchanged, was comforted.  
 Life's irritation slighter seemed,  
 And care, though present, was redeemed;  
 And flavor's blessed prick returned,  
 And we, bright possibles, discerned.  
 No joy but friendship's ever crept  
 So near to where life-springs are kept.  
 No drop of oil, to touch life's wheels,  
 So surely all their friction steals.  
 No current of galvanic force  
 So sends the blood along its course.  
 Ever, as soon as it is known,  
 The quickened pulses raise their tone,  
 As though a northern breeze had blown.  
 The mist its pure breath flies before:  
 Fair weather paints the west once more!



### Lucy Bentley Wiggin.

gin was born in Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1850. The greater part of her life was in Wakefield. At her graduation from the Normal School at Salem, she was chosen class poet, and the poem written for that occasion, "Of the Hills," was the first of hers that appeared in print. Her literature was done within a period of about six years, much of it while she was a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the *Christian Union*, *Conallist*, and the *New England Journal of Education*, and an contributor to several other papers, and to the children's magazine now called *Our Own*. She died Jan. 28, 1876.

#### THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

zing always toward the far blue sky,  
 idle wish to see an angel pass,  
 ndful of the soft winds drifting by,  
 wealth of green, the sunlight on the grass,  
 to pick the flowers around my feet,  
 ng God loved them when he made them sweet ;

ng that he would have me love them too—  
 daisies, and the clover red and white,  
 y, wild roses, sparkling yet with dew,  
 blue-eyed grass, uplifted to the light—  
 anking him that with such beauty here  
 e the seeing eye, the hearing ear.

nging for the tranquil evening hour,  
 n busy plans must all be laid aside,  
 active hands and brain must lose their power,  
 with their half-done work rest satisfied ;  
 rinking in the blessed morning air,  
 h the climbing sun with eager prayer :

whole long day is thine, O Lord," I say,  
 th all its happy, helpful work to do ;  
 gle eye and steady hand I pray,  
 lo my part ere yet the day is through."  
 on must come, and afterward the night,  
 st and best is this glad morning light ;

ght in which our duties stand out clear,  
 n earth and sky alike are free from doubt,  
 even distant mountain tops draw near,  
 far-off pine-trees stretch their branches out ;  
 ain yet I feel what life may give,  
 rtain that it is a blessed thing to live.

is Christ ; not glorious death alone  
 s us with the Master, at whose feet

The small, brown sparrow never fell unknown,  
 And ne'er unheeded bloomed the lily sweet.  
 By walking in His footsteps we may see  
 How fair and good our common life can be.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY.

The toil-crowned year is drawing to a close.  
 The weary earth has laid her down to rest :  
 No dreams of spring disturb her deep repose.  
 Or stir the cold hands clasped across her breast.  
 The harvest labor done.  
 No new work yet begun.  
 Why should not man with one brief pause be blest.  
 Not labor only is the gift of God,  
 But mirth and joy he freely doth commend.  
 When, after countless turnings of the sod.  
 The season's fruits have reached their perfect end  
 Then shall our portion be,  
 With happy hearts, care-free,  
 To taste the blessings which the Lord doth send.  
 This is our one bright day of leisure sweet  
 In all the busy, bleak New England year :  
 In this brief space do friends long parted meet.  
 And life seems wholly merriment and cheer.  
 Around us and above,  
 Divine and human love  
 Make heavenly sunshine in this lower sphere.

#### Edith E. Wiggin.

Miss Wiggin, a sister of the late Miss Lucy B. Wiggin, resides in Maplewood, Mass. Her early life was passed in Wakefield, where is still her home in summer and autumn.

#### ADVENT.

"Where is the promise of His coming?"  
 Throughout the Christian world,  
 With banners half unfurled  
 Expectant stand the waiting multitude :  
 Hosannas yet unsung  
 Tremble on every tongue  
 With holy awe and reverent joy endued.

Above, the belfry chime  
Waits the appointed time  
To herald forth the coming of His feet ;  
While sacred walls within  
Are hung with living green,  
Of life that never dies the emblem meet.  
Soon shall appear the Dayspring from on high ;  
The darkness fades, behold ! the dawn is nigh !  
E'en now o'er land and sea  
The lessening shadows flee  
Before the light : along the eastern sky,  
In lines of gold and rose  
The promise glows.

Shall lips of listening choirs  
And bells in lofty spires  
Meet the first Gloria of the angelic throng,  
And not, oh heart, in thee  
An answering melody  
The music of the heavenly host prolong ?  
With holy zeal and love,  
And works thy faith to prove,  
Within thyself thy Bethlehem prepare ;  
Bring to His waiting shrine  
The best of what is thine,  
Thy gold and frankincense of praise and prayer :  
So shall the truest, best fulfilment be  
Of type and sign and ancient prophecy.  
And when His burning star  
Shines in the east afar,  
Rejoice with heart and voice, for unto thee  
On the glad Christmas morn  
Shall Christ be born !

---

#### OCTOBER VIOLETS.

We stood in the edge of the forest,  
The friend of my heart and I,  
Where the sunset glow of the maples  
Met the sunset glow of the sky.  
  
A breath of the coming winter  
Came down from the pine-clad hill ;  
Its shadows crept over the landscape,  
And over our hearts its chill.

We talked of our sunny childhood,  
Of hopes that long ago  
We had watched with the opening blossoms  
As lightly come and go.

The dreams of our early morning  
Like the dew had passed away;  
Our skies of gold and crimson  
Had turned to leaden gray.

In the years that lay before us,  
Half seen through the distant haze,  
The winters grew drearily longer,  
And briefer the summer days.

Like a breath from the far-off south-land  
Came a fragrance faint and sweet.  
And behold! blue violets nestled  
Low down in the grass at our feet.

As brightly they bloomed in their beauty.  
At the close of that autumn day,  
As when they were tenderly folded  
In the blossomy arms of May.

Then rose to the other spoke softly:  
"O friend, let our grievings cease:  
Let us take to our hearts with gladness  
This message of light and peace.

"Let us lift our eyes to the future  
With a steady, trustful gaze.  
For violets still are waiting  
To bloom in October days."

### Alvin J. Messer.

This poet and musician was born in Springfield, Sept. 24, 1881. He was educated at the Acaden, New London, graduating there in 1897. Afterwards he was a student and engaged in mercantile pursuits. During the past twelve years he has been a frequent contributor both in verse and prose, to periodical publications of this city. He is also author of several musical works both vocal and instrumental, and is leader of a successful musical organization known as "Messers' Orchestra."

### REANARGE.

The mountain side is broad and steep,  
The mountain top is gray and hoary;  
The hollows up the crags to creep.



But oh ! how grand the burst of glory  
Which breaks upon the 'raptured sight'  
When once attained its utmost height !

On every side are fragments strewn  
Of massive, pre-historic boulders,  
Vast buttresses of ragged stone ;  
Not that which crumbles, rots and moulders,  
But that which stands in strength sublime,  
Defying storm and sun and time.

Adown the slopes in sombre green  
The old, primeval forest reaches,  
Tall hemlocks, bosky spruce between,  
Then groves of maple, birch and beeches,  
And at its base, in fruitful pride,  
The fertile fields stretch far and wide.

Bright, gem-like lakes flash far and near,  
Like diamonds in an emerald setting,  
And forest brooks creep, cool and clear,  
Through woody glades, their ripples wetting  
The tangled wild flowers at their edge,  
Or murmuring low through marshy sedge.

O scene of beauty, vast and fair !  
My heart goes out to thee in gladness,  
And loses, in thy mountain air,  
Each thought of sorrow, care and sadness.  
The Switzer's land, the world at large  
Can ne'er o'ermatch our own Kearsarge !

#### ULTIMA THULE.

r from this world, which is fruitful alone in dissensions ;  
r from its turmoil and noise and incessant commotion ;  
r from its dead, and the sound of the groans of its dying,  
Alone will I wander.

d yet not alone : my Psyche, my soul, thou art with me,  
gether we'll seek the fair, tranquil Hesperian gardens  
at lie o'er the outermost bounds of the measureless ocean,  
Far, far to the westward.

w soft are the airs which just stir the voluptuous ether !  
: languorous breathings of viols and flutes and soft cytherns  
: not more caressing, more thrillingly sweet to the hearing  
Than these to our senses.

Then let us recline at our will in this beautiful Aidenn,  
Where, glancing aslant through the shining green foliage above us.  
The apples of gold gleam athwart the deep blue of the heavens.

A wonderful picture !

The vast, mighty pulse of the mystic and strange world around us  
Throbs calmly and strong in a God-like, melodious rhythm,  
In perfect accord are the heavens, the earth, and the ocean—  
The Cosmos of nature.

Oh ! could we prolong to the eve of our dual existence  
This state of enchantment. this dwelling at will in elysium,  
Like the eons of dreams of the tranquil-eyed eaters of Lotos,  
How blest were our living !

But we must awake and away o'er the measureless ocean :  
We must taste once again of the bitterness wrung from the real :  
We must mingle with darkness, with sorrow, with crime. and  
with curses,

Alas for our dreaming !

---

### George S. Dorr.

Geo. S. Dorr was born in Wakefield, May 12, 1851. At the age of 20 years he began the carpenter's trade, and that was his principal occupation till 1881, when he engaged in the printing business by establishing the Carroll County Pioneer at Wolfeborough Junction.

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#### NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEADS.

Others may sing of the south-land warm,  
Where never the cold winds blow,  
Where never is felt the chilling storm,  
Or is seen the drifts of snow,  
Where the soft breeze sweeps, with its breath of balm.  
Through the groves of orange and stately palm.

The land may be fair, and warm its skies,  
Each breeze with sweetness laden,  
And bright the glance from the midnight eyes  
Of dark-haired southern maiden ;  
But New England's homes are dearer to me  
Than this southern brightness ever could be.

And far away in the sunset land,  
They say the rivers that flow  
Leave gold upon their glittering sands,  
As down to the sea they go ;

And whoever may reach that golden shore,  
Shall search not in vain for the shining ore.

Oh, wealth may be there for those who reach  
Those valleys by hills unrolled,  
But who would leave his New England home,  
For a head-stone of yellow gold ;  
And thousands who go to that sunset land  
Find only a grave mid its golden sand.

There is wealth amid New England's hills,  
For those who earnestly strive,  
And he who wisely his acres tills,  
Is one who will surely thrive ;  
The man with a farm mid New England's shade  
Has a crown of wealth which never will fade.

The sunshine falls with a loving light  
On the homestead old and brown,  
And breezes sweet with the dews of night  
From the mountain-tops sweep down ;  
And no south-land owns a sweeter perfume  
Than comes from New England's flowers in bloom.

'Tis no sunny south-land now I sing,  
'Tis no golden sunset plain,  
Nor prairie land whose acres bring  
Their wealth of golden grain ;  
But New England homesteads made bright and fair  
By the rosy-cheeked maidens dwelling there.

Though no orange-trees our valleys fill,  
And we see no stately palms,  
There are groves of pine on every hill,  
That can boast a thousand charms ;  
Though our rivers wash up no sands of gold,  
They're the means of bringing us wealth untold.

Stay in the homestead, though old it seems,  
And stick to New England now,  
There is wealth in her valleys and streams,  
And health on her mountains' brow ;  
And hearts that are warm mid the snow and rime,  
As any that beats in a southern clime.

## THE MINSTREL'S SUMMER HOME.

Inscribed to John G. Whittier.

New Hampshire's granite hills look down  
On many a lovely vale,  
Where sweetly scented meadows mark  
The river's winding trail ;  
And here and there a giant tree,  
Like sentries dark and grim,  
Shows where the primal forest stood,  
In ages past and dim.

There's wooded hill and granite ledge,  
With fairy lake between,  
And nooks where bloom the sweetest flowers,  
And twines the evergreen ;  
Fair nature in a pleasant mood  
Hath smiled on hill and dell,  
And fashioned many a lovely glen  
That holds a witching spell.

But yet no single spot can claim  
More lavish gifts from her,  
Than vales and hills of Ossipee,  
With groves of spruce and fir ;  
No fairer stream than Bearcamp flows  
Through flowery meads along.  
And mingles with the gentle breeze  
The burden of its song.

And here, amid these sylvan scenes,  
To rest his weary feet,  
When summer's throbbing pulse is high  
There comes a singer sweet ;  
"Among the hills" of health and balm,  
He seeks his days of rest  
In pleasant nooks, by winding streams,  
That seem to him the best.

And here he weaves some pleasant rhyme  
From threads by nature spun,  
And mingles in the golden web  
The rays of summer's sun ;  
Each note within his happy song  
A child may understand,  
And catch the rhythm, pure and sweet,  
Of music deep and grand.



Sweet singer of our northern hills,  
Our valleys and our streams,  
You throw around us, by your words,  
The happiness of dreams ;  
And each New England heart shall call  
For thee a blessing down,  
And weave a spray of amaranth,  
Within thy laurel crown.

New England's son thou e'er hast been,  
And love thy mother still,  
Nor seek beyond New England's pale  
For joys thy heart to fill ;  
You've sung her praises loud and long,  
And seeds of love have sown,—  
For sweetest lays her poet sings,  
She claims you as her own.

We gladly own the spell you weave  
Around our simple hearts,  
And thank you for the spring of joy  
That never more departs ;  
Your verses, rich with tenderness,  
We ever love to scan ;  
You teach us how to worship God,  
By more of love to man.

You love the scent of birch and pine,  
We read it in your song ;  
You love the Bearcamp's winding stream,  
That gently flows along ;  
You love the hills of Ossipee,  
You love the elm-tree's shade,  
And love to worship at the shrine  
Which nature there hath made ;

And in your pleasant home, beside  
The smiling Merrimack,  
You hear the call they send to you,  
And gladly answer back ;  
In many seasons, past and gone,  
Thy feet have wandered there,  
And through the heart there ran a joy,  
Mid verdure soft and fair.

And 'tis our trust that many more,  
Thy footsteps still may press

Jesus, Jesus,  
Oh, bless not only me ;  
With Thy strong arm defend from harm  
All who need help from thee ;  
And since thou knowest whom I love,  
Send all a blessing from above.

Jesus, Jesus,  
O King of Paradise,  
When shines the light of morning bright  
Ope thou my willing eyes ;  
Or if earth's morn I never see,  
Take me, my Saviour, home to thee !

---

SERVICE.

If life were naught but living,  
And death were only death,  
Would life be worth the giving,  
Would men thank God for breath?

Ah no ! for sweeter, dearer,  
To toil, and pray, and fast,  
If so the Lord draw nearer,  
And bring his peace at last.

Who follows him, sees mercies  
In every bitter pain ;  
Who follows not, finds curses  
Beneath all worldly gain.

---

COMFORT.

A single word is a little thing,  
But a soul may be dying before your eyes  
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,  
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,  
But a heart may be starving for just one glance  
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall  
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear  
To catch some tale of sore distress ;  
But men may be fainting beside us here,  
For longing to share their weariness.

---

 WORSHIP.

Brave spirit, that will brook no intervention,  
 But thus alone before thy God dost stand,  
 Content if he but see thy heart's intention,—  
 Why spurn the suppliant knee and outstretched hand?

Sweet soul, that kneelest in the solemn glory  
 Of yon cathedral altar, while the prayer  
 Of priest or bishop tells thine own heart's story,—  
 Why think that they alone heaven's keys may bear?

Man worships with the heart; for wheresoever  
 One burning pulse of heartfelt homage stirs,  
 There God shall straightway find his own, and never,  
 In church or desert, miss his worshippers.

---

 STRENGTH.

The power that shaped the everlasting hills  
 Can nerve with ghostly strength the Christian's arm,  
 For God himself his servants' hope fulfils,  
 And bids them onward go, secure from harm.

If he defend us not, our strength shall fail,  
 Though set about with all that man can give,  
 But helped by God, the weakest shall not quail,  
 The fainting shall arise, the dead shall live.

Nor need we wait for some great crucial day  
 Before we seek in God's defence to stand;  
 He guides the sweeping planets on their way,  
 But leads his little children by the hand.

---

 IMITATION.

Where shall we find a perfect life whereby  
 To shape our lives for all eternity?

This man is great and wise; the world reveres him,  
 Reveres, but cannot love his heart of stone;  
 And so it dares not follow, though it fears him,  
 But bids him walk his mountain path alone.

This man is good and gentle; all men love him,  
 Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for aid;  
 The world's best work is ever far above him,  
 We shrink beneath the storm-capped mountain's shade.

O loveless strength! O strengthless love! the Master  
Whose life shall shape our lives is not as thou;  
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour in disaster,  
Our heart of hearts enfolds thine image now!

Be Christ's the fair and perfect life whereby  
We shape our lives for all eternity.

### George Waldo Browne.

This poet and novelist was born in Deerfield, Oct. 3, 1851. Possessing a vivid imagination and a keen aptitude for the study of human nature he began short writing at an early age. He has written for Boston, New York and Chicago papers over fifty romances. He has contributed poems to the *Rural Home*, and *Yankee Blade*, of Boston, to the New York *Saturday Journal*, *Golden Argo*, and to the *Granite Monthly* of this State. He is editor of *The American Young Folks*, published in Manchester.

#### EVER CHANGING.

After the darkness comes the light,  
Chasing the shadows swift away;  
After the storm, the sunshine bright,  
Giving to earth a gladsome day.

After the trial comes release,  
Bringing to life a joyful calm;  
After the sorrow, then the peace,  
Healing the heart with soothing balm.

After the seed the harvest-time,  
Yielding to all what they have sown,  
Whether to youth or manhood's prime,  
Many a flower with tares o'ergrown.

After the work is laid aside  
Comes the hour of needed rest;  
Over the darkly flowing tide  
Lies beyond a haven blest.

Ever is life thus marked with care  
Changing joy and pain and ail;  
Sunshine but casts a shadow where  
Lingering rays are wont to fall.

#### ALWAYS LOOK UP.

Though friends prove false and trust betray,  
Or deeds unwise lead you astray,

Thus making life seem drear and cold,  
And shadow round thee casts its fold,  
Look bravely up, and never down ;  
'Tis best to smile, and never frown.

Although misfortune seems your part,  
And disappointment clouds your heart,  
Or sorrow shrouds your soul in gloom,  
And drear despair doth point its doom,  
Look bravely up, and never down ;  
'Tis best to smile, and never frown.

Thus come in weal or come in woe,  
By hand of friend or work of foe,  
The cares to-day, the fears for morrow,  
Though life doth bring distress and sorrow,  
Look always up, and never down ;  
'Tis best to smile, and never frown.

---

#### MOUNT PAWTUCKAWAY.

Monarch of the hills around,  
Valleys fair and grim ravine,  
Grand thy rugged form, rock-bound,  
Clad in garb of sombre green,  
With thy massive summit crowned  
By the sunlight's golden sheen,

Deep and dark thy caverns lie,  
Flanked with granite seamed and sheer ;  
And thy frowning crags on high  
Straight their dizzy heights uprear,  
Till they dim the gazing eye,  
Till the heart recoils with fear.

Could we lift Time's magic veil  
Strange the scenes thou wouldst impart—  
Many a joy and bitter wail  
Locked within thy rocky heart.  
Stamped on every rift's a tale ;  
Every crag, a wilder part !

Lo ! the eagle vigil kept  
O'er thy wild domain, erstwhile ;  
As with peace the panther slept  
In some dell or dark defile ;  
And unharmed the reptile crept  
'Long some lonely, forest aisle.

Or anon there burst in view,  
Like a flash, the bounding deer,  
As a backward glance he threw,  
Quaking with an inborn fear  
Lest a lurking foe pursue  
From amid the thickets near.

Ringings 'bove thy torrent's roar,  
Waking far thy mountain world,  
From thy ramparts, grim and hoar,  
Many a war-note has been hurl'd;  
And the scene of wild strife o'er,  
Here the smoke of friendship cur'd.

Long since lost are those deeds wrought  
By the dusky, forest son;  
And the joys his camp-fire brought  
When the day's wild sport was done;  
Happy hunting-grounds he's sought  
Far beyond the setting sun!

Where the panther sought his prey  
Peaceful cattle safety find;  
And the deer's unknown to-day,  
Save the name he left behind;\*  
As of old the sunsets play  
On thy cliffs with shadows lined.

Sounds no more thy thunders, strange,  
That awoke the valleys 'round;†  
Mid the years' unceasing change  
Tranquil silence *thou* hast found;  
And thy one-time wildwood range  
Is to-day a pleasure-ground.

Rivers change from ancient day,  
Founts that once were hid are seen;  
But of thee, Pawtuckaway,  
With thy lofty, constant mien,  
Lives thy rugged form for aye,  
Clothed in pine-firs' deathless green!

Monumental of the past,  
Standest thou on rock-ribbed throne,

\* Pawtuckaway is an Indian name meaning "great deer place."

† A few years since strange sounds issued from this mountain, and they became so violent that an eruption was feared. But they are no longer heard.



With thy sheen of grandeur cast  
O'er unnumbered ages flown ;  
And majestic wilt outlast  
Time and space to man unknown !

---

### Horace Eaton Walker.

Walker was born in Charlestown, Aug. 9, 1832. Since that time he has resided in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Claremont, the latter place having become his permanent residence.

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#### THE SEAMSTRESS.

Oh, ye that love the honest poor,  
And feel it in your hearts  
To aid these pure, deserving ones  
Where every hope departs,  
Oh, trace with me the rickety stair,  
The coarse, uneven way,  
And I will point you, in despair,  
A woman worn and gray.

The hour is late, and lamps are out,  
And all the world is still,  
Save music from the banquet hall,  
Where goblets clash and fill.  
The distant thud, thud, thud,  
Of watchman on his beat,  
Breaks on the heart like tales of blood  
The wild, wild winds repeat.

We push the door that has no lock,  
No bronzed and yielding knob,  
And there beside a broken stand,  
With mingled sigh and sob,  
A careworn mother sits and sews,  
While near in scanty cot  
A little nursling wild-flower blows,  
By all the world forgot !

A half-burned candle on the stand  
Makes twilight of the gloom ;  
But oh, my friend of countless wealth,  
You cannot know her doom !  
You cannot, cannot feel as she,  
Your life has been of ease,  
Your freighted ships are on the sea  
Before a buoyant breeze.

Oh, lay aside your loaded bags;  
Your comfort, ease and wealth,  
While hopes together, side by side,  
Have gone with rosy health.  
And sit from morn to latest e'en,  
No comforts of the rich,  
Not one bright hour in all the scene,  
And stitch, stitch, stitch.

### Althine Florence Shoals.

Miss Shoals resides in Goshen, the place of her nativity.

#### APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Down in the orchard to-night I stray,  
With June's young glory around me spread;  
Her emerald carpets beneath my feet,  
While above, the apple blossoms sweet  
Fall softly around my head.

Oh beautiful June, thou art come again,  
With echo of bird-song sweet and clear,  
With perfumed blossoms and sparkling dew;  
A pictured melody, old yet new,  
My heart holds ever dear.

Oh, fair is the early summer time!  
In the rosy bloom of her loveliness;  
Sweeter than spring, so pale and cold;  
Dearer than when the year grows old,  
And youth and bloom are less.

And the snowy blossoms come drifting down,  
Apple and cherry, peach and pear;  
And find amid the grass a place  
To hide their loveliness and grace  
That made the orchard fair.

But by and by, in the autumn time,  
When flowers have faded and birds are mute,  
After the summer winds and rain,  
Though the flowers cannot return again,  
There will come the golden fruit.

And I trust that unto our human hearts,  
There will sometime come an autumn day,  
When our lives some golden fruit shall bear;



And yet, 'tis sad that first the fair,  
Sweet flowers must pass away.

But, ah! it is not every flower  
Fulfills the promise of its bloom,—  
The cruel winds and storm may beat,  
The blossom fall ere 'tis complete,  
And then no fruit can come!

Oh! thou who fashioned human hearts,  
And formed the flow'ret's dainty leaf,  
Grant that from out our early bloom,  
Life's good and perfect fruit shall come,  
Unmarred by storms or grief.

#### DREAMING MID THE CLOVER.

|                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| As fancies come to me,          | Saddening fancies come to me,   |
| Dreaming mid the clover:        | Dreaming mid the clover;        |
| While the busy humble bee       | While I think of one most dear  |
| Adorns the wide field over.     | Their red blooms wave over.     |
| Gathering sweets from morn till | Down beneath the emerald        |
| night,                          | leaves,                         |
| My little miser,                | 'Neath the violets' azure,      |
| While the butterfly glides by—  | While the ring-dove chants her  |
| Tell me which the wiser?        | praise,                         |
|                                 | In the softest measure.         |
| As fancies come to me,          | Ah! these fancies I must leave, |
| Dreaming mid the clover:        | Dreaming mid the clover,        |
| As happiness that will be mine  | I must rise and wander far,     |
| As their bloom is over.         | Ere the day be over.            |
| As smiling faces, merry smiles, | I must work and I must wait,    |
| As gentle words low spoken,—    | While the sun is o'er me,       |
| These shall keep hearts free    | With a heart for any fate       |
| from guile,                     | That may be before me.          |
| As smiling hearts once broken.  |                                 |

#### Sarah Elizabeth Lane.

Sarah Lane was born in Lowell, Mass., April 29, 1856. When she was two years of age her parents removed to Swanzey. Their home is called "Elmdale," from the elm-trees near the house. She is a successful school teacher.

#### A WISH.

What shall I wish for thee, my dearest friend?  
That cloudless skies shall ever o'er thee bend?

That Fame shall give to thee a glittering crown,  
And Fortune at thy feet cast treasures down?

Nay, dear! Life's sweetest flowers would droop and die,  
Did not dark clouds sometimes o'erspread the sky.  
Fame, though most fair, would give thy heart no rest,  
And Fortune proves capricious at the best.

But I would wish for thee a life well spent,  
A life of love and trust and sweet content.  
Whose days, as they go by, shall e'er abound  
In deeds of kindness to the world around.

And I would wish, whatever life may bring  
To thee of sorrow or of suffering,  
That on this thought thy heart might ever rest:  
"It is thy Father's will: He knoweth best."

So shall thy heart be filled with joy and peace;  
And when at last thy labors here shall cease,  
Thy conflicts o'er, thy final victory won,  
Then thou shalt hear thy Master's words, "Well done!"

#### UNDER THE ELMS.

Under the elms, in a low-swinging hammock,  
Through the long hours I lazily lie,  
Dreamily listening to summer's sweet music,  
Watching the white clouds float through the blue sky.

Over my head are the wide-spreading branches,  
Through the green leaves falls the sunlight like gold:  
Bright little buttercups nod to me gaily,  
Sweet clover-blossoms hide treasures untold.

From the clear river a faint, drowsy murmur  
Comes to my ears through the warm, fragrant air:  
Silver-voiced birds flit about me,  
Singing, "Was ever a summer so fair!"

Wrens chatter merrily one to another,  
Bobolinks pour forth their notes loud and clear;  
While, from the woodland, the voice of the cuckoo  
Faintly warns us that showers are near.

Gold-breasted vireos o'er me fly swiftly  
To their song homes hanging low from the trees;  
Brisk little sparrows and finchbirds and robins  
Join in the concert with hearts full of glee.

---

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye! O word the saddest and the sweetest  
That mortal tongue e'er formed or pen e'er traced;  
With thee how oft is deepest sorrow wakened,  
That from our hearts can never be effaced.

"Good-bye," we say, when weeping o'er some loved one,  
On whose dear face grim Death has set his seal,  
Whose lips no more return our fond caresses;  
Ah, then, sad word, thy bitterness we feel.

"Good-bye," we say when we are sadly parting  
From some dear friend we ne'er may meet again —  
Some one whose life-path seems from ours diverging,  
The while our hearts are filled with keenest pain.

And must we say good-bye, dear friend, forever?  
Must this word sadden both our lives away?  
Our Father knows; to Him we'll trust the future;  
Perhaps sometime may come a brighter day.

In that blest world that's "just beyond the river,"  
There, where the tears are wiped from every eye,  
Where neither sorrow, sin nor death shall enter,  
We never more shall sadly say "Good-bye."

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Lida C. Tullock.

Miss Tullock, formerly of Portsmouth, resides in Washington, D. C.

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## FORGIVE THE DEAD.

Let no harsh thoughts of what has been  
Remain within thy breast,  
When bending o'er the confined form  
Of one who is at rest.

What though an enemy lies there!  
Thou canst forgive all now;  
For God has set the awful seal  
Of death upon that brow.

What though those lips spake angry words?  
Those hands were raised in strife?  
Thou, too, wilt need such deeds forgiven,  
When thou hast done with life.

Then bring sweet flowers, the lily fair,  
 The violet and the rose,  
 To place within the hand's pale clasp,  
 That never will unclose.

And when the form is laid to rest  
 'Neath earth's green, peaceful sod,  
 Say, "I forgive!" and go thy way,  
 Leaving all else with God.

### LILACS.

'Tis strange, indeed, how slight a thing  
 Will oftentimes to the mem'ry bring  
 Scenes of the vanished past ;  
 And in the mind we live once more  
 The pleasures of those days of yore,  
 "Too beautiful to last."

The fragrance of an early rose,  
 The tender tints fair twilight shows,  
 Old ocean's thunderous swell,  
 Perchance the burden of a song,  
 Bearing the hearer's heart along,  
 May cast the witching spell.

'Tis thus, when in the early spring,  
 Mid growing grass and birds that sing,  
 The lilac blooms anew ;  
 Its subtle perfume steepes my soul.  
 And from my past the curtains roll,  
 Presenting to my view

The old, old home, where by the wall  
 The lilac bushes, green and tall,  
 Nodded their purple plumes ;  
 Where I, a happy, joyous child,  
 With brothers, sisters, sporting wild,  
 Gathered the scented blooms.

I see again my mother's face,  
 So full of holy love and grace,  
 Gaze on our happy play,  
 And smile, as we the petals strung,  
 And round our necks the garlands flung,  
 That wither soon away.

Oh, Lilacs ! common you may be,  
But always beautiful to me !  
For do you not recall  
Those halcyon days of early youth,  
When life seemed naught but hope and truth,  
And love illumined all ?

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### Kate J. Kimball.

all's home has been in Bath. In 1883 she went to South Carolina.

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#### HYMN.

ath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him."—Psalm xci : 14.

Jesus, this sinful heart of mine  
Is prone to set its love  
Upon the things of time and sense  
And not on things above.  
On thee, on thee, O Saviour Christ !  
Could I but fix my eye,  
For a high purpose for my life  
I should no longer sigh.  
Oh, glimpses of thy loveliness  
In pity give to me,  
So that my restless heart be filled  
With naught but thoughts of thee.  
And then shall I delivered be  
From each besetting sin,  
And holy peace and sweet content  
Shall reign my breast within.  
And then, wherever I may go,  
Whatever I may be,  
My every thought and word and deed  
Shall be as unto thee.  
Jesus, I crave this blessedness,  
Not for my sake alone,  
But that in me, thy humble child,  
Thy sacred will be done.

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#### WHERE JESUS LEADS.

Saviour, where'er thou leadest me  
Most cheerfully I go,

Over the mountains high and steep,  
Or through sweet valleys low.

And either through the wilderness,  
Or in the city's mart,  
With joy and peace I go with Him  
Who holds my hand and heart.

Whether in life's fierce battle-strife,  
Or safe in meadows fair,  
Whether the sea be rough or calm,  
I am without a care.

And whether in my Father's house,  
Or far away from home,  
My Saviour guides and leads and keeps,  
Wherever I may roam.

With thee I live in peace with them  
Who love or who hate me.  
And I'm content, when all forsake,  
To be alone with thee.

Jesus, while thus thou leadest me,  
I cannot go astray.  
Thou safely keepest me who art  
The Life and Truth and Way.

#### TO THE WHITE VIOLET.

Oh little flower that from the rich, moist earth  
Of lonesome wooded roadsides comest forth  
In the warm sunshine of the gentle May,  
And sheddest sweetest fragrance on my way,—  
I dearly love the tender winsome grace  
That rests upon thy tiny modest face :  
Methinks the purple of thy pencillings  
Is softer than the royal dye of kings.  
Oh, might my heart be pure as thou art white,  
And might my faith be clear as thou art bright,  
And might sweet charity my robes perfume  
As does soft fragrance rest in all thy bloom,  
(Even if it should be that my life's lot  
Were cast in some such shady, lonely spot)  
I would not ask that purple limes of strife  
Should be removed from out my earthly life.

A figure worth the while—much more a saint,  
 One worthy to be placed within its niche  
 Prepared, amid the countless groups from life  
 In Time's vast corridor? "Patience, dear sculptor,"  
 A low voice saith. "by long, long years is wrought  
 The beauty infinite of the white soul's thought.  
 With our strong thoughtful stroke each day the small  
 Chips fall, to leave, when thou hast won thy rest,  
 When golden years have brought thee to thy goal,  
 Instead of shapeless stone, a beauteous whole."

### TO MY RIVER, THE PISCATAQUA.

I see thee now my beautiful river,  
 I see thee now O wood-loved river,  
 A-shining under the setting sun!  
 I see thy soft bank's golden brown  
 Where the sun-beams love to settle down  
 And linger one by one.

And the song thou singest is love untold,  
 And the smile thou givest is bright as gold;  
 Thou fillest my grateful soul with peace,  
 And the short-lived sweets of a honeyed youth  
 Are forgot in the dream of a purer truth,—  
 A dream that ne'er shall cease.

And my life shall nobler and purer be  
 That its youth and dreams were passed by thee,  
 Bathed bright and pure in thy sunlit tide.  
 Those dear lost days! they seem but now  
 A beautiful promise, a holy vow,  
 As o'er the waves I glide.

On the breast of Life's restless river,  
 Painting a fair land washed by a river  
 Where soon, forever my soul shall rest—  
 After a little waking and sleeping,  
 After a little smiling and weeping—  
 With those I love the best.

### Charles Edward Sargent.

C. E. Sargent was born in Pittsfield, November 8, 1836. Most of his  
 was spent on a small farm in his native town. He was thrown upon  
 sources by the death of his father in 1872, when the care of the farm  
 him and his younger brother. He abandoned the idea of a literary  
 was employed in a shoe factory in the intervals of farm work.

The argosies of cloud-land, moored along the west,  
 Are riding leisurely in heaven's bay,  
 Earth, sea and sky are all at rest—  
 The benediction of a perfect day,  
 The moon, reflected by my side,  
 Sends quivering glances from the tide.

Where sea and sky are wedded in a purple mist,  
 The white sea gulls glide past the Hampton reef;  
 So, with a longing I cannot resist,  
 My thoughts dart out and find a glad relief.  
 Like white sails on the shadowy sea,  
 Dear memories float back to me.

O breath of balm! I feel thy witchery, thy power;  
 O towering cliff beside the summer sea,  
 I lived a long, sweet life in one short hour,  
 On thy great heart reposed, at rest with thee;  
 I'll seek again thy sunset skies,  
 Thy twilight hour, thy paradise.

### Abbie Nelsia Partridge.

Miss Partridge is a daughter of Rev. S. H. Partridge, who is represented in this volume. She was born in Lebanon, Maine, Sept. 15, 1867. She has written over a hundred poems. Her *nom de plume* is "Nelsia Bird."

#### DRIFTING.

Just the same as ever, the seasons come and go,  
 With summer flowers and sunshine and winter's drifting snow.  
 Just the same as ever, the spring-time bluebirds call;  
 And glorious leaves in autumn with radiant colors fall.

Just the same as ever, the twinkling stars shine on;  
 The sun returns each morning to wake the coming dawn.  
 Just the same as ever, the world rolls on its way,  
 Nor heeds our bitter grieving for friends that might not stay.

Just the same as ever, the sweet smiles lead a sigh,  
 And ripple over chasms where hopes and treasures lie.  
 Just the same as ever? No, not the same to me;  
 The sun his chariot driving draws near the crystal sea.

No, not the same as ever, the tinted leaves float down,  
 They strew my pathway nearer the hand that holds the crown.  
 No, not the same as ever,—sun, moon, and stars must  
 Before the coming splendor that hides behind the veil. pale



HUMAN FACES.

Oh! human faces, with placid smiles  
That ripple the surface o'er,  
You tell as little of life beneath,  
As the waves that wash the shore.

Some maiden heart with emotion thrills  
At the low sweet voice of love ;  
The world intrudes—and the face she lifts,  
Is calm as the sky above.

Some reckless one, with sin-dyed heart,  
Comes forth from the depths of shame,  
And smiles on the world, as cool and calm,  
As one with an honored name.

An aching heart, with anguish riven,  
That has bowed in secret prayer,  
Comes out to the world with beaming eyes,  
And a face serene and fair.

The inward struggles with pride and want,  
And the sins that hidden lie  
Leave no more trace, on the outward face,  
Than last week's storm on the sky.

It is well the curious eyes see naught  
But the face of seeming light,  
While carefully hid, 'neath the heart's deep lid,  
Lie covered the sins of night.

HIDDEN WORTH.

Under the ice, so cold and chill,  
Floweth the water, pure and still ;  
Under the snow-drifts, deep and white,  
Violets wait for spring-time light.  
Deep in the rugged mountain's core,  
Lieth the glittering golden ore ;  
Under the rough and swelling tide,  
Beautiful gems of ocean hide.

Little we think, under ice so chill,  
Waters are flowing, pure and still ;  
Less do we think, in mountains cold,  
Bright are the rocks with shining gold.

Summer and sunshine bring to light  
Waters that sparkle pure and bright ;  
Courage and labor find the way  
Down where the gold and jewels lay.

Under the ice of careless scorn,  
Under the snow of envy born,  
Throbbeth the hearts we cannot know.—  
Only as love shall melt the snow.  
Under our feet the waters glide,  
Mountains of wealth are at our side ;  
Ours be the joy the prize to bring.  
Others the hollow praise may sing.

### William A. Bartlett.

W. A. Bartlett of Hanover, is the son of Samuel C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College. He was born in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 17, 1854. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1882.

#### MOESTITA.

Hast oft at eventide sat weary down  
To rest, heart-sick and tired of thy life?  
With head thrown back upon thy knitted hands  
Watched listless the last gleam of fading light?  
And as the shadows deepened, blotting out  
The glorious view of skies that lately shone  
Transcendent, with a glory not their own,  
Durst think it all for naught with startling truth  
The darkening of thy landscape once so bright?  
And sighed—a heavy sigh—to think forsooth  
The world had grown for thee a darksome night?  
Cheer up, faint heart, perhaps this night's for rest:  
Thy mental gleam must wait thy mental sun,  
The spring at dark is but a muddy stream  
For eyes which dimly see it in its course:  
While powered by heaven's ray it is a gem  
Which sparkles in its bed of golden sand.  
Thus, when our vision's dim with doubts and fears,  
The trifling objects of our nearer view  
Assume strange shapes like ships which sail through fog,  
And glide like yamunams seemingly in air,  
Throw off thy melancholy—have it gone,  
And let thy feathered spirit spread its wings,  
Then swell the orchestral music of the soul



In one grand symphony almost divine,  
Which rising, swelling, bursts so wondrous sweet  
That—sad heart, dost thy morn begin to glow?

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## CEDIPUS.

Cedipus, thou son of Laius,  
When exposed on Mount Cithæron  
With thy feet all pierced and bleeding,  
In thine infancy so helpless;  
Did no vision of the future,  
Did no oracle prophetic  
Tell thee that thy life was fated  
To be one continued crime?

Cedipus, thou son of Laius,  
If the disembodied spirit  
Ever has the recollection  
Of the deeds done in the body—  
Can it be thou'rt in Elysium;  
Can there be one consolation  
In the haunting, baleful memory  
That thou art a patricide?

Cedipus, thou son of Laius,  
Did an obolus admit thee  
To Tartarean realms of sorrow?  
Would the boatman take thee over  
Laden with a sin so fearful—  
Laden with the curse of Nature,  
In that wicked, shameful union  
When Jocasta was thy bride?

Wretched one, is Stygian darkness  
Black enough that it can cover  
Visions that are most appalling,—  
Of a hanging struggling mother  
With her features so distorted,  
Who in bitter self-abasement,  
Who in sorrow overwhelming  
Thus became a suicide?

Can it be Lethean waters  
Drown those wild cries so heart-rending  
Of thy faithful, loving sister  
Whom they bore, despairing, shrieking,

Said Ragged Lady, "'Tis fine to hear  
You talk about pretty faces!  
A judge of beauty you are indeed  
Who can't tell rags from laces!

"My delicate flounces are deftly made,  
And I don't care to renew them,  
But if you wish your buttons sewed on,  
Just find some other to do them!"

Years have passed since this offer was made  
Under the apple-tree shady,  
But he is Bachelor Button still,  
And she is a Ragged Lady!

---

#### THROWING KISSES.

Three gold buttons on each small shoe,  
Crimson stockings and apron blue,  
Are these the daintiest part of you?

Saxon Bertha, with eyes that look  
Like blue fringed gentians in their nook  
Under the trees by the pasture brook.

Saxon Bertha, so white and pink,  
Surely some butterfly might think,  
"Here is honey for me to drink!"

Bertha "bright," at the window pane,  
Through the sunshine and through the rain  
Kisses you throw again and again.

All are equal, in your belief,  
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer or Indian chief."

Shouting school-boy, roguish and rude,  
Fair little maiden in scarlet hood,  
Ragged workman, sawing the wood.

Shower your kisses! Happy are you!  
Happier far than if you knew  
Good from evil and false from true.

Scatter with loving finger-tips  
These blossoms of your innocent lips,  
Till into each heart some sweetness slips.

I lay 'neath the pine on the brink of the brook,  
And their songs mingled o'er me in air,  
One glad as the tones from an oread's nook,  
One heavy with sobs of despair.

The sad and the glad mingled into one strain,  
But made no dissonant strife;  
As varying tones of pleasure and pain  
Mingle into the music of life.

And I said, "Lo, the song of the heart of man,  
The song of gloom and of glee,  
The song that has been since the world began,  
The song that ever shall be."

### Anne Parmelee.

Anne Parmelee is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., where her parents, Joseph W., and Frances A. Parmelee, resided for many years. She was born June 1, 1880, and has been carefully reared and educated, first at the Packer Institute, and afterward at Miss Whitcomb's Seminary on the Heights in that City. She has written some pleasant pieces in prose and verse, and from the latter we have selected with others for this volume her Commencement Exercise as a member of the Art Class in Miss Whitcomb's school. Her home is in Newport.

#### SUNSET.

The sun sinks slowly to its rest,  
While on the crest  
Of yonder hill the first point toward the radiant sky.  
Through golden glory in the west,  
To quiet nest,  
The birds, fatigued with the long, beautiful day, now fly.

See! every eye-entrancing shade,  
Now glow, then fade—  
From richest crimson, to the faintest, loveliest rose.  
Colors like these, on canvas laid,  
Are oft displayed,  
But not in hues divine as nature glows.

We stay and gaze until the night,  
With shadowy light,  
Lays its cool spell o'er all the dewy vale and hill;  
The lovely rose tints, put to flight,  
Fade from our sight,  
Till all the scene is calm and mystical and still.

### TAY BRIDGE.

The morning bright bathed with its light  
The verdant banks of Tay ;  
The twittering swallows skimmed along  
The waters, in their play ;  
The while, a Scottish wanderer I  
To Tayport bent my way.

I saw the bridge, as from the ridge  
I looked the waters o'er ;  
A mighty work it seemed to me,  
That stretched from shore to shore ;  
But in the midst there was a gap  
That puzzled me full sore.

And, as I stood and pondered thus,  
An ancient Scot drew near,  
And him I asked to solve my doubts ;  
But seemed he not to hear ;  
For a little space he hid his face,  
Then wiped away a tear.

“Didst ask,” quoth he, “guid sir, the ca  
The brigg is trod nae mair ?  
Aweel, it is a direfu’ tale,  
That pierces me right sair ;  
For ’twas on that night, in awfu’ plight,  
My Geordie perished there !

“Puir laddie ! He did little ken  
Wha’ evil wad betide !  
For he was comin’ hame that day,—  
He and his winsome bride.

The wind, it blawed a hurricane ;  
On shore the waves were cast ;  
And ever o'er our heads, the clouds  
Were sailing swiftly past.

"The moon, at night, shone cauld and bright-  
On yon grey, massive pile ;  
The eager waters foamed beneath,  
Wi' grim and ghastly smile ;  
And the Edinboro' train rolled on  
Its slaw-decreasing mile.

"I watched it, as it crept alang ;  
I see'd its lanterns glare ;  
I thought o' Geordie and his lass ;  
I ken't they wad be there ;  
I heard the gale ; my cheek grew pale ;  
I prayed an earnest prayer.

"Slaw, as wi' pain, rolled on the train,  
And left the southern shore ;  
It scarce had reached the centre span,  
When, wi' the thunder's roar,  
There cam fu' fast a mighty blast,  
That swept the river o'er.

"It struck the brigg wi' fearfu' strength !  
Waes me ! The unco' sight !  
There straight uprose high in the air  
A flash o' lurid light.  
Then the waters quenched the yellow flames,  
And a' again was night.

"Oh lang I waited, but in vain :  
My bairns did ne'er arrive,  
The moon shone through the rifted clouds ;  
I see'd the waters strive  
Wi' the ruined heap, that filled the deep.  
Nae soul was left alive !"

His tale was told. The Scotchman old  
To hide his grief was fain ;  
He turned away in silent mood,  
And left the heathy plain.  
With moistened eye, I watched him go,  
And longed to soothe his pain.

I've traversed oft old Scotland's braes ;  
Full well her shores I know ;

Where Poverty in voiceless grief abides,  
 For Freedom's step sounds not within her halls.  
 But the still night will watch around the place,  
 And the pale moon look down upon her there,  
 As they have done. The traveller will trace  
 Her history beside her, dead yet fair.  
 Anon, methought I heard the carnival,  
 That fostered relic of a gayer day,  
 Dance in her touch, and o'er the dim canal  
 The gondola sailed on its stately way,  
 Bedecked with flowers. Stirrings of triumph ran  
 Then through her strain, ceasing as it began.

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### SOLITUDE.

Stillness and silence, absence of human crowds,  
 The gentle tones of gentler solitude,—  
 These are the spells that lift from out their shrouds  
 Of earthliness—a dull, indifferent mood—  
 Our thoughts and dreams of new and changing fates.  
 The breezes that fan Nature while she sleeps,  
 The streams, the flowers, and their fair feathered mates,  
 The singing birds, all that around us sweep  
 In storm or sunshine, summer's peaceful rest,  
 The winter with her cold, ambitious winds,  
 Remembered graves that our heart's tears have blest,  
 Each influence that gifted Nature binds  
 Upon her brow, is music—that from thought  
 Strikes tenderer music, which in verse is wrought.

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### Etta Udora French.

Etta French was born in Manchester, March 22, 1862. Her parents, Dearborn P. French and Elizabeth C. Glines, removed to Boston when she was about five years of age, but returned to Manchester in 1870. She was educated at the public schools in that city. In 1881 she became the wife of Joseph W. French. Their residence is in Manchester.

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### A PRAYER.

Oh! Lord, dear Master, we are weak,  
 We tremble when we think of Thee;  
 Thy power and glory bid us speak,  
 Thy love and mercy we would see.  
 We tremble to approach thy throne;  
 Forbid not, Lord, our feeble praise,



"O Jeanie, quiet a' your fears,  
 An' let your heart be glad ;  
 Dry up, my lass, those pearly tears,  
 An' be na longer sad.

"For I'll na leave ye for the sea,  
 Nor from ye will I stray ;  
 Your loving laddie I will be  
 Forever and for aye !"

---

ISABEL DEANE.

Oh ! why dost thou haunt me forever,  
 My beautiful Isabel Deane ?  
 There's never a lake or a river  
 But in it thy image is seen.

And in the dark pines in the night-time  
 I see thy sweet face all the same,  
 And mythical beings around me  
 Seem ever to whisper thy name.

I never sit down in the twilight  
 But a form stands out all alone,  
 In which in its matchless beauty  
 I recognize none but thine own.

O Isabel, Isabel, darling !  
 In fancy thou'rt with me for aye ;  
 In reality ne'er shall I meet thee  
 Until the last closing of day.

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Annie E. De Wolfe.

Miss De Wolfe was born in Nashua, October 12, 1863. She is a daughter of the late George G. B. De Wolfe, whose poems are found elsewhere in this volume.

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UNE PENSEE.

The watch-bells of the long, still night  
 Peal on the sigh-fed air ;  
 The rain is dropping, soft and light,  
 Round globules, wondrous rare.

Descended, in the poet's full behold,  
 A chariot that seemed a cloud of flame,  
 Wherein were poet-sages and with them  
 Th' incarnate inspiration of their song ;—  
 Such vital power that fed their purer minds  
 Was that, that sympathetic hearts do thrill  
 And glad respond, a holier brotherhood !

The poet clad him in a pilgrim guise,  
 Untiring sought to scale the rugged steeps,  
 Till the sharp rocks denied him furtherance,  
 And straight received his torn and bleeding frame ;—  
 When loud there rang a fiat thunderous  
 From peak to peak : "Despairing Pilgrim, stay !  
 Think not to dare these heights precipitate  
 Until from actual merit of thine own,—  
 Some human good, the gods conduct thee here.  
 Grieve not, we send our angels ministrant ;"  
 And thereupon chief of this lofty band  
 Ordained a guide, an heavenly Beatrice,  
 To lead him back unto his Eden-land.

Now from the mount  
 Come maids Shaksperian with varied charm,—  
 First Juliet with love in every look,  
 Full-blended with her life-blood ; Imogen,  
 Clothed in devotion and fidelity ;  
 Helena with the golden hair of Hope,  
 And heart heroic ; Portia, dignified  
 Of grace, with soul refined ; Fair Rosalind  
 Glides dancing by in tender gayety ;  
 Viola with a pensive sweetness filled,  
 And modesty of mien ; Hermione,  
 Enrobed in deathless faithfulness, and pure ;—  
 These in sweet chorus sang him to repose.  
 Right soon he woke as the angelic voice  
 Of Laura made rich music in his ear ;  
 He scarce could see for sunlight of her hair  
 Beneath the virtuous coronal she wore ;  
 Content to feel her presence' influence  
 He could not brook the beauty of her face.  
 Down stepped Elaine, fair maid of Astolat,  
 Shone in her hand the shield of Lancelot,—  
 A talisman to keep her spirit pure.  
 The stately Maud tripped lightly by his side—  
 Maud, ruby-lipped and decked in dewy flowers.  
 A gentle form above him bent, a face  
 Was mirrored in the rocks, the trees. Yon rill

In lives through them immortal, and made pure  
In the refining ordeal of life."  
The poet ended, and upon his brow  
A crown of stars fell through the waking morn,  
And he arose like peace when Christ was born.

---

### Lulu E. Trevitt.

Miss Trevitt is a daughter of Capt. John Trevitt, of Mount Vernon. She is pursuing her studies at the Academy in that town. Her father is a graduate of West Point, and has been much in the service of his country.

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### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

With smiles or tears, with hopes or fears,  
The old year goes.  
We cannot stay it in its flight,  
Nor would we call back, if we might,  
Its joys or woes.

The history of each word and deed  
Now lies before us, and we read,  
With now a smile and then a tear,  
The story of the vanished year.  
We mourn with tender, sad regret  
The sacred joys now past, and yet  
We know the new year hath in store  
Blessings we have not dreamed before.

We triumph for our victories won,  
Or grieve for wrongs that we have done ;  
Once more we feel the crushing pain  
Of bitter sorrow, and again  
We climb with bleeding feet and torn,  
Up steep, rough places ; weary, worn,  
We plead once more for needed rest,  
And finding it, again are blest.

The lessons that each day has taught,  
The work our feeble hands have wrought,  
The love we have received or given,—  
Making our earth seem more like heaven,—  
All these have made thee very dear  
To each of us, thou dying year.

Come he now or come he never,  
Nothing mattereth,  
He is mine and mine forever,  
Nothing e'er our love shall sever,  
Life or death.

---

IN EMBRYO.

As an imprisoned bird beats restlessly  
With feeble wings against her cage's bars,  
Then growing stronger, breaking free,  
She rises on swift pinions joyfully  
Up toward the stars ;

So flutters in my heart of hearts a song,  
Too weak to break its prison bars ;  
But I will nourish it till sweet and strong  
And tender, it shall rise ere-long  
Up toward the stars.

---

May E. Perley.

Miss Perley is a native and resident of Lempster. She was educated at Tilden Female Seminary, West Lebanon, and has become a school teacher.

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A MORNING IN JULY.

The glorious sun comes peeping o'er the mountain,  
Shedding o'er hill and plain his splendor bright,  
The sunbeams, springing from this golden fountain,  
Throw over all their spray of dazzling light.

They play at hide-and-seek behind the shadows,  
With barbs of gold they pierce the lucid pearls  
That mid the grass-blades, spanned by silver ladders,  
Lie glistening clear when night her banner furls.

A playful breeze is whispering to the clover,  
As to foretell the beauty of the day ;  
While it to me is gently wafting over  
The breath of meadow pinks and new-mown hay.

And as I stand, all save the scene forgetting,  
Clear, ringing voices fall upon my ear.  
The mowers now their shining scythes are whetting,  
Which tells the hour of five is drawing near.

With mine own living eyes I saw my sprite,  
Which from my body fled,  
Walk the pale waters in the silent night,  
Amongst the shadowy dead,  
Join the wild wayward dance upon the wave.  
Oh! for some friendly power to see and save!

The livelong night I lay in nerveless trance  
Beside the moonlit shore,  
And watched my spirit in the spectral dance  
Skim the wide waters o'er,  
Till the long range of eastern hills grew gray  
With the dim glimmer of returning day.

Then the weird shadows faint and fainter grew;  
The blue fire died away;  
'Neath the cool freshness of the morning dew,  
Before the sunlight's ray,  
O'er hill and vale rose nature's wakening cry  
From throat of myriad birds in harmony.

And now the rosy dawn begins to break;  
The dismal night is done;  
The fading shadows from the misty lake  
Roll up to meet the sun;  
A freshening breeze sweeps o'er it from the west,  
Wafting my soul back to my thankful breast.

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**What** is contained in the remaining portion of this volume was prepared for the press after most of the preceding pages had been printed, consequently the chronological order is not longer attempted.

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### Hubbard Alonzo Barton.

**A** - Barton is a native of Croydon, born May 12, 1842. He resides in Newport,  
**is** Editor of the *New Hampshire Argus and Spectator*.

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### DEVOTION.

Oh when to yonder heavens I gaze,  
Or this green earth survey,  
Where countless worlds in glory blaze,  
And countless creatures play,  
'Tis then I think of One above,  
Of boundless wisdom, power, and love.

Rejoice, O earth! all nature sing,  
 And shout Jehovah's praise;  
 And man some grateful offering bring  
 To thy Creator's praise.  
 A contrite heart, that sacrifice,  
 The Lord thy God will not despise.

Go when the beams of morning bright  
 First gild the eastern skies;  
 Go in the silence of the night,  
 And raise thy grateful eyes  
 To Him who rules the world in love,  
 And sends his blessings from above.

Then in devotion's purest strain  
 Thy secret faults confess;  
 His grace can cleanse the guilty stain,  
 And write thy sins a blessing.  
 His grace's altar thy soul shall know  
 What His almighty love can do.

Then praise the Lord, exalt His name,  
 Let your devotion rise,  
 And glory in a brighter flame,  
 Where ~~thy~~ <sup>our</sup> hearts seek the skies.  
 So shall the Lord thy prayers  
 And all His secretless mercies.

### Martha Alma Piper.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1850. Published by J. W. PIERCE, at the  
 office of the "New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette,"  
 No. 10, CORNHILL, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

#### SATURDAY EVE.

The moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 The moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 And the moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west.

The moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 The moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 And the moon is setting in the silent night,  
 And stars are twinkling in the west.

And when the moon is setting  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 And when the moon is setting  
 And stars are twinkling in the west;  
 And when the moon is setting  
 And stars are twinkling in the west.

## Caroline E. Whiton.

Caroline E. Whiton is a native of Portsmouth. She is well known in literature, as the author of much excellent poetry. Nine of her beautiful poems are in the "Poets of Portsmouth."

### SUMMER SUNSET.

I watched the golden summer sun  
 Fade slowly down behind the sea,—  
 God's token that the day was done  
 In crimson flushing left to me.

Fainter and fainter grew the skies ;  
 My heart was dropping noiseless tears ;  
 For, ah ! I thought of closing eyes,  
 Whose lids I had not kissed for years.

Oh ! softly as the setting sun,  
 My darlings sank behind the sea,—  
 God's token that his peace was won,  
 The looks of glory left to me.

By that seraphic light which fell  
 Ineffably divine and sweet,  
 I know, beyond the soul's farewell,  
 Behind the sea, that we shall meet.

## James P. Walker.

James P. Walker was a native of Portsmouth. He became a publisher and was at the head of the firm, Walker, Wise and Company.

### SEVEN YEARS TO-DAY.

Dis seven years, my love, to-day,  
 Since hand in hand we started,  
 Faith to tread life's devious way,  
 Till we by death are parted.

And, God be thanked !—though Fortune's smile  
 Our pathway has not lighted,  
 And many hopes, indulged long while,  
 Have ruthlessly been blighted,—

We're spared to one another yet,  
 And blessed with "troops of friends ;"  
 Our daily want has not been met ;  
 And, thanks to Him who sends

Down in the black gulf, oh white angel diver !  
Rescue the soul—immortality !

“There shall be no more sea,” cries the angel ;  
Crieth the soul, the sea could not drown ;  
Safe on the shore where the God-beloved season,  
Spring-time eternal, weareth the crown.

### S. Adams Wiggin.

Of this poet it may be said that he is a native, or was a resident of Portsmouth. He occupies an honorable place in that excellent volume, “The Poets of Portsmouth.” He removed from that city to Washington, D. C., but his present residence, if he is yet alive, is unknown to the compiler of this book.

#### LOVE.

This morn I wandered in the wood,  
And asked a wild-bird free,  
Where dwells true love,—the highest good ;  
And he carolled thus to me :

“Love is thy holy Paraclete,  
To comfort and sustain ;  
To make thy life with joy replete,  
And Eden bloom again.

Love is the harp of David, sweet,  
To calm your wild despair,  
And lay your soul at Jesus’ feet,  
An offering pure and fair.

Love is the “Holy of Holies” fane,  
Where burns the sacred flame  
That frees the heart from every stain  
Of sorrow, guilt, or shame.

Love is the bearing of the cross,  
Christ’s easy yoke to wear,  
To count for him all things but dross,  
So you his “crown” may wear.

For Love is God, and God is Love ;  
In him find all thy rest ;  
Centre thy hopes on things above,  
And *Love* shall fill thy breast.

Love wings thy flight to realms of light ;  
Love opes the “gate” for thee ;



It came to the earth, and a cottage of clay  
Was blessed with the love that fell bright from its wing;  
It stole to the lip of a child at its play,  
And wreathed o'er its face with the brightness of spring.

The mother delightedly hung o'er her child,  
And brother and sister came thronging around,  
And echoed his calling, so merry and wild,  
Till trembled the air with the jubilant sound.

That smile, as a glance, passed from face unto face,  
And cheered every heart with a blessing benign;  
Nor sorrows nor cares but departed apace  
When dawning they saw but that heavenly sign.

Oh! sweet is the day, and delightful the earth,  
When smiles in the morning bless children and friends,  
For kindness and friendship join hands at the hearth,  
And peace to each heart, like the soft dew, descends.

### Ira Harris Couch.

Ira H. Couch was born in Salisbury, July 17, 1821. He was fitted for college but ill health obliged him to give up study and engage in out-door work. He became a farmer, and later in life engaged in mechanical work. His poems were nearly all written in his early years, and were published in various newspapers. He died January 14, 1883.

#### SONNET TO A CRICKET.

Thou bane of sleep, avaunt! why dost thou come  
Thus all night long with thy sad minstrelsy,  
To chase the enchantress from my sleepless room?  
Dost thou not feel the sweet necessity  
Of night's somniferous reign? Yet though thou'rt free  
From the soft thralldom of that silken chain  
Wherewith sleep fettereth man, O pity me  
Who long upon my restless couch in vain,  
Have wooed oblivion to these weary eyes;  
I listen to thy sad, unvaried note,  
Till forms, unearthly, in the moonlight float,  
On wizard wing, and strangest melodies  
Startle dull silence on her midnight throne,  
And fright sweet slumber from my pillow lone.

#### TWILIGHT.

Grateful twilight! season bland!  
By soft breathing zephyrs fanned,

Though fairer scenes perchance may be  
 To win a poet's love,—  
 Yet thou art ever dear to me,  
 My merry maple grove.

There's not a tree that braves the gale,  
 Or towering rock or purling rill,  
 But telleth each its simple tale  
 Of recollection still.  
 Though flowers may fade and friends may die,  
 Though far away I rove,—  
 Yet often shall winged memory fly  
 To thee! my maple grove.

### James Willis Patterson.

James W. Patterson was born in Henniker, July 2, 1823. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1848; and was professor of Mathematics in that college from 1854 to 1859, when he became professor of Astronomy and Meteorology until 1865. He was member of Congress, 1863-7, and U. S. Senator 1867-73. Mr. Patterson's poems were all written in his youth. The poem here given is copied from the "Book of Gems."

#### EVENTIDE.

The golden gleams  
 Of sunset beams  
 Have bathed the crest of the solemn mount  
 With floods of fire from their heavenly fount,  
 And the dying day, with its fading light,  
 Casts lingering smiles on the face of night.

The steeple's spire  
 Is tipp'd with fire,  
 And the lambent rays, like an angel's smile,  
 Gild o'er the hallowing, sacred pile,  
 And fading away on its arching dome,  
 Direct above to the spirit's home.

The ocean light  
 Blends with the night,  
 As, mirroring back from the deepening blue,  
 Each starry gem comes forth to view,  
 And a choral song from the sounding deep  
 Is sweetly murmured to the Maker's seat.

The day is gone,  
 Night trembles on  
 To where its last fleet moments ending,

In stilly darkness fast descending ;  
And fleeting ghosts ascend the mountain high  
To list the music of the starry sky.

### Mary Gibson Francis.

Mrs. Francis is the youngest daughter of Dr. Willard P. Gibson who years a resident of Newport and who in 1837 died in Woodstock, Vt. after the family removed from Newport.

#### TOO LATE.

If this love, that is gilding life's summer,  
Had been mine in life's spring,  
How my soul would have met the new comer  
With garment and ring,  
With sacrifice offered in gladness,  
With hope for the beautiful years !  
Alas ! from the depths of my sadness,  
I greet it with tears.

Too late do we stand at the altar !  
Too late you rejoice !  
Too late do you tremble and falter  
At the sound of my voice !  
The hand that you hold has grown thinner ;  
The heart has known anguish and fears ;  
I am yours, O victorious winner !  
I salute you with tears !

You say that love's golden September  
Is faithful and strong ;  
You marvel that I should remember  
Love's May-time of wrong.  
The sorrow, for you, is all over ;  
My heart is prophetic in fears,—  
And so, for your kiss as my lover,  
I offer my tears.

What ! give to the cheek, in its whiteness,  
Praise lost to its bloom ?  
What ! turn from the eyes in their brightness,  
And worship their gloom ?  
The rose, in its freshness and beauty,  
You crushed, in your earlier years,—  
Will you cherish it, faded, from duty ?  
I answer with tears.

Then, pursue thy journey onward  
Blithely, as the lark flies sunward,  
Toward the city of the blest!

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HYMN.

For the Boxborough Centennial Celebration, 1883.

Our helper, God! we bless thy name  
For tokens of thy gracious care,  
In every season still the same,  
In every need, and everywhere.

We lift to thee our songs of praise,  
From the green hills our fathers trod,  
For all the love that crowns our days,  
Rejoicing in our fathers' God.

We bless thee for the sturdy arms  
That laid the trackless forests low,  
And planted homes and fields and farms,  
For us,—a hundred years ago.

We praise thee for the memories sweet  
That cluster round these hearths and homes,  
And draw the willing wanderer's feet  
To native hills, where'er he roams.

These scenes, with sacred memories fraught,  
Inspire our hearts with grateful lays!  
For all our fathers bore and wrought  
Their children's children give Thee praise!

---

Nancy D. Curtis.

Nancy D. Curtis was born in Beverly, Mass. Her maiden name was Ellingwood. Having lost her parents in early childhood she went to Boston, Mass. to live. Mr. Ellingwood of Bath, Maine, was her father's brother. After her marriage to Mr. Samuel Curtis of Boston, they removed to Concord, N. H., where she died, and where she still resides.

---

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

The breath of music o'er my spirit stealing,  
Up from the valley to my couch of rest,  
Comes like the "harp of David," touched with feeling,  
To soothe the moaning, of my weary breast,  
Waking sweet memories, long buried deep,  
Of loving voices, hushed in death's long sleep  
Forevermore.

Hers was the gift sublime all powers to move  
By the persuasives of the tenderest love ;  
With sweetest arts alone to inspire a fear,  
Chide with a sigh and chasten with a tear ;  
For no reproof in lasting power could vie  
With the remonstrance of her gentle eye,  
And erring ones the wayward path forsook,  
Awed to repentance by her saddened look.

The way she trod seemed strewn with heavenly light ;  
Her shining step made duty's pathway bright,  
Lighted the goal she pointed us to win,  
Blinded the sight to avenues of sin,  
Till such a lustre gilt the upward way,  
No eye could miss—no footstep go astray.

While of her life each moment had its sum  
Of present good or seed of good to come,  
There was an hour more sacred than the rest,  
When Sabbath's sun was sinking in the west,  
When holy quiet reigned, her younger three  
With wonted rule were gathered at her knee.  
Then each, in turn, the allotted lesson said,  
And, verse by verse, the scripture task was read,  
Mingled with comment apt and gems of lore,  
Culled, as we passed, from her exhaustless store.

When all was ended, from her hallowed chair  
Rose, low and sweet, the accents of her prayer ;  
Impassioned faith and love inspired her tongue,  
Like Israel to the given pledge she clung,  
Implored for each of the encircling band  
The needed succor of the Father's hand.  
For each some wished-for grace she fervent craved,  
That each from tempter's wile might e'er be saved,  
That all, how wide their earthly lot be cast,  
Might meet around the eternal throne at last.

As the lawgiver's face with glory shone,  
Fresh from the presence of the Holy One,  
So, when she turned to us, her features glowed,  
As one who, face to face, had seen her God.  
And while her heart with love maternal burned,  
And while her lip with bless'd communion warmed,  
Each child in turn was folded to her breast,  
And on each brow a loving kiss was pressed.

O'ershadow families. Where most that man,  
 With temperance and humility content,  
 Needeth for life's enjoyment. springeth up  
 Spontaneously profuse. Where, pictured forth  
 In living pencillings, the landscape glows  
 With gorgeous tropic splendor, that the sun  
 Gildeth as for a temple, and the moon  
 Investeth with the poetry of rich  
 And eloquent beauty, for the watcher's soul;  
 Rough hill and cascade, and the bordering vale.  
 With the tamed mountain waters, threading through  
 Their whispering channels to the dashing sea,  
 Canoe and cottage, full of indolent life,  
 Lulled by magnificent birds, that never trust  
 Their brilliant songs upon a frosty air.—  
 These all are beautiful, and, best of all,  
 The moral loveliness that holy truth  
 Is shedding on those fair, luxuriant shores.  
 The sky of Italy, the graceful vine,  
 Hanging delicious garlands on the brow  
 Of southern Europe's beauty—England, rich  
 In cultured loveliness, the "Verdant Isle"  
 So sweet and harmless to her partial sons—  
 The wild attractions of the Highland lore—  
 Evergreen forests of the hoary north—  
 Old Asia, full of Oriental fame—  
 Africa, "robbed and spoiled," yet eloquent still.—  
 These may all have their song—but is its tone  
 More sweetly musical than the voice of home?  
 Home hath uncounted melodies. They come  
 With thrush and robin, and the garrulous wren,  
 And the mellifluous sparrow, poising high  
 On the old beacon pine that overlooks  
 These ragged hemlocks, partners of its age,  
 The last green relics of forgotten years.  
 Deep in their leafy castles, year by year,  
 The families of musicians have been reared  
 That hold their natural concerts, when the breeze  
 Sweeps o'er the waters, through the rustling halls,  
 And freely bears the tremulous notes away.  
 How quietly that cool river laves the broad  
 And fruitful border on its farther shore!  
 And back, far back, the woody highlands rear  
 Their perilous steeps against the blue of heaven.  
 The deep monotony of distant fall,  
 And nearer, gentle rapid, blent with sounds

I'd make a crown of modesty,  
And deck it o'er with truth ;  
With cheerfulness I'd have it shine,  
Like buoyant hopes of youth.

Sincerity, and friendship true,  
And kindness should be there ;  
And, more than all, thy brow the gem  
Of piety should wear.

---

GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

Although our duties are in number great,  
Of vast proportions and of wondrous weight ;  
Yet all, when rightly seen and understood,  
Tend toward ourselves, our neighbor and our God.

Our neighbor, who? Our duty to him, what?  
In palace dwells he, or in humble cot?  
Where'er he dwells, 'tis he, we must confess,  
Whom we can aid : our duty is to bless.

---

Lydia M. Hall.

Hall, a sister of S. M. De Meritt, was born in Portsmouth. She died March at the age of 77 years. A short time before her death she wrote the poem.

---

LINES.

I am almost over the shore of time,  
Almost to the edge of the river ;  
The boatman is waiting to take me o'er  
To the sweet and beautiful flowery shore  
Where peace will reign forever.

Lord, help me to meet my end in peace  
When thou shalt call me to come ;  
And may all vain hopes forever cease,  
My love and faith each day increase,  
While I am going home.

The river is cold and the waves run high,  
Be with me, dear Lord, till I've cross'd  
Where are sweet flowers and living green,  
That the eyes of mortals have never yet seen,  
And sorrow and pain will be lost.

### Elbira A. Gibson.

Miss Gibson was born in Henniker, July 11, 1813. When about twenty age she was taken sick, and was a great sufferer the remainder of her life. In her hours of rest from pain she wrote prose and poetry, and practised under the instruction of her brother. She bore her affliction with patient Christian fortitude. She died in her native town, November 23, 1868.

#### A DREAM.

I dreamed that friendship was a heavenly flower. But still, it deigned then to scatter its seeds on the earth, cheering poor mortals with its glance.

'Twas a charming flower, in a lovely bower,  
Oh, how surpassing fair!  
I looked again, for I feared that pain  
Would crush its petals rare.  
Another look in heaven's pure book,  
An angel seemed to read;  
That flowers would trail, mid sunshine and gale  
From friendship's purest seed.  
She strewed the seed, 'twas a lovely deed;  
The choicest fell to you:  
Their blossoms are bright in woe's dark night;  
I woke and found it true.

### Marion Means Sullivan.

Mrs. Sullivan, a daughter of Timothy Dix, was born in Roseau, April 11. She became the wife of John W. Sullivan, and their residence was in New Mass. She died in 1893. During her early married life she wrote for the particularity for Mrs. Hale's Magazine. Her genius for music led her to the pen of two volumes of music: the "Junius Ballads," and the "Bible Songs."

#### THE FIELD OF MONTEREY.

The sweet church bells are pealing out  
A chorus wild and free.  
And every thing's rejoicing  
For the glorious victory:  
But bitter tears are gushing  
For the gallant and the gay.  
Who now in death are sleeping  
On the field of Monterey.  
When spring was here with opening flowers  
And I a poor May queen.  
And all the young and gay were met  
To dance upon the green:



The noblest and the manliest  
 Was by my side that day,  
 Who now in death is sleeping  
 On the field of Monterey.

The flowers of spring are faded now,  
 The woods are sear and cold,  
 And persimmon's cheek is flushing  
 And the papaw shines in gold.  
 But he in earliest manhood  
 Has sadly passed away,  
 And now in death is sleeping  
 On the field of Monterey.

The bugles swell their wildest notes  
 And loud the cannons roar,  
 And madly peal the sweet church bells  
 For holy rest no more ;  
 But lonely hearts are bleeding  
 Upon this glorious day,  
 For the loved in death are sleeping  
 On the field of Monterey.

#### THE BLUE JUNIATA.

|                      |                                 |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| ed an Indian girl,   | Bold is my warrior good,        |
| Alfarata,            | The love of Alfarata,           |
| weep the waters      | Proud waves his snowy plume     |
| blue Juniata.        | Along the Juniata.              |
| an antelope,         | Soft and low he speaks to me,   |
| gh the forest going, | And then his war cry sounding,  |
| re her jetty locks   | Rings his voice in thunder loud |
| y tresses flowing.   | From height to height resound-  |
|                      | ing.                            |
| the mountain song    | So sang the Indian girl,        |
| ht Alfarata,         | Bright Alfarata,                |
| weep the waters      | Where sweep the waters          |
| blue Juniata.        | Of the blue Juniata.            |
| I true my arrows are | Fleeting years have borne away  |
| ainted quiver,       | The voice of Alfarata,          |
| my light canoe       | Still sweeps the river on,      |
| he rapid river.      | Blue Juniata.                   |

#### Mary Ann Sullivan.

She was a native of this state. Her poem here produced is copied from the *Shire Book*. The storm spoken of in the third stanza occurred in 1851. Further information in regard to this writer the compiler has not gained.

But the pride of the vale which I wish you to see  
Is my grandmother's elm, the old mammoth tree  
How widely its graceful and spherical crown  
Flings over the valley a shadow of brown.

When the fierce south-easter was raging by,  
Filling with clamor the gentle blue sky,  
Then a lofty branch like a forest oak,  
From the noble old tree by its fury was broke.

Oft my grandmother told us, as pondering we sat  
How, three-score years since, from the neighbor  
She carried that elm in her little right hand,  
And her father planted it firm in the land.

Her grave is grown smooth on the green hill-side  
But the elm lives still in its towering pride,  
And the spring's gayest birds have a colony there  
And they gladden with carols the mid-summer

And gay as the wild-bird's melody  
Are the sports I have led beneath that tree;  
The old elm tree—oh, would it were mine  
In the shade of that tree even now to recline.

---

### Mary M. Culver.

Mrs. Culver, formerly Miss Mary M. Patterson, was born in 1802. In her childhood and early youth she had few advantages, only school to which she had access, being two miles distant, a large crowded public one, where little attention was given. Having an intense love of study, she managed, by improving every opportunity, to become qualified for teaching at the age of 16. She followed this occupation with very little intermission for 45 years, in this state, Vermont, and New York. While teaching in New York she was licensed by the authorities of the state, with a state license, given to teach in any part of the state without further question. She was one of the first female teachers in the whole state who obtained the license. Since her marriage, Mr. Culver became a confirmed invalid. She resides in

---

LINES,

The silent graves, where lying low  
Are friends still loved, though now unseen,  
Lost long ago.

'Tis hallowed ground, where loved ones rest,  
Whose lips in life our own have pressed,  
Whose worth and virtues doubly blest  
Endure for aye, through fleeting years,  
Unchangable in our own breast,  
Embalmed in tears.

'Tis hallowed ground, for love can trace,  
Despite the gloomy resting place,  
The well remembered form and face,  
As fair as when in life they shone,  
We see no change, in death's embrace,—  
No change is known.

'Tis hallowed ground, this sylvan scene,  
Where on that autumn day serene  
We roved amid the foliage green,  
And heard the Cass in music low  
Chime sweetly through the dark ravine,  
Far, far below.

This lovely glen will still remain,  
Here falls the silent summer rain,  
The fields still wave with golden grain,  
The streams still flow ;  
When friends shall look for us in vain,  
We're lying low.

### John Adams Dix.

John A. Dix was born in Roscawen, July, 1798. He was educated at Salisbury and Exeter academies. In 1811 his father sent him to Montreal where he studied the French language. Subsequently he continued his studies under private tutors in Boston, Mass. He served in the American army during the war of 1812, holding several commissions. On returning to private life he studied law and was admitted to the bar in Washington, D. C., and settled in Cooperstown, N. Y., in the practice of his profession. In 1831 he was appointed adjutant-general of the state and removed to Albany, N. Y., and in 1833 he was appointed secretary of state. He visited Europe in 1842. In 1845 he was chosen U. S. senator. In 1853 he was appointed assistant treasurer in the city of New York. In 1860 he was appointed postmaster of that city. In 1861 he was appointed major general of U. S. volunteers, and after superintending the raising of eleven regiments in New York he was assigned to the command of the department embracing the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and established his head-quarters at Baltimore. He was a prominent officer throughout the war. After the surrender of Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant, Gen. Dix resigned his commission and returned to private life. In 1868 he was appointed minister to France, returning home in 1869. His last public service was as governor of the state of New York. Throughout an official career of nearly half a century he devoted all his leisure moments to literary pursuits. His translation of the famous Latin hymn, *Mors Irae*, was made at Fortress Monroe, Va., in 1863. He died in New York city, April 21, 1879.

## DIES IRÆ.

Day of vengeance. lo! that morning  
On the earth in ashes dawning,  
David with the Sibyl warning.

Ah! what terror is impending.  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature mazed are quaking,  
When the grave's deep slumber breaking,  
Man to judgment is awaking.

Now the written book containing  
Record to all time pertaining  
Opens for the world's arraiguing.

See the Judge his seat attaining,  
Darkest mysteries explaining,  
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,  
By what advocate attended,  
When the just are scarce defended?

King of majesty tremendous,  
By thy saving grace defend us;  
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Jesus, think of thy wayfaring,  
For my sins the death-crown wearing;  
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary thou hast sought me,  
By thy cross and passion bought me;  
Spare the hope thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Give, O give me absolution  
Ere that day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,  
Flushed my face, my errors owning,  
Spare, O God, thy suppliant moaning.



Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
 Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no worth discerning,  
 Yet on me thy favor turning,  
 Save me from that endless burning !

Give me, when thy sheep confiding  
 Thou art from the goats dividing,  
 On thy right a place abiding.

When the wicked are rejected,  
 And to bitter flames subjected,  
 Call me forth with thine elected !

Low in supplication bending,  
 Heart as though with ashes blending ;  
 Care for me when all is ending.

When on that dread day of weeping  
 Guilty man in ashes sleeping  
 Wakes to his adjudication,  
 Save him, God ! from condemnation !

### Nathaniel Greene.

Nathaniel Green was born in Boscawen, May 20, 1797. At the age of ten he went to Hopkinton and became a clerk in a store. In 1809 he went to Concord and offered himself to Isaac Hill to learn the printing business in the office of the *N. H. Patriot*. In 1812 he left Mr. Hill's employ and became connected with the *Concord Gazette*. In 1814 he went to Portsmouth, was there employed on the *N. H. War Journal*. The next year he went to Haverhill, Mass., and worked upon the *Haverhill Gazette*. In 1817, at the age of twenty, he started the *Essex Patriot*. In 1821 he went to Boston and started the *Boston Statesman*. In 1829 he was appointed postmaster of Boston and occupied that position till Gen. Harrison became President, and was again appointed to the same office by President Tyler, and he held it till 1849. He was a self-made man and well acquainted with the French, Italian and German languages. Mr. Greene had a fine poetic fancy. His poems often appeared over the signature of "Boscawen." He visited Paris in 1852. While there he received intelligence of the death of a beloved daughter, who died at Panama, while on her way to San Francisco.

### TO MY DAUGHTER IN HEAVEN.

I had on earth but only thee ;  
 Thy love was all the world to me ;  
 And thou hast sought the silent shore  
 Where I had thought to go before !

Away from thee, in sad exile,  
 My lips had long unlearned to smile ;  
 Bright wit might flash, red wine might pour,  
 But I, alas ! could smile no more.

### Alexander Hill Everett.

A. H. Everett, an elder brother of Edward Everett, was a native of Dorchester, Mass. After graduation at Harvard College, in 1806, he became a teacher in Phillips Academy at Exeter. He studied law in the office of John Quincy Adams, in Boston, and went with Mr. Adams to Russia, where he remained two years. Mr. Everett was author of several volumes, mostly on political economy. He occupied many important positions both at home and abroad. In 1845 and 1846 he published two volumes of "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays with Poems." He died at Canton, China, June 28, 1847.

#### THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock ! Thither turn the steady eye  
 Hands of iron, hearts of oak, Flashing with a purpose high !  
 Follow with unflinching tread Thither with devotion meet,  
 Where the noble fathers led ! Often turn the pilgrim feet !

Craft and subtle treachery, Let the noble motto be,  
 Gallant youth ! are not for thee : God,—the Country,—Liberty !  
 Follow thou in word and deeds Planted on Religion's rock,  
 Where the God within thee leads ! Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Honesty with steady eye, Laugh at danger far and near !  
 Truth and pure simplicity, Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear !  
 Love that gently winneth hearts, Still, with persevering might,  
 These shall be thy only arts. Speak the truth and do the right !

Prudent in the council train, So shall peace, a charming guest,  
 Dauntless on the battle plain, Dove-like in thy bosom rest,  
 Ready at the country's need So shall honor's steady blaze  
 For her glorious cause to bleed. Beam upon thy closing days.

Where the dews of night distil Happy if celestial favor  
 Upon Vernon's holy hill ; Smile upon the high endeavor :  
 Where above it gleaming far Happy if it be thy call  
 Freedom lights her guiding star : In the holy cause to fall.

### Mary Clark.

Mary Clark was a daughter of Daniel Clark of Concord. She died in 1841 at the age of 49 years. She was a lady of uncommon gifts and acquirements, of a social disposition, simple in her manners, kind to the poor, ever sympathizing with the afflicted and suffering of all classes. When Gen. Lafayette visited Concord in 1794, on passing the house of Daniel Clark, Miss Clark stepped out of the door and presented to him a bouquet of flowers, with the following lines, for which he thanked her.

#### TO LAFAYETTE.

Welcome, welcome, Lafayette,  
 Thee we never can forget.  
 Our country's and Washington's friend,

---

And shine, if not the orb of day,  
Yet as a star of night.

Have faith, though threading lone and far  
Through Pontine's deepest swamp,  
When night has neither moon nor star  
Thou'lt need no staff nor lamp.

Have faith, go roam with savage men,  
And sleep with beasts of prey ;  
Go sit with lions in their den,  
And with the leopards play.

Have faith, on ocean's heaving breast  
Securely thou may'st tread,  
And make the billowy mountain's crest  
Thy cradle and thy bed.

Have faith, around let thunders roar,  
Let earth beneath thee rend,  
The lightnings play, the deluge pour,  
Thy pass-word is—a friend.

Have faith, in famine's sorest need,  
When naked lie the fields,  
Go forth and weeping sow the seed,  
Then reap the sheaves it yields.

Have faith, in earth's most troubled scene,  
In time's most trying hour  
Thy breast and brow shall be serene,  
So soothing is its power.

Have faith, and say to yonder tree,  
And mountain where it stands,  
Be ye both buried in the sea—  
They sink beneath its sands !

Have faith, upon the battle-field,  
When facing foe to foe,  
The shaft, rebounding from thy shield,  
Shall lay the archer low.

Have faith, the finest thing that flies  
On wings of golden ore,  
That shines and melts along the skies,  
Was but a worm before.

## Samuel Philbrick Bailey.

Dea. Samuel P. Bailey was born in South Weare, February 27, 1780. He came to Washington in 1802; constructed buildings, and commenced house-keeping, having been married the same year. In 1815 he became a worthy member of the Masonic Order, and was made Secretary of "Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 15," in which capacity he served for 24 consecutive years. On the 11th of July, 1873, the members of M. V. Lodge came to his house, which he built and in which he had lived 77 years, and held a lodge meeting with him, he acting as Chaplain *pro tempore*, and closing the records as Secretary *pro tempore*. On the 27th of February, 1880, under the auspices of the Free Masons, his 100th birthday was very successfully celebrated at the town hall in Washington, Mr. Bailey being present and able to participate in the ceremonies. During the thirteen last years of his life he composed and wrote about 3000 poetical Acrostics on different persons' names which are scattered into more than one-half of the states in the Union. He died on the 12th day of July, 1880, being 100 years, 4 months and 15 days old. His last words were a correct and audible repetition of the Lord's Prayer, expiring immediately after without a struggle.

### MY PILGRIMAGE.

When I get through my pilgrimage,  
And leave all things below,  
I hope to find my friends again  
Who did before me go ;

And join with them, all clothed in white,  
To shout and sing God's praise ;  
And there remain in mansions bright  
In never ending days.

Now I am old and feeble too,  
But God still helps me live  
To read and write, and some good do  
By counsel I should give.

Now I have seen one hundred years,  
Four months and three days more,  
And soon shall leave all doubts and fears,  
And Jesus Christ adore.

## Daniel Webster.

The following poem, by Daniel Webster, has been forwarded to the compiler by Hon. Henry P. Rolfe, of Concord. Soon after Mr. Webster delivered his most eloquent and pathetic oration upon the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, a lady brought him her album, and requested him to write his name directly beneath Mr. Adams' name. On the same page, beneath the trembling signature of the venerable Ex-President, Mr. Webster wrote these lines. [See page 22.]





---

 LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Dear lady, I a little fear  
 'Tis dangerous to be writing here.  
 His hand, who bade our eagle fly,  
 Trust his young wings and mount the sky,  
 Who bade across the Atlantic tide,  
 New thunders sweep, new navies ride,  
 Has traced in lines of trembling age  
 His autograph upon this page.  
 Higher than that eagle soars,  
 Wider than that thunder roars,  
 His fame shall through the world be sounding,  
 And o'er the waves of time be bounding.  
 If thousands, as obscure as I,  
 Cling to his skirts, he still will fly  
 And leap to immortality;  
 If by his name I write my own,  
 He'll take me where I am not known;  
 His cold salute will meet my ear:  
 "Pray, stranger, how did you come here?"

---

 Anonymus.

The following poem was composed by one of three Indians who were educated many years ago at Dartmouth College, and was sung by them at their departure while standing around a "youthful pine" then growing northeasterly of Dartmouth Hall. They had built near this pine a wigwam which they named their "Bower." In Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" there is a poem said to be "anonymous" which was undoubtedly garbled from this old Indian song. In that later poem every thing which gives significance to the original is left out.

---

 WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

When shall we three meet again?  
 When shall we three meet again?  
 Oft shall glowing hopes expire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign  
 Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parched beneath a burning sky,  
 Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls,  
 And in fancy's wide domain  
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When these burnished locks are grey,  
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,  
When around this youthful pine  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,  
Long may this loved bower remain,  
Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we three meet again.

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## ERRATA.

In a part of this edition the following errors occur:

Page 11, line 16 from bottom, for "you" read "yon."

Page 80, line 12, for "vigil's" read "vigils."

Page 113, read "Susan R. A. Barnes."

Page 128, line 13 from bottom, for "thousands," read "thousand."

Page 136, line 14, for "steam" read "stream."

Page 154, restore title, "Do they love there still," to Mrs. Pratt's poem.

Page 176, in line 2 of sketch, for "under" read "and under," and strike out "and" in line 3, and in line 5, for "was" read "became."

Page 177, the title of the poem, "I move into the light," should be quoted, and this line should be inserted beneath: "Written on the death of Rev. Dr. Wallace of Philadelphia."

Page 227, the space below line 19, from the bottom, should be above the line.

Page 236, read "Harriette Van Mater French," and line 2 from bottom for "hour" read "bower."

Page 238, line 17 from bottom, for "I say not so," read "O say not so," and line 4 from bottom, for "forests," read "forests."

Page 272, line 10 from bottom, for "words words," read "words were."

Page 318, read "Edward Whiteside Wooddell."

Page 421, line 2, for "twelve," read "three."

Page 464, line 18, for "groves," read "graves."

Page 544, line 2 of sketch for "Hearth and Home," read "Cottage Hearth."













